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A

PRESBYTERIAN CLERGYMAN

LOOKING FOR THE CHURCH


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LOOKING FOR THE CHURCH.

F. L. Holmes

An Abridged Edition.



EDINBURGH:
R. LENDRUM & CO., 20 HANOVER STREET.
LONDON: J. MASTERS & CO.
ABERDEEN: A. BROWN & CO.
1857.

110. d. 224.

THE REV. FLAVEL S. MINES.

Born and nurtured in the bosom of Presbyterianism, graduated at her most honoured seat of learning in America, himself a Presbyterian clergyman of no mean reputation; the writer of the following pages came in due time, by the blessing of God, to see the errors of that system, and to look earnestly for the Church most clearly identified by doctrine and usage with that built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.

Called to forsake error, he reasoned not with flesh and blood. How he reasoned, submitting himself to the light shining down from above on his faithfully continued efforts; how he searched the records which our Lord Jesus Christ, fulfilling His promise to be with His Church in all ages, hath caused to be preserved for its most certain guidance, let these pages testify.

But, was it nothing, to break asunder all the ties of youth and manhood, even though called as were Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles, by no uncertain voice, and for the kingdom of God's sake? In a worldly sense it was a loss of all things; but he of whom we now speak was enabled to take up the cross; and to the earnest Christian man seeking for truth through many countries, over whom the billows of the world have rolled, he has left encouragement, in the certain traces of one who has but lately gone before. He has left—

> "Footprints that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er Life's solemn main—
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, may take heart again."

Being established in the faith and order of the Church, he was ready, at a moment's warning, to go just where the way seemed appointed for him. After a short term of service in New York, as assistant of the venerable Dr Milnor, he removed to the island of St Croix, where he laboured, until, his failing health compelling him to seek again a northern climate, he became for a short time rector of St Luke's Church, Rossville, Staten Island. From this position he was called to take the lead in the great enterprise of establishing the Church on our Pacific borders. He founded Trinity Church in San Francisco, and there he faithfully fulfilled the remaining days of his ministry, counting not his life dear to himself. The success of his ministry was great, though attained through much tribulation. Tasks, dangers and difficulties that appalled other men were assumed and encountered by him with a firm reliance on Divine aid, and a perseverance that nothing could resist; self-denial was his daily habit; a power of self-sacrifice had been given to him when he first submitted his own to the Divine will. To other and bitter trials, disease, which had early fastened upon him, added its lingering pains and mortal sorrows; but, through all, his soul remained firm, and his heart and his hands faithfully maintained their devotion to Christ and His Church. He knew whom he had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which he had committed unto Him against that day.

He is now at rest. His grave is where the setting sun bids his latest adieu to this land; over it have been said the holy words,—Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit for they rest from their labours.

LOOKING FOR THE CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONFLICT.

I AM but one among more than three hundred ministers, who, in America alone, have, within a few years, been grafted again into the good olive tree, from which, on the responsibility of our forefathers, we had in evil and violent times been broken off.

I may not be able to tell the precise moment up to which I remained a Presbyterian, nor the moment at which I became, from conviction, an Episcopalian; but I trust the following pages will convince all who read them candidly, that my conversion, however gradual and cautious, has been earnest and honest, the result of a conflict deep enough and enough prolonged to furnish proof of my own sincerity, and give me strong claims upon the sympathy of others.

Full sympathy the convert rarely meets with. Happy may he count himself if he be regarded by his former brethren with charity, and received by those to whom he joins himself without suspicion.

Indeed, one who has not been fated to pass the same ordeal, can never understand the fightings without and fears within of a soul escaping, as it has been my happy lot to do, from the mazes of sectarianism, with its endless genealogies, into the genial bosom of the Church.

To abjure a well compacted system of opinions, to which I have been publicly committed, and which I must now allow that I have held on insufficient grounds; to determine that I will not consult with flesh and blood, where all who are dear to me in life would earnestly resist me; to resolve that I may not even go and bid them farewell that are at home at my house, well knowing that I cannot answer their enquiries to their satisfaction; to disturb and break asunder the ties of brotherhood, which time, and a friendly intercourse, and many an occasion of sweet counselling together, have long and endearingly connected; to withhold the homage that nature seems to claim for the ashes of the cherished dead, by appearing to insinuate a defect in their religion, and, with motives easy of misapprehension, to leave the dead to bury their dead; to overcome the countless expedients and sophistries to which the heart resorts, in order to persuade itself that whatever be the secret conviction, it is at least unnecessary to avow it openly; to encounter the obloquy that one must look for in breaking old associations for reasons that, by implication, offend human pride; to admit that I have run without being sent, and have performed the holiest offices of the altar without the Lord's anointing; to go out not knowing whither, and incur the necessity of a long probation, before I may earn the confidence of my brethren in my new relations; to be day and night agitated and unhappy on a question, on which it would be imprudent to seek sympathy, either in the ties about to be sundered, or in those about to be formed; to "go up to this Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there;" to feel *goaded on* by inexorable truth, to the fatal moment of proclaiming the change my mind has undergone; and, at last, under a pressure of con-

viction, which it would be unsafe longer to resist, and impossible ultimately to overcome, to take my new position, and yet to have not a doubt that I am right in taking it; this is a task that lays under exhausting tribute every resource and element of our frail nature. The patient investigations and the sifting of reasons; the earnest longings for Divine guidance, and the searchings of heart; the wakeful nights and anxious days, wearing the spirits and corroding the health; now a determination to dismiss the subject as one of externals and not of essentials, or of order and not of faith; now an effort to believe that it would be a lesser evil to continue, even at some hazard, in the old communion, than to suffer and to produce in others the necessary mischiefs of a change; now a recurrence to old prejudices, a carping at the theory in some of its details, or in its practical and local workings, or a magnifying of some incidental circumstance to divert the mind, or to embitter it against the new relation, or to satisfy it that, on the whole, the change would not be materially for the better; now the suggestion that many learned and devout men, of whom the world was not worthy, have believed that Presbyterianism was a scriptural religion; now the old feeling stealing over me, that my mother, who first brought me to Christ, and first taught me to pray, and who now sleeps in Jesus, lived without blemish, and passed the swellings of Jordan without fear, in the faith which, *only as to its securities*, I am proposing to abandon; and again, the recollection that my venerable father, now leaning with Jacob on his staff, is, in the same religion, waiting with the bright anticipations of a holy hope, until his change come; these are but some of the tumultuous tossings in the mind of an anxious inquirer.

The happier child of the Church, who was "free-bo

can scarcely conceive the tribute to be paid to old prejudices, old associations, old modes of thinking, and chiefly to the old pride of human nature, by one who would become partaker of his liberty. In the words of one who purchased at great expense the freedom of Rome, when Rome was free—words which were appropriated by another, who long ago preceded me in this uneven path—"With a great sum obtained I this freedom."

A struggle like this may perhaps somewhat excuse the enthusiasm, which those, who from without have found their way into the Church, have now and then betrayed. My own enthusiasm, if any I have felt, I have endeavoured not to make offensive to my brethren, either old or new. I have chosen rather, under many provocations, to keep silence even from good words, and to enjoy my liberty in quiet thankfulness to Him whose word hath made me free. Sometimes I have been questioned in a captious and unfriendly spirit, and sometimes, out of an honest and good heart, I have been asked to give a reason of the hope that is in me. But from considerations that will readily occur to a discreet mind, I have felt it proper not to break the covenant with my lips. Time may, however, now be supposed to have sobered down the gushing impulses of the new convert, and also to have in some measure healed the wound which only the necessity laid upon me could have induced me to inflict on those with whom I once walked in company; and therefore, from motives which I know will be approved by Him, who alone has the power to discern, or the right to judge, I now venture to give a degree of form and permanence to a brief chapter from my own experience.

CHAPTER II.

APOLOGY.

In my seventeenth year, I became a member of the theological seminary at Princeton; a village widely and justly renowned for its academical and theological learning. The Episcopal liturgy had probably, up to that time, never grated on the atmosphere, that lay in homogeneous repose within a circumference of thirty miles. A priest, all dressed in white, as one uprisen from the grave of Popery, had never appeared to frighten the quiet villagers out of their propriety. The faces around us, the traditions around us, the very sepulchres around us, the strangers who came among us, the pious and venerated men, whose shoes we felt unworthy to bear, and under whose observant eye was passing, as we felt, our every thought,—all were Presbyterians "after the straitest sect;" and what was I, at sixteen years of age, that I should entertain a doubt, but that the men, whom there it was our privilege to know and to revere, had sifted their facts, and considered well their premises, and reached by the most cautious reasonings their conclusions? To me it would have seemed little less than parricide to have resisted the direction they were giving to my mind.

Being of an inquisitive turn myself, I would have pursued a doubt on any important alleged fact, to any extremity. But being also in my mental bias, both happily and unhappily, confiding and disposed to faith, and having been educated strictly a traditionist, I must confess, whether to my discredit or not, that during a

residence of more than three years at the seminary, I swallowed every fact and dogma as most wholesome truth, and with a credulity that would have gained me laurels in a school of Loyola, I never for a moment doubted the essential soundness of the prevailing system.

One exception I must briefly mark, as it is the key to much that is to follow in this narrative. I did, at one time, deeply doubt the lawfulness of infant baptism. The doubt did not last long; its consequences will last for ever. A thorough investigation dispelled every shadow of misgiving, and satisfied me that nature, revelation, and antiquity sustained the practice. But how to reconcile this fact with the popular idea of regeneration; or how it should be lawful to baptize an infant before it had given signs of a spiritual birth, when I was taught to believe that the very design of baptism was to proclaim that birth before men and angels; this was a problem that haunted me, as the reader will see, both then and afterwards.

While my companions in study, either older in years, or more inquisitive, or less confiding than myself, were rash enough now and then to hint their dissent upon some point of merely metaphysical importance, there was certainly one subject on which no one ventured to suggest a doubt. During my long residence at that school of the prophets, I am not able to say with a clear conscience that I ever laid my eyes on a volume, a line, a syllable, in defence of Episcopacy. This may appear strange, but it is not inexcusable. Episcopacy came up of course among the conflicting forms of Christianity, but was summarily disposed of, to make room for some more plausible or more important theme. Everything else came into our assemblies as "a man, with a gold ring, in goodly apparel;" while Episcopacy stood there

as "a poor man, in vile raiment," or as a woman not distant of kin to "the mother of abomination:" and as an Episcopalian seemed in our limited horizon to be a *rara avis in terris*, and his sect unpopular and unimportant, and inevitably destined, before the rising lights of Jerome and Augustine, to melt like snow beneath concentric suns, or doomed most certainly, should it prove more obstinate, to be ridden over, rough-shod, by a more popular religion; and as we also felt sure that it could never thrive in a republic, we agreed that it was sufficiently honoured in receiving at our hands the little notice that it got.

Although I was, and may say it without boasting, to an intense degree a student, and my lamp at night often the last to be extinguished, and though, in the various departments of study, I gave full satisfaction to my teachers, as their own obliging testimonials may show, yet, one who has any knowledge of seminary life, or of the endless range of theological investigation, or one who has ever seen how impetuously the student must be hurried forward from one topic to another without the possibility of pausing, will readily understand how it may have happened that one young as myself—the youngest of a hundred and twenty brethren—should not have employed his time in poring over the defences of a religion which seemed then to have scarcely an existence in the land, and which it appeared impossible that the republican should tolerate, or the formalist himself be able long to endure, and which the spiritually minded, even among Episcopalians, would by and by instinctively and loathingly repudiate. By referring to copious notes of lectures, which I had a facility of taking with great accuracy, I observe that we were employed from December the twenty-seventh to the seventeenth of January

on the topics in question; that is, deducting the portion of this interval allotted to other duties, we were employed altogether about *about three days of continuous time.* How had we the opportunity to dwell on this petty question of "the washing of cups, and pots, and brazen vessels," in the space of three weeks, when all the other, and to us higher departments of study, were at the same time hungrily pressing upon our attention, with the expectation that we should be equally proficient in them all? Neither did I lay down Episcopacy, as I did most other subjects, with the intention of a deliberate investigation at some future time; but grudging it the little notice it had got among what seemed to be "the weightier matters of the law," and fastening tenaciously upon several points or facts, which, if their verity might be depended on, were certainly enough to silence all the Episcopal batteries in creation, I laid the subject down, supposing that in parting with it there I had done with it for ever.

I permit myself to give prominence to these facts as an apology (I am compelled to use the word) for those who have come out of the Babel—let me not call it Babylon—of sects and schisms into the quiet home provided by the Church. Recantation is never a pleasing task. Even on the side of truth and goodness it has its bleeding sacrifices. And we think that we lighten the harsh terms of penance to which we are condemned, by thus accounting for our having once conscientiously held opinions that we now conscientiously reject. Had we held our opinions on the Episcopal claim, believing it to be a subject of grave importance; or had we adopted them in circumstances that allowed a fair opportunity for investigation, we should not have deserved the indulgence that we now presume to ask. But so long

we regarded it as a question of the very least importance, the other engrossing topics of enquiry did not, either *de merito* or *de facto*, allow us to pause.

The young churchman, as a theological student, has this advantage over the sectarian, that besides being tutored to a system better adapted to bind its sons in loyal attachment to itself, the subject of Church order, in his course of study, is so prominently kept before his mind, and so assiduously followed out in its bearings, that he acts earlier in life under a clearer apprehension of the subject; and, if he have been but moderately attentive to the question in dispute, is not likely to retract the results at which he has arrived. But it is right to recollect that the case of the Presbyterian is otherwise. His course of study is assigned, and every hour of his time so filled as nearly to exclude, and certainly to force into a corner, the whole question of Episcopacy, and the still more vital questions, liturgical and sacramental, that with the Episcopacy, as all experience teaches, are to stand or fall. Thus, while the Church student is in little danger of meeting with new suggestions upon Church polity, the dissenting minister is in continual peril of encountering new facts, or the refutation of the facts on which he has been accustomed to rely. Hence the phenomenon, arguing indirectly but conclusively for Episcopacy, that in spite of the outcry and the odious nicknames of the day, invented to arrest the wholesome reaction, hundreds of dissenting teachers, and thousands of their followers, are flocking back to the ark, from which, in an evil hour, they went out, seeking rest upon a turbulent and dangerous sea; and that in this country alone, within the memory of man, more than three hundred ministers, with a corresponding number of adherents, have returned to the ancient fold!

CHAPTER III.

BAPTISM.

ONE of the earliest inconveniences that I found adhering to the system from which I have been emancipated, was its unwarrantable restriction of the sacrament of Baptism. I had received, so far as those around me could impart it, a power to baptize, and to "suffer little children to come," and expressly it had been, as I supposed, enjoined me by the Master to "forbid them not." But I presently discovered that my Church forbade them. So well is this prohibition understood among Presbyterians, that a minister is seldom, and many a minister never called on to baptize a child, unless, at least, one of its parents be a communicant. If it be said that their written discipline does not necessarily impose this restriction, and that formerly a better custom obtained, I have only to reply that this is then another of the instances, to be often adverted to hereafter, in which the written and fixed traditions of the system have been supplanted by the unwritten, or the variable and the popular.

I am aware that it is quite easy to discover inconveniences and evils in the working of particular theories or systems, however wisely conceived, so long as those systems must depend for their preservation or efficiency upon the sagacity or purity of human counsels. But where the evils are found to be co-extensive with the system, and where the system is unshackled and free to

work out its legitimate results, and yet makes no effort to throw these evils off, but they circulate invariably with its life, and pursue it as closely as the shadow does its substance, and eat as a canker to its very core, it is perfectly fair to suspect some radical defect, and to look into the system itself for an explanation of the fact.

The actual and practical state of the case as regards the restriction and comparative disuse of infant baptism may be readily gathered from authentic documents.

Printed reports inform us that in the month of May, 1848, there were in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church 192,022 communicants; and from the same source we learn that the number of infants baptized within the ecclesiastical year was 9,837; or one infant to between nineteen and twenty communicants. It would, therefore, require nineteen years and a half to make the number of baptized children, if every one of them should live, equal to the present number of communicants.

Or, take the Presbyteries of the great cities from Canada to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Mississipi.

Presbyteries.	Communicants.	Infants baptized.	Proportion of infants baptized to No. of Communicts.
Albany,	4,173	125	1 to 33
New York,	4,729	226	1 to 21
New Brunswick,	4,534	165	1 to 27
Baltimore,	2,395	109	1 to 22
Cincinnati,	1,672	62	1 to 27
St Louis,	1,159	57	1 to 20
Charleston,	843	35	1 to 24
	19,505	779	1 to 25

Now, in contrast with this, the proportion of infants baptized to the number of communicants, in the Episcopal Church, is a little more than one to five. During

ministry of six years in the Church, I have with my own hand baptized as many children as the whole Presbytery of New York, with its thirty-five ministers, according to the above table, would do in three.

But to go still more into detail. The mother of Presbyterian churches in New York numbers 373 communicants; the Rev. Dr Phillips reports *fifteen infants* baptized the past year. The Brick Church has 668 communicants; Dr Spring reports *twenty-six infants* baptized. The Rev. Dr Potts, who has written against Episcopacy as illiberal and anti-republican, has 282 communicants, and reports *twelve infants* baptized. The Rev Dr Smith of Charleston, who has written a book in defence of Presbytery, has 408 communicants, and reports *six infants* baptized. The Rev. Dr Boardman, of Philadelphia, reports 482 communicants, and *one infant* baptized. He too, I believe, has written a book against the Episcopal Church. Thus, while the books multiply, the flocks diminish.

The Presbyterian Church, not content with making so prominent the disheartening view of election which is incorporated in the Confession of Faith, has undertaken to intimate, at least in a general way, which of our very babes are not of "that happy number," by allowing Baptism—the sign and seal, as they believe, of that election—to one infant, and refusing it to another. Yet the laity, for the most part, submit tamely to the usurpation; though I have known instances in which the parent, urged on by the cry of nature and the voice of God within him, has taken his child "by night" to the minister of a Church that claims to be "the Lamb's wife" and the "mother of us all," a Church that has never withheld her baptism from the lost children of Adam. Yes! we proclaim it with unmingled satisfaction,

that this same Church, so denounced as exclusive, bigoted, intolerant, pours from her open hand the waters of pardon and promise on the universal family. How is it that Presbyterianism, with a Confession that speaks of "elect men," and of "elect angels," and of "ELECT INFANTS" (see Conf. ch. iii. x.), and notoriously and every hour withholding baptism from new-born babes, for no other reason than the lurking apprehension that these babes may not be "of the happy number," has claimed so long to be considered liberal and democratic, while the Church that clasps your infant to her heart as soon as it is born, and beckons the whole family of man within her pale, has been branded as illiberal, intolerant, and bigoted?

The day for this *ad captandum* abuse of words is passing away, and the eyes of the people are opening to the facts. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," say the Lamb and the Lamb's bride. "Suffer the children of communicants to come," says the Presbyterian religion. "He died for all," "a ransom for all," "that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man," declares the Holy Ghost, and re-declares the Church. "Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, but the elect only," contends the Presbyterian Confession (ch. iii., sec. 7). "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men," proclaim the Bible and the echoing Church. "All those whom God hath predestinated unto life, and those only, He is pleased in His appointed and accepted time effectually to call by His Word and Spirit," asserts the Presbyterian Confession. "Who will have all men to be saved," is the teaching of the Gospel and the Church. "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinate

unto everlasting life, and others are foreordained to everlasting death;" and "these men and angels, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished,"—this is the sad wail of the Presbyterian Confession (chap. iii., sec. 3–4).

We appeal to the understandings of men. Which of the two is illiberal and bigoted? Let the Presbyterian, whose child, for which Christ died, and which He pronounced more fit for the kingdom of God than we, has yet been excluded from the Church on earth, and from the only sacrament which an infant can receive, answer this question. A day will come when the Presbyterian ministry will be compelled to a better practice, or their people into a better Church. That day may be delayed by prudently keeping the subject in the back-ground, and the people in ignorance of their own standards. Their ministers dare not bring forward the efficacy and grace of Baptism, and hold them up as they are exhibited in the Confession of Faith. Listen to its solemn and delightful testimony! "Baptism is a sacrament of the New Testament, *not only* for the solemn admission of the party baptized into the *visible Church*, but also to be unto him a sign and seal of the covenant of *grace*, of his *ingrafting into Christ*, of REGENERATION, of *remission of sins*." "The *efficacy* of baptism is not tied to that moment of time wherein it is administered; yet, notwithstanding, by the right use of this ordinance, the grace promised is *not only* offered, but *really exhibited and conferred by the Holy Ghost*, to such, whether of age or INFANTS, as that grace belongeth unto. . . . ." (Conf. ch. XXVIII., sects. 1 and 6.) "Let but the commons hear this testament." With the recovery of the

lost doctrine of "efficacy," and "grace," and "regeneration," and "ingrafting into Christ," and "remission of sins," "*not only offered, but really exhibited and conferred by the Holy Ghost*" in Baptism, their ministers would be compelled to make its living waters again free for all; or parents, driven by nature's instincts, would fly with their children in their arms like doves into the Church windows. Ministers of the Presbyterian Church! I call upon you by the deep solemnity of an awful sacrament—and many a pained heart among your people joins me in the call—to justify the language that you hold respecting "elect infants," or to abandon the practice that results from it in drawing a dividing line among infants, and excluding the majority from the grace of Baptism. The rains of heaven fall alike on all. The wind from heaven is wafted alike to all. The rivers and the fountains spring and flow for all. Free for all is the plain handwriting upon every work of God. What then is this distinction that you have drawn between my neighbour's children and my own? Speak! Tell us plainly; are some of them elect and others not? or are some of them born but once, and others born again? I venture to term it an oppression that the Church in no age and in no instance ever dared to impose; a cruelty that Rome, in the days of her worst tyranny, would have shuddered to inflict, this punishing the parent in the child, repelling a redeemed infant, because its parents have sinned, from the only sacrament of which it is capable, the heaven-ordained point at which grace is sent forth to meet it. It asks bread, and, because its parents have not eaten the bread that you break, with a heart as cold and hard as your gift, you give it a stone; it asks an egg, and, to sting the erring parent, you put into its little hand a scorpion; it asks a fish, and you

give it a serpent, and leave it to become the serpent's prey.

Thus, out of the doctrine of election, and of regeneration and effectual calling reaching only to the elect, has sprung up, as a natural growth, the refusal of the grace of Baptism to half the present subjects of the kingdom of heaven. But, as if this were not enough for this "king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sayings," and opening the forbidden leaves of fate, the work of decimation must go farther still. The Presbyterian standards enjoin, that "children born within the pale of the visible Church, and dedicated to God in baptism, when they come to years of discretion, if they be free from scandal, appear sober and steady, and to have sufficient knowledge to discern the Lord's body, they ought to be informed it is their duty and their privilege to come to the Lord's Supper." And for more than a hundred years this order was universally obeyed. But now their baptized children are denied the children's bread, as much as if they had been crowned in their infancy with the turban or the crescent, or had been devoted in the Ganges to the pollutions of Brahma. Only their communicants are addressed as "fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of faith." All others, without regard to Baptism, are treated as "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel."

How often are my ears delighted and my eyes gladdened now, to see the kind pastor going back with the youth of his flock to the bright fountains where he had bathed them in the morning of life's sultry day; and to hear him speaking, in soft and winning tones, of sins forgiven, and of promised grace. How often do I now see even the strong man that keepeth his house, successfully resisting every approach, until, behold a stronger

than he cometh, and by the chain that bound him when an infant, leading him back to the still waters, sheweth him the white robe, intended for his resurrection dress, all soiled and rent! Oh, I have seen the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves at the recollections of Baptism!

But long as I was a Presbyterian, I never knew a baptized child to be admonished from the pulpit of any privileges, or of any obligations arising from the fact of Baptism. A baptized child is taught and trained precisely as a Baptist would train one unbaptized; and a Presbyterian congregation is addressed as if the preacher were declaiming from a Baptist pulpit. And why is this, was the thought that troubled me, when one Apostle has called Baptism the *anti-type* of the ark, and another has called it "the washing of regeneration;" and he who poured water on an Apostle's brow, said, "Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins; and He who sent the same Ananias to Saul, said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God!" Are there two baptisms—one admitting regenerate adults to all the privileges of the Church, and the other admitting unregenerate infants to *nothing!* Whether they live or die, poor children, they fare no better for their Baptism. The Bible says "one Baptism," as distinctly as it says "one God." The Bible declares "baptized into one body," as plainly as it proclaimed "one Lord, one faith, one hope." In the Bible, Baptism is the door of admission to all other promises and privileges of the Church. "If you baptize your children, or any part of them, why do you not admit them to the Lord's Supper?" is, therefore, the standing and effective objection of the Baptists. The Confession of Faith long ago yielded to its force. Even Dr Miller, one of our

brightest Presbyterian luminaries in the nineteenth century, succumbs to it himself. After advising that every means should be employed to retain baptized children in the communion of the Church, he recommends, that if, after due admonition, they should continue to slight their birthright and neglect the communion, "they should be proceeded with, and cut off, as if they had been communicants, and had apostatized from their profession." But this is all theory. This new wine would make the old bottles burst and perish. Revivalism and election would go down together. No, Bible-baptism can never exist again among Presbyterians; it can never again be the door of entrance upon all the promises and privileges of the faithful. They will do as they have done—shut out more than half their little ones from the ark, and refuse, except on certain hard conditions, bread for the voyage to the few that are admitted. A new departure, I discovered, from the principles of the Reformation; let me fly with my children to a Church where those principles are still respected.

But Presbyterians cannot see their Church thus falling off in numbers, as under this discipline it must always do; and, therefore, having repudiated the Scriptural method of "discipling and baptizing," they fall into human expedients fraught with amazing opportunities for abuse, by which the baptized and the unbaptized alike are urged on to a crisis, at which they are encouraged to believe that they are born again, in a sense that shall for ever make temptation essentially powerless, and apostacy utterly impossible. Ingenuity is tortured, new measures are invented, methods newer and newer still are resorted to, to urge the imagination on to the ideal point, at which the exhausted fancy, in its moment of collapse, lets go the world, gives up its sins and its

associates, loses its relish for its former ways, yields every point at once disputed, like the death-bed penitent, when nature is too weak and weary to sustain the controversy; and this collapse, with the hysterical relief, and, it may be, ecstacy that follows, is understood to be the essence of conversion. The soul is now supposed to have received the afflatus of an imperishable life, so that the person can never fall entirely from grace; and an incorruptible seed of the word is implanted in his understanding, which shall make him personally, and beyond what the Pope has ever claimed to be, infallible and indefectible in the doctrines of grace; in a word, because his consciousness has undergone a strange disturbance, he thinks that he has experienced the needful change—"the *ictus* from beyond the fixed stars," as Mr Bushnell of Hartford, struggling in this net himself, has dared recently and manfully to call it. I know that many, who have felt, as they thought, this lighting down of the omnipotent arm, are pure, and "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." But it was not this sudden "ictus from beyond the stars" that made them so. They have been under other influences, both before and since, that have made them what they are. I have been subjected when a boy, myself, to the startling and electrifying agency of this species of machinery, and know it, even in the most prudent hands, to be full of delusion and danger. Instead of being the one new birth, it is a regeneration that may be repeated at every camp meeting. I have known the southern negro, and I have known the illiterate white man, to be twice, and thrice, and perhaps twenty times regenerated in this way; although a mind more enlightened, or better balanced, is seldom caught in the snare but once. As a Presbyterian, I saw much of such regenerations, and the more

I saw of them, like Mr Bushnell, the more I doubted them. "What careful minister, seeing how many are gathered around him in the Church who manifest no real love to God in the practical duties of life, and have never shown any Christian character, save that they once were subjects of a religious rhapsody, has not often staggered under the suspicion of some dismal error in the current views of religious experience? For myself, I feel obliged, in faithfulness to God, to declare that I have more than a suspicion on this subject." If the victim ever awake to the delusion, his awakening will be like that of the death-bed penitent, who, in a stormy and troubled hour, built his hopes upon the sand—too late. The revival convert recovers his composure, the powers of nature are restored, the passions return in their strength, the world hangs out its lure; and lo, the apostacy a little while ago pronounced impossible, has taken place! Sad memory here crowds its facts upon me. I will not speak of individuals, where troops are rushing on my thoughts. I have known a congregation in New York, of four hundred communicants, to disappear "as the early cloud," not even outliving the revival that had given it birth. I was myself, in the same city, the pastor of a congregation, of, nominally, five hundred communicants, the fruits, as the phrase was, of "powerful revivals;" but when, as a shepherd, I made it my first business to "know my sheep and be known of mine," and sought them diligently in the ways and by-ways, and employed a corps of twenty deacons and elders to aid me in the task, and more than once read the names of those we could not find to the whole body of communicants, and also in a published Church Manual designated them as missing; and though these inquiries were extended through a period of little less than a year,

one hundred and forty communicants could never be found.

But what roused still more my suspicions respecting this theory of regeneration, was the fact, which I personally encountered early in my Presbyterian ministry, that the Campbellites, or Socinian Baptists, denying the Lord that bought them, and the very existence of the Holy Ghost, found it no difficult task to equal, and often to exceed, the Presbyterian and the Methodist, in the power of their revivals; with singular readiness startling whole communities with the same phenomena, filling men's solitude with impressions, visions, dreams, and voices; and now numbering, after a career of less than thirty years, between three and four hundred thousand converts and communicants! If anything could, more than this, shake my confidence in such a theory of the new birth, it would be a personal knowledge of the fact which I only know to be alleged, that similar phenomena, and especially the transitions from agitation to peace, from wild terror to ecstatic rapture, from agony of conscience to complete serenity, are not at all unfamiliar to certain forms of heathenism and of demon-worship.

The reader will pardon this digression. My object has been, without entering on a new subject, to call attention to the fact, that human expedients have grown up, and have become necessary, for the continuance and enlargement of the denomination, in sheer consequence of having set aside the Scriptural view of the Church as a "household of faith," with its little ones, young men, and fathers, to be perpetuated and extended by the spontaneous increase of itself. The "anxious seat," or the "inquiry meeting," has been conceived to possess far more virtue to regenerate than any Baptism. And singular it is, that amidst all the agitations and theories

which have shaken the Presbyterian body, and among all the reformers that have risen to purge and renovate their temple, not one has ever ventured to restore the sacramental teaching of their own practically forgotten standards. I have heard sermons upon free-will and natural ability, the *modus operandi* in regeneration, and other metaphysical subtleties, until my soul was sick. I have heard sermons about some desolating fire; the stranding of some ship; the burning of some steamboat; the havoc of some storm; until fire, air, earth, and water, were exhausted. I have heard from the pulpit lectures upon great social enterprises, fourth-of-July orations, discourses on impending elections, eulogiums upon associations of men, and harangues upon the revolution of empires, and the abdication of princes. I have heard Unitarianism, Popery, Infidelity, dragged in from a distance, to supply themes for exciting declamation, and food for morbid appetites. I have heard sermons and lectures rambling into the future, pretending to understand "all prophecy," and helping, with startling events to come, to fill up that great moral and practical vacuum that Calvinism creates and leaves. But never in my whole life have I heard, from Presbyterian lips, a sermon on the graces, fruits, uses, promises, and helps, of Baptism. If the subject has been ever named, it has been, perhaps amidst the heat of a revival, when converts must decide to which sect they would belong, or at the request of some unhappy questioner, to resist the encroachments of the Baptists by endeavouring to make good the isolated, naked, cold, historical fact, that infants were baptized in the primitive Church, or the still less edifying and more difficult assumption, that pouring or sprinkling was the common mode of its administration.

And this *un*sacramentality in preaching produces

anti-sacramentality in practice. Not once in a thousand times do Presbyterians allow Baptism to the dying penitent; not once in a thousand more do they administer the Lord's Supper to the dying believer. The one is sent unwashed into the presence of his God, the other unfed into the solitudes and wastes of death. Both are compelled to violate, in their dying hour, the commands of Christ; while the living look on, and with easy aptness learn, that sacraments may be neglected both by the living and the dying, as entirely unnecessary to salvation.

CHAPTER IV.

CONFIRMATION—MODE OF ADMINISTERING THE LORD'S SUPPER—DISCIPLINE.

LONG before the claims of Episcopacy had assumed form and substance in my mind, I have often been unable to check the thought, that, if Presbyterians had retained the use of Confirmation, it would not only have answered for an edifying link between Baptism and the Communion, but it would have brought many a baptized child, year after year, into personal contact with his pastor; and would have afforded a golden opportunity, in youth's fearful crisis, for admonition, for reproof, for instruction in the dangers and responsibilities of life. It seemed reasonable—so reasonable, that infant Baptism seemed incomplete, and unconnected with the after life without it—by some solemn form to ask the child, now coming to the years of wisdom and discretion, "Do you abide by the terms on which you were baptized?" and, if the answer justified it, to renew the comforting assurance, that God would enlarge His grace, and most surely keep and perform the promises which He for His part had vouchsafed to make.

About the same time I ascertained, that Presbyterians in portions of Germany and other countries, had not cast off the rite. Luther retained it, and his followers retain it still. "I sincerely wish," said Calvin, "that we re-

Presbyterian theory. How absurd! to talk of "liberties of the people," and "the Presbyterian theory," in the the same breath. No system could more elaborately provide for the concentration and summary exercise of power. Its constitution is that which all jurists have established as the definition and essence of tyranny; placing the sword, the sceptre, and the purse in the same hands; and combining the legislative, the judicial, and the executive functions in the same body; so that the General Assembly is, at the same moment, legislature, jury, judge, executive and executioner.

And yet, in practice, how completely does this carefully constructed system crumble upon its own foundations. As matters stand, the individual assailed by a church censure, may laugh at the elders for their pains, and join some other of the sects which lie so numerously about his door. What is to prevent him? They are all "churches"—standing on the same basis of private judgment—equally pure; equally spiritual; equally free. Every day this evasion is actually practised. I once knew a man who, having lost a sum of money, was induced to consult one of those gifted individuals that, not two centuries ago, would have graced the stake or the gallows upon the shores of Massachussets Bay. The good lady gave him information certainly very remarkable, and ventured some predictions, afterwards most singularly verified. With this, however, my story has nothing to do. But out of the occurrence an offence grew up, which made it necessary for the Presbyterian clergyman to excommunicate some two or three persons. The very day and hour of their excommunication, they were immersed by a Baptist preacher, and received triumphantly to the communion. A few years afterward, the same individuals were excommunicated by

their new brethren, and became, and are now, members of the Campbellite sect, "in good and regular standing." Thus are the keys so held among Presbyterian and semi-Presbyterian bodies, that as one door of the kingdom is shut, another may be immediately opened.

The result of this sectarian discipline is not varied by enlarging the sphere of its operation. For, within these few years, we have seen whole Synods, embracing sixty thousand communicants, "exscinded from the Presbyterian Church; and forthwith investing themselves anew with all the prerogatives of a Church of God. An ejected Presbytery, a Presbytery still; an exscinded Synod, a Synod still; an excommunicated Church, a Church still, standing on the conceded basis of private judgment—*tota, teres, atque rotunda*—equally pure, equally scriptural, equally competent to hold the keys; and with plenary right and plenary power to originate a ministry and celebrate sacraments, as valid as if the twelve Apostles had risen from their graves, and had laid on them their consecrating hands.

CHAPTER V.

LITURGIES.

HOWEVER well-proportioned I might have found the Episcopal Church in her structure; however safe-guarded against the outbreaks of fanaticism, and the incursions of heresy; however high her walls, or beautiful her gates, or strong her towers; however studded her whole framework with the inscriptions of the earliest ages; although on every portal I should have seen a martyr's name, and on every column the handwriting of an Ignatius or a Polycarp; yet I may confess, that all this symmetry and beauty, if it were possible that they should exist as a body without a spirit, ought, to a devout mind, to present no irresistible attraction, if, upon closer inspection, the interior arrangements were found unfriendly to the great end to which every thing else in the temple must be secondary and subservient—the high and pure devotions of the heart. As in human friendships, we value not the lip's cold words without the heart's warm love, so, with an emphasis beyond comparison, as "God is a Spirit," "they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." But I have supposed a thing impossible. It cannot be, that

"On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,"

Such symmetry and beauty as we have described, are

the results of a life within; as the beautiful flower is the spontaneous evolution of a healthy seed, or as the proportions of a fair edifice are the development of cultivated thought and feeling, or as the beauty and perfection of the material body are but the natural expression of an instinctive and vigorous life. As Nature, however, ever seeks a clothing verdant, bright, radiant with its Maker's image, so a true Christianity will lay aside the swaddling-clothes for the robe without seam, and in all that is external, will exhibit strength, symmetry, and beauty. I can, however, recal the time when Episcopacy was, to me, "the sepulchre, beautiful indeed, without, but full within," if not of death's corruption, at least of death's cold chill, and stiffened form; when lip-service and Episcopacy were as much convertible terms as Presbyter and Bishop were in the New Testament. But this was at a time when I set a less relative value upon the worship of the sanctuary, than I have been led by God's blessing since to do; at a time when I knew less of Episcopalians than I came, by God's providence, afterward to know; at a time when I had not carefully observed the workings of the human mind with reference to liturgical worship, nor the influences of liturgical worship upon the human nind. If I found myself, or if I found others unprofited, or often pained and injured, by the crudities and defects of extemporaneous worship, to have sought relief in the Episcopal Liturgy, would, to me, have seemed like stepping from the regions of an occasional north wind upon a zone of everlasting ice. Let me, then, conduct the reader along the line of reflection which brought me to the conclusion, that, agreeably to the analogies of the faith, as grace comes down to man robed in the sacraments, and the word in an external ministry, and Christianity itself in the written Scriptures,

tained this custom of imposition of hands, which was practised amongst the ancients." Beza, and Owen, and Adam Clarke, speak in much the same strain. I had known clergymen also in our own communion, who would gladly have seen this rite restored. Such facts, and to my mind, its own evident fitness, induced me to look into the Scriptural authority for this intervening ordinance between Baptism and the Holy Supper.

"To the law then and to the testimony"—what saith it? "Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of the resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment." (Heb. vi. 1–2.) According to this, "*the foundation*"—"*the principles of the doctrine of Christ,*"—what are they? "Repentance—Faith—*Baptisms—Laying on of hands*—the Resurrection—the eternal Judgment." For the first time in my life, I here saw that Christianity had filled the vacancy between the Sacraments, and had assigned a solemn rite to its place next after Baptism. As a Presbyterian, I had nothing to gain, by supposing that ordination was in the apostle's mind as a matter to be inculcated on a young convert, in company with the tremendous doctrines of repentance, faith, resurrection, and judgment. I came therefore to the conclusion, from which only an unnatural straining and dislocating of the passage could offer an escape, that St Paul was speaking of the sacramental rite, or, if you please, the lesser sacrament, of Confirmation, coming next after Baptism, and filling up one of the confessed and conscious vacancies of Calvinism. Again, my attention was struck with the fact, that Baptism and the laying on of hands, were, in th

apostle's estimation, of sufficient excellence and dignity to lie at "*the foundation*," and to be written down among the "*doctrines*" of Repentance—Faith—the Resurrection—and the Judgment. What! Baptism mentioned in the same breath with Faith! the laying on of hands raised to a correlative dignity with the Resurrection, and the eternal Judgment! and both this and that lying at *the foundation*, where an apostle is deliberately reciting "*which be the first principles of the doctrine of Christ!*" Make of the passage what we will, it falls upon our ears much more like the natural utterance of the Episcopal Church, than the teaching of Presbyterianism in the nineteenth century.

Some of my ministerial brethren, I knew, entertained a similar impression to my own. Presbyterian reviewers, I observed, touched tenderly upon the topic. The whole Lutheran Church retained the practice. Those Protestants who had laid it aside, were already all feeling after something to supply the vacuum. I could not find in antiquity, any beginning to this "Laying on of hands," but at the hands of the apostles. I heard of it in the remotest East, in the heart of Abyssinia; in the fastnesses of Carmel and of Syria. Irresistibly, therefore, did the conclusion force itself upon me, that, in rejecting Confirmation, the Presbyterians of Scotland and America have *lost* one of those "*traditions*" which St Paul so solemnly enjoins the Church to "*hold*" and "*keep*." The consequences of this loss are such as might reasonably have been expected to flow from it, viz., *a conscious want, throughout the Presbyterian body, of a connecting link between Baptism and the Communion*, to ratify the vows and pledges of the former, and to conduct the maturing Christian to the grace and consolation of the latter; and human expedients without number,

most of them extravagant, and many of them fraught with danger, by which it has been sought to bridge over the chasm and fill up the gap. Meanwhile, the Church, with calm and holy quietness, holds on her way. *Her* pastors are not driven to revivals, anxious seats, inquiry meetings, and other similar spasmodic means of furnishing with guests the Lord's table; they have an ordinance, handed down to them from apostolic times, in the due use of which, they are brought into direct and personal communication with the younger members of the flock, and are often enabled to espouse the virgin heart by a new vow to Christ, before it has become enthralled or corrupted by the world. What a happy opportunity it gives, in all times and climes, for bringing the influences of religion to bear upon youth's generous affections. The father may be far away, and the mother sleeping in the dust; but the Church is a mother that dies never, and the opportunity comes round at the most critical period of life, for the hallowed associations, counsels, and instructions incident to Confirmation.

Again, as the Episcopal arrangements bring every child of the congregation, just at the moment when the world breaks enticingly upon his eye, and whispers meritricious flattery into his ear, and makes her resolute descent upon his heart, into personal intimacy with the Clergyman in the preparatory steps to Confirmation, so does the Episcopal mode of celebrating the Holy Eucharist bring each communicant, many times a-year, under the immediate eye of his pastor, who thus possesses the invaluable opportunity of noticing the absent, of kindling anew his interest in each one present, and of cherishing a personal acquaintance with them all. Under such a discipline, a fact like the one already stated would have been utterly impossible; that one hundred and forty

communicants, or nearly one-third of the whole number in a parish, should have been lost sight of. But so it ever is; under the working of a true system, every thing falls naturally into its place, and harmony, and beauty, and propriety are in all its parts; the machine regulates itself; the jar is not felt; anarchy is impossible. And, when the little things of a church, as we may perhaps consider them, like the joints and bands of the body, seem to be fitly framed together, and to fill the very places that, without them, would be unseemly blanks, and to perform their minute offices in mutual and self-adjusting harmony, it would appear that, as in Ezekiel's vision, "the spirit of a living creature was among the whole." And when the painful necessity for discipline arises, although it be for sins that should not be named, Congregational Presbyterianism invests the whole body of communicants—male and female—young men and maidens—the wise and the unwise—the silent and the gossiping—with the equal right of investigating and pronouncing; while a numerous eldership, according to the theory of Presbyterians proper, neutralizes but a portion of this evil. How much more likely to be salutary are the private admonitions and repellings of Episcopacy. And under the Episcopal regimen, if an appeal be taken, it is conducted with the same delicacy and consideration, and with greater probabilities of rectifying mistakes, up to the Bishop; whereas, among Presbyterians, it must be dragged into open Presbyteries, and thence to Synods, and thence to General Assemblies, where hundreds of ministers have lost hundreds of days in adjusting some petty wrong, or investigating a neighbourhood-quarrel in some remote and miserable village. And any attempt to arrest these appeals at the lower courts, is but an interference with the liberties of the people, and a departure from the

to correct and adapt the taste. It is impossible to rise at a bound from the impression that the sermon is the *summum bonum* for which we turn our feet towards the sanctuary, into the feeling—not new, I apprehend, to the heart of the veriest worldling among the Episcopalians—that, when we go within thy gates, O Zion, it is to worship God. It is not possible, from the heavy, dull common-places of an extemporaneous prayer, which it is enough to have heard once, to rise, by a single effort, to the dignity of a Liturgy, which, to be adequately admired, must be heard a thousand times. It is impossible to settle down, from the fitful, feverish, and momentary flights of the revival and the camp-ground, into the chastened and life-long fervour of the incomparable Liturgy. My own case may show.

Owing to the distance of any other place of worship, I was sent in my boyhood, once a fortnight, to the Episcopal Church. But I went without the necessary guide to my devotions, and from a home, at which, among a thousand pious volumes, I do not recollect that I ever saw the Book of Common Prayer. I did not therefore learn, in childhood, so much as to "find the places," or to take part in the responses, or even to perceive that sacred amusement, if I may so call it, by which the varied service, as I have often since remarked, engages so easily the attention of the child of the Church. For, while an extemporaneous prayer from a pulpit, often as elevated as the ceiling will well permit, fails, and must fail to give employment to the mind of a child, there is something in Liturgical worship, when properly performed, strikingly adapted, as experience teaches, to occupy the mind, and hand, and lips, and, through all these, the heart of the little ones of Christ, and thus to form, from the age of infancy, the great habit of devo-

tion. We accept, therefore, most thankfully the tribute sometimes paid to the Church, that her worship is well enough for the childish and illiterate. Like the Bible, it is a study for the learned, and yet giveth wisdom to the simple. Its language is, in part, literally the language of angels, and is yet within the comprehension of infants. It is a sun that will blind the gaze of the philosopher, but yet giveth light to the greatest and the least in the kingdom of heaven. It is as an atmosphere full of wonders to the spiritual analyst, but feeding alike the life of the wise and of the unwise. Its alleluiahs are the alleluiahs of the Cherubim and Seraphim; its hosannas the hosannas in which babes and sucklings perfect and echo back the praise. We think, with Robert Hall, that its simplicity is its majesty. All this we should not dare to say of a mere human composition. But the Prayer-Book is not a human composition; nineteen-twentieths of its langague are taken, line by line, and word for word, from that volume which has the mysterious power to chain the understanding of a patriarch, and to charm the heart of a child. A Gabriel may desire to look into its pages; a Timothy may lisp them at his mother's knee.

For the want of teaching in childhood, I was in after-life entirely at a loss when to stand, or when to sit, or when to kneel, or where to "find the places." The same is the general complaint of Presbyterians, and is the reason, in most cases, why they find the service not only unedifying, but embarassing and painful, and why they leave the sanctuary with a growing prejudice against our Liturgy. Being myself seldom able to catch the responses of the people, I had, half the time, unfinished sentences to dwell upon, more likely to distract attention, than to fix devotion. And as the Presbyterian goes to

an Episcopal Church from the same motive with which he frequents his own, not so much to be heard in the outpourings of his own heart, as to hear the declamation of the preacher—of course, the whole service before the sermon is unedifying and irksome. I was myself nearly thirty years of age before I could find the Psalms for the day, or the Epistles and Gospel, or could lay my finger on the Te Deum, the Gloria in Excelsis, or the Litany.

Notwithstanding that I heard the Episcopal service under these disadvantages, I could not but notice, that the oftener I frequented it, the more it gained upon my heart. I could see nothing irreverent to offend the eye. I could hear nothing, beneath the dignity of worship, to offend the ear. I heard large portions of Scripture, and the low concert of many voices, indicating that they were concerned in what was going on, and that they felt they had an individual part and right in the exalted service—that it was not merely eloquence which they had come as dumb Christians to *hear*, nor a simple pageant which they had come as speechless spectators to *see*.

As a Presbyterian, I felt certainly a little flattered by a tradition—I cannot now remember where I met with it—that, at the Reformation, the Presbyterians occupied so entirely every square inch with their serried hosts, that there was, in fact, not room to kneel, and that thence had arisen the custom of standing in prayer. But now that our ranks were not so crowded, I fell back into the instinctive feeling, that a sinner's place, before the Maker of the universe, is on his knees.

If kneeling be an aid to the devotion in the closet, why may not its aid be permitted in the sanctuary? If kneeling be proper in our families, why is it not desirable where meet the visible and invisible of the one family in

earth and heaven? If kneeling be thought indicative of life in the social meeting, why should it be abolished in the great congregation? The Saviour of the world lay low on the chill earth in prayer; why should I not bend the knee upon the cushioned floor? Such an one as Paul knelt on the bare ground at the water side; why should not such an one as I kneel down within the warm and pleasant sanctuary? Even Solomon in his glory "arose from before the altar of the Lord, from kneeling on his knees;" why should not I with all my miseries fall down as low as he?

I have seen this instinct frequently betray itself in a Presbyterian congregation. In time of a revival, when there is indication certainly of deep impressions of the Divine presence; when the creature sinks into nothingness before Him; I have seen (and the same has been seen in a thousand places) the preacher kneeling in the pulpit; the suppliant kneeling in the pew; the "anxious seat" thronged with kneeling companies in presence of a kneeling minister; crowded prayer-meetings morning and night, where all could find room to kneel;" and the most palpalable proof, in vast assemblies prostrate on the floor, that *kneeling* or *prostration* is the posture indicated by the earnest mind in the presence of its God.

For many years, while yet a Presbyterian, I often attended Episcopal worship on the week-day Festivals; and it was with me, as it has been with many, that the oftener I went, the oftener I was compelled to go, "where honour and majesty were before Him, and strength and beauty were in His sanctuary."

At the same time I was, too often for my peace and comfort; disquieted and grieved by the so-called devotions to which I was compelled to *listen*; their irreverent familiarity; their cold and wordy emptiness; their forced

so a permanent devotion will inevitably clothe itself in an abiding Liturgy.

I might here, at the outset, entrench myself behind a host of mighty names, that, having used a Liturgy through all their lives, had every opportunity to know its value, and have left a testimony which the Rev. Mr Staunton has thus condensed: "Blame us not, then, if we value our Liturgy; it embodies the anthems of saints; it thrills the heart with the dying songs of the faithful; it is hallowed with the blood of the martyrs; it glows with sacred fire." I prefer to throw into the foreground of my argument the testimony of Presbyterians themselves.

Even Mr Barnes, in a candid moment, and before his eulogium (of which we quote but a small part) had led any of his flock to seek our green pastures, and our still waters, permitted himself to say, "We have always thought that there are Christian minds and hearts, that would find more edification in the forms of worship in that Church than in any other. We have never doubted that many of the purest flames of devotion that rise from the earth, ascend from the altars of the Episcopal Church, and that many of the purest spirits that the earth contains, minister at those altars, or breathe forth their prayers and praises in language consecrated by the use of piety for centuries."

The New York Christian Observer, the representative of the Dutch Reformed Church in this country, says of the Episcopal Church, "Her spirit-stirring Liturgy, and a scrupulous adherence to it, have, under God, preserved her integrity beyond any denomination of Christians since the Reformation."

Says a Scottish Presbyterian, the Rev. John Cumming, "I shall never forget how thrilling I felt one clause

in the English Liturgy, on my first entering an Episcopal Church. It is perhaps the finest sentence and the sweetest prayer in the language :—'In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us.'"

Dr Doddridge, an English Presbyterian and Expositor, says, "The language is so plain as to be level to the capacity of the meanest, and yet the sense is so noble, as to raise the capacity of the highest."

Dr Clarke, the distinguished Commentator of the Methodists, declares it "superior to every thing of the kind produced either by ancient or modern times; several of the prayers and services of which were in use from the first ages of Christianity." "The Liturgy," he says again, "is almost universally esteemed by the devout and pious of every denomination, and, next to the translation of the Scriptures into the English language, is *the greatest effort of the Reformation.* As a form of devotion, it has no equal in any part of the Universal Church of God. *Next to the Bible, it is the book of my understanding and my heart.*"

Robert Hall, the brightest light that ever shone among the Baptists, and one that would have been bright in any firmament, confesses, that "the *evangelical purity* of its sentiments, the *chastened fervor* of its devotions, and the *majestic simplicity* of its language, have combined to place it in *the very first rank* of uninspired compositions."

The heavenly-minded Baxter, another nonconformist, whose writings have prepared hundreds for that "saint's everlasting rest" which gave title to one of his choice productions, says, "The constant disuse of forms is apt to breed giddiness in religion, and to make men hypocrites, who shall delude themselves with conceits that they delight in God, when it is but in those novelties

and varieties of expression that they are delighted; and therefore I advise forms, to fix Christians, and to make them sound." Like Wesley, Baxter sought the consolations of the Church's Liturgy in the hour of death; and Watson, a Methodist divine, as great as either of these, said, just as his soul took wing for paradise, "Read the *Te Deum;* it seems to unite one, in spirit, with the whole Catholic Church on earth and in heaven."

Let these suffice, after the addition of one testimony more. The Princeton Review, in a notice of Mr Barnes's "Position of the Evangelical Party in the Episcopal Church,"—a work written, I am informed, *after* some members of his congregation had gone over to that Church, as the eulogium above quoted was written some months *before,* holds the following language:—"It is well for the Church of England that she has a Liturgy, which brings out so clearly the doctrines of depravity, atonement, justification, divine influence, and a future judgment. What would have become of these doctrines in the lips of worldly ministers, &c.? Facts," it goes on to say, "are against this favourite position of Mr Barnes (viz., that the observance of forms is incompatible with the preservation of evangelical piety)." And, after reminding Mr Barnes that God was Himself the author of the forms in the Jewish Church, the reviewer adds—"But to say that a form of prayer, merely as a form, however evangelical, is destructive of piety, is to assert that the gospel is not the gospel, if it be read instead of being spoken." "Not that we object," said the Princeton Review of the year preceding, "to devotional composition, when happily exerted and wisely employed; on the contrary, we would wish that it were more common than it is."

With this amount of testimony, which could easily be

magnified into a volume, I am asked the question, Why is the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church so little esteemed out of its own pale? I answer, simply because it is not known. The Wesleyans of England know it, and some of their congregations statedly use it. Other dissenters there know it, and they use it in many of their chapels at this hour. It requires one, two, perhaps three generations to become insensible to the fascinations of a Liturgy. Calvin left for his disciples a Liturgy. Luther composed for his followers a Liturgy. Knox prepared a Liturgy for the people of Scotland. Baxter compiled a Liturgy for the Non-conformists. Wesley enjoined a Liturgy upon his followers. Twice, in the Scottish Kirk, did the Presbyterians adopt a Liturgy. Nothing but time and habit, or violent convulsion, can tear a Christian from his Liturgy. The separation once effected, a Prayer-Book becomes to a Presbyterian, what the Bible is to the Romanist—*an unknown book;* uncared for, unadmired, unread. Such was the Prayer-Book to me; and I probably regarded it with much the same aversion or indifference that the Romanist entertains towards the Bible, and for very nearly the same reason. Let the Bible be thrown into the way of the Romanist, as the Prayer-Book came into mine, and if he do not learn to admire, and venerate, and love, and cherish it as I did the Prayer-Book, it will not be owing to any want in the sacred volume, either of intellectual sublimity or of moral loveliness. There must be, in ordinary circumstances, not only a taste, but an educated and cultivated taste, to appreciate beauty in a landscape, grace in a statue, refinement in manners, elegance in literature, force in eloquence, melody in music, purity in morals, and, to come to the point in hand, perfection in worship. Time, or opportunity at least, must be allowed

ejaculations; their sluggish drawl; the thousand blemishes, defects, redundancies, extravagancies of their off-hand homage.

The Boston Recorder, the leading Presbyterian organ in a community of great intellectual and moral elevation, and, therefore, an unexceptionable witness, puts forth the following as "*some* of the faults of *public prayers*."

1. *Doctrinal* prayers, containing often an elaborate statement, and sometimes *argument*, on controverted points of doctrine.

2. *Historical* prayers, comprising long narratives for the information of *the hearers*.

3. Hortatory prayers, intended to stir up the zeal of *the congregation*.

4. *Denunciatory* prayers, designed to warn *the audience* against certain errors, or practices, or sentiments; and being *appeals to men*, not *addresses to God*.

5. *Personal* prayers, intended to rebuke or commend individual members of the congregation, and to mark them out as warnings or examples to others.

6. *Eloquent* prayers, in which there is the display of a brilliant fancy, and of elegant and polished language, compelling the hearer to say, "what a fine prayer that was."

7. *Familiar* prayers, in which there is an evident absence of that sacred awe and reverence which should fill the mind in every approach to God.

8. *Sectarian* prayers, indicating very clearly an attachment to a particular sect among the multitude of Christian denominations.

9. *Long* prayers, which weary and exhaust the spirit of devotion. Whitfield is remembered to have said, "Brother, you prayed me into a good frame, and you prayed me out of it again."

Here endeth the editorial lesson. Ah, me! if these are but "*some* of the faults," and such faults as these must be endured in bright New England, and in her classic capital, and from an educated and accomplished ministry; what must be the insufferable corruptions of public worship, and of the very idea of divine worship, among the illiterate and extravagant sects that swarm over the land?

A little reflection must make it obvious, that these evils, and many worse evils, are unavoidable under the system by which they are generated. If a minister is to pray *ex tempore*—much more if he is to pray *ab imo pectore*—unless he be endowed with rare discretion, to distinguish the promptings of passion and private feeling from the movings of a better spirit, his prayers must inevitably take colour from the objects and influences around him. It is not in human nature to escape this snare. I care not how dignified the pulpit, or how good the man; the prayer will be graduated, as a rising or falling thermometer, to the religious *opinions*, and the religious *fervour* of the times. The great regulator is wanting—a standing Liturgy—to bind the clergyman, and to protect the devotions of the people; to-day, from the strange fire that a heated imagination would bring to the altar; and to-morrow, from the cold nothings that would be offered upon it. The Presbyterian, accustomed to such jejune and drowsy prayers as may be heard at any time, but especially in a country parish, or on a summer's afternoon, can hardly conceive with what amazing force the contrast strikes an Episcopalian ear, educated to the true harmonies of devotion. It was Wordsworth, I believe, who remarked, that he never so felt the sublimity and sweetness of the Church's Liturgy, as on returning to his parish Church from a sojourn in

a country place in Scotland, where he had been doomed to listen, one or two Sundays, to the extemporaneous effusions of a Scottish minister.

It is certainly worthy of remark, that not one of the faults above enumerated, nor of many kindred faults that might be named, can be alleged against the Episcopal Liturgy. Yet, within its compass, not a perfection of the Divine Being, but is becomingly adored; not a doctrine of the Divine Word, but is proclaimed as upon the house-tops; not a bounty of Divine Providence, but is thankfully rehearsed; not a want of human nature, but is affectingly spread out; not a relation in life, but has its turn to be considered; not a class or condition in society, but is lovingly remembered; not a traveller in the wilderness, not a voyager upon the wave, not a widow, not an orphan, not an infant, not a prisoner or captive in his dungeon is forgotten; all who are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity, are cared for and prayed for; the absent and the distant, with all the Church visible are remembered; the cherished dead, and the Church invisible, are not forgotten; angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, are recognized and admitted to the worship.

The Episcopal Church forbids its depending upon one man whether a whole congregation shall be edified or not, whether an offering to the Divine Majesty shall be decent or not, whether the atonement shall ultimately be denied or not, and compels the minister to speak in the words of "sound doctrine"—the words by which martyrs passed away to their reward, and sainted millions, in ages gone, grew so eminently ripe for Heaven.

But if we may speak thus of the Church's ordinary services, what shall be said of that which is emphatically and properly *the* Liturgy? The communion office of the

Episcopal Church is the resplendent gem in the girdle of devotions, with which she belts the days of her holy year, and the hours of her holy days. In the immediate presence of her Master, showing His hands and His feet, she rises above herself in the magnitude of her conceptions, and the fervour of her strains. No "thoughts" will suit her, but those that "breathe" in the bosoms of cherubim and seraphim; no "words" will answer her, but such as "burn" with the martyrs as they pass through the fires to God. "Therefore, with angels and archangels, and all the company of Heaven," she pours forth the stirring strains of the TERSANCTUS, and the boundless chorus of the GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO. Perhaps the Presbyterian, who knows little or nothing of the Prayer-Book, will be surprised to hear that these seraphic hymns, and other portions of our Eucharistic service, can be distinctly traced to the very days of the Apostles. But the rapt spirit of the communion service, the Presbyterian can never know; because, to know it, he must enter into it, and taste, and feel that it is his, as he falls down with an innumerable company of every age, about the altar—that great symbol of worship and of sacrifice.

One circumstance, and the powerful, though unintended testimony afforded by it to the value and fitness of Liturgical worship, deserves especial notice. In those revivals, which, according to modern Presbyterian ideas, are the true thermometer of all that is kindling or spiritual in religion, when all remnants of forms are avowedly delivered to the winds, and a species of spiritual carnival or anarchy prevails, the effect of *repetition* is found to be what Episcopalians assert, and the very reverse of what Presbyterians at other times suppose. Not only is there, in time of a revival, a recognition of one of the great principles of Episcopal worship, in the increased

proportion of praise and prayer, but the praises and the prayers, like the cries of Him in the garden, are constantly "in the same words." In those critical moments, when the interest is most intense, you do not find the minister announcing a psalm or a hymn never heard before, nor a judicious chorister selecting even a new tune, for the purpose of varying the effect, or of heightening the devotion; but the hymn and the tune that were sung with such effect at the last meeting, must be sung again at this, and, though they have been repeated for weeks and months, yet no voice nor heart is weary. A new tune or hymn daily resorted to for *variety*, would *kill a revival in one week!* And for years, and throughout life, those same enlivening tunes and kindling hymns are echoed in the social meeting, and re-echoed at the fire-side, and in the darkest and coldest seasons are invoked, to warm and cheer by their lively associations, the Presbyterian, in his less happy "frames." How hallowed, then, thought I, by sacred associations with the past, and with all past ages, and how delightful, by a repetition that enables us to appreciate the force of words, and how sweet as the very language in which our dear departed ones, day after day, poured out their hearts to God, and how adapted to recover a lost or deteriorated spirit of devotion, not to say, too, a lost or overshadowed faith, must be *such* a Liturgy as is found among the treasures of the Episcopal Church.

As a "revival," therefore, by throwing the Presbyterian off his guard, and betraying the religious instincts of a pious mind, is a species of agitation in which truth comes accidentally to the surface, we appeal to it as an authority which certain minds can comprehend. And as a revival restores simplicity to the style of *preaching*, and is fatal to that metaphysical haranguing which de-

grades the pulpit to a level with the schools; and as a revival rouses the worshippers from their cushioned seats, and brings them to their *knees;* and as a revival suggests also the public reception to the communion, after a mode corresponding evidently to the rite of *confirmation;* and as a revival elicits, moreover, the earnest *amen,* and the audible *response,* from worshippers who feel that they have a right to join in, as well as hear the prayer, and, in fact, makes the privilege of prayer the privilege of all; so a revival does to Episcopacy a still further homage, by discovering the fact, that our most earnest and delightful devotions and "frames" are invariably indentified with *set psalms, and hymns, and forms,* of which the ear, the lips, and the heart grow weary never. Even the Princeton Review, cool, dignified, dispassionate as it is, acknowledges this principle in *sound,* even if it does not adopt it entirely in *sense:* "The lovers of old tunes will not be disappointed in finding such as Old Hundred, Wells, Saint Martin's, Mear, &c.,—glorious old tunes, which our fathers sang, and handed down to us; time-honoured, full of power, and deep religious influence, and which we are bound to use, and send down, unchanged and pure, to those that are to come after us." To me it is a perfect riddle, that the man who would thus gravely reason for mere *sounds,* should not feel the strength of his own argument, when dealing with such a Liturgy as the Episcopal. For we wish no better words than his, to express the same thought with reference to the Liturgy: "The lover of old [*hymns*] will not be disappointed in finding such as [*the rich* BENEDICITE, *the noble* TE DEUM, *the heavenly* TERSANCTUS, *and the thrilling* GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO] glorious old [*hymns*] which our fathers sang, and handed down to us; time-honoured, full of power and

deep religious influence, and which we are bound to use' and send down, unchanged and pure, to those that are to come after us." We cannot see how the Princeton Reviewer has escaped the *a fortiori* in this matter. We are quite sure he must think well of Liturgies. The principle, whether it apply to devotion or to tune, cannot be disputed. Could Napoleon re-appear to head his legions in the field, he would invoke the inspiration of the stirring *Marseillaise;* and could the martyrs, and virgins, and confessors return, nay, should the King Himself, in his beauty, come down, what strain more full of majesty and sweetness could we find for all earth's voices to go forth and greet Him, than the heavenly TE DEUM?

The revivalist finds all his machinery ineffectual, until he has drilled the congregation into set phrases and a fixed routine of hymns and spiritual songs; and nothing so electrifies a missionary meeting, or achieves so successfully the difficult task of sustaining a high-wrought missionary excitement on a great occasion, as the hymn of Bishop Heber—

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Does the Presbyterian grow weary of the strain—

"Salvation, O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name."

Or does repetition lessen the thrill with which he sings

"Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;

Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!"

It was, then, a mistake to have supposed that I had made no experiment in the principle of Liturgical repetitions. I found in myself, and observed in others, that the highest and happiest strains of devotion flowed always in the fixed channels of precomposed hymns—written and familiar words. And the Presbyterian may rest assured, that what he has already found in the missionary hymn, or in the revival chorus, such will he find in the anthems and prayers of a Liturgy kept bright by the use of ages.

The worship of the ancient temple was Liturgical, and was made so at the express command of God. The worship of the synagogue was Liturgical, and our Lord took part in the same. The greatest prophet that was born of woman, prepared a form for his disciples, and Jesus Himself gave a brief form to His followers. We find the apostles and brethren, when at prayer, "lifting up their voice to God with one accord." St Paul alludes to the familiar "amen" at Corinth, the "exhorting one another with the Psalms;" and tells us of irregularities and confusion created at first by the popular participation in religious worship. To this, and much more in the New Testament, I could only oppose the instructions of Paul to Timothy, that prayer should be made "for kings, and for all that are in authority," "which does not look," says Dr Miller, "as if the prayers of the Church at Ephesus were cut and dried;" to which we *might* answer, that Timothy was now on his way to that Church to "cut and dry them," with instructions to include, among the subjects of prayer, "kings and all in authority," however vile or violent—a suggestion, we

may add, carefully regarded in Liturgical worship, and too often unattended to in extemporaneous devotions. Even in heaven we hear the responsive worship—ten thousand times ten thousand voices, like the noise of many waters—the living creatures now upon their knees, and now standing before Him, the elders, the saints, and the angels, answering with voice and harp by turns, and proving, either that such, in St John's day, was the Church's worship upon earth, which he transferred in a figure to the heavenly choirs; or that such is the gorgeous ceremonial of the heavenly sanctuary, which it is right and meet to imitate on earth. If the Princeton Review has found an argument for the adoption of instruments in the music of the Church, "*from repeated intimations of their use in celestial worship,*" let the argument be pressed, until it shall unseal the lips of the worshippers, as they are unsealed in heaven. How strange to see in heaven the bright throngs all silently seated, and a single saint standing and praying or praising for the rest! Equally strange to see a whole congregation upon earth all silently seated, and one man praying for the rest! We do not see why the preacher should not relieve the people of the singing, as he relieves them of their praying. As we demand, therefore, of the Romanist to restore the cup to the laity, so we once more demand of the Presbyterian to restore the privilege of lay worship, which the preachers have usurped, and to give back to the people, with their ancient Baptism, their ancient responsive service.

Is priestcraft a stealthy assumption, increase, and monopoly of rights and privileges? Right stealthily has Calvinism withdrawn Baptism from the infant; right stealthily (for Knox and Calvin allowed a Liturgy at first) has it usurped the prayers and devotions of the laity.

Here are two privileges, that Rome, in her haughtiest moods, never ventured to meddle with. But, will say the Presbyterian, our laity do participate in the worship; they have a whole volume of psalms and hymns, and are permitted to sing. Very well; a printed form of psalms and hymns is, so far, a Liturgy, all full of prayers and praises, and is an argument for the use of forms. But let us hear once more the Princeton Review:—"It would seem as though the minister considered the interval of singing to be devised merely to give him an opportunity to attend to certain little matters of personal convenience. He starts the congregation upon a hymn, like an instrument wound up to go for a given time, and then proceeds to remove an extra wrapper from his neck, or to find the next hymn, or to arrange his notes and his collar, or, if it is the last tune, to undo his overshoes." Then follows the extraordinary intelligence,—"The singing is as much a part of the service of the house of God, as the prayer, *or the sermon.*"

It is quite true, as writers on this subject have said, that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as congregational extemporaneous prayers. A prayer may be extemporaneous to its composer, as it issues from a pastor's lips; but the instant his petitions and words are adopted by the people, it becomes to them a dictated prayer or form. The Rev. Mr Barnes himself makes weekly prayers for a thousand people; the people have no choice, any more than have the Episcopalians whom he commiserates; they must use Mr Barnes's prayers, or else use none. The only question, then, for his parishioners to settle, is, whether they will adore and pray in the off-hand words that Mr Barnes teacheth, or will worship in a Liturgy that has gathered to itself, in one glorious focus, the wisdom and the piety of all ages,

or, as the dissenting divines already quoted have expressed it, which is, "next to the translation of the Bible into the English language, the greatest effort of the Reformation, holds the very first rank of uninspired compositions, and has no equal in any part of the universal Church of God."

I have not dwelt upon the Scriptural argument, because it is of the same nature with that by which we maintain the Baptism of infants, and the observance of the Lord's day. It is the argument of allusion—rightly understood, the most unanswerable of all others. The temple and the synagogue services were those in which both the Master and the disciples worshipped, and we know that those services were rigidly Liturgical. But we do not need the argument from Scripture. The New Testament nowhere commands us to build Churches; but, throwing ourselves on the authority of the Old, which did, we find it to edification to build them still. So the New Testament may not command us to use Liturgies; but, falling back on the authority of the Old, which did, we find it unto edification to use them still. The New Testament could not prescribe a form for the Church, in all the varieties of place and condition under which the Church must exist; it could only settle a principle; and the example of both the master and the household established the great principle of Liturgical worship. Accordingly, we travel through the earth, and, wherever we find the Christian name, even among the Christians discovered by Buchanan, in the remotest East, and circled, since apostolic times, by the night of heathenism, we find the Liturgy; the Liturgy, be it remarked, always purer than the Church itself, and ever presenting the basis of a healthy reformation. We go back into antiquity, and find the fathers alluding con-

tinually to this feature of divine worship, and telling us of nearly fifty different Liturgies in use, in the different Churches throughout the world; in fact, they have left no record of a single Church in which public extemporaneous prayer was customary; they even tell us of Liturgies ascribed to the apostles; and fathers that lived within a hundred years of the apostles, speak familiarly of the Liturgy, for example, of St James at Jerusalem, and others, of that of St Mark, at Alexandria. And, throughout the world, there was, and there is, so striking a resemblance of phraseology, and especially of the leading points and their arrangement and relative position in these Liturgies, that they lead us necessarily to suppose some common origin of high and primitive authority. And it is to this authority, that we trace the loftiest strains of the present Episcopal Liturgy. Our "Therefore, with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven," we find in all the Churches of antiquity, however widely separated, both east and west; and it had become known even in Africa to Tertullian, within seventy years of the apostles. So the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, we trace to the very infancy of Christianity, substantially as our Church hath used it in England, twelve hundred years. And, in like manner, the creeds in our Prayer-Book, we can find in the writings of an Irenæus, who was taught by Polycarp, the friend of St John, and of a Turtullian, in more distant Africa, who, within seventy years of the apostles, informs us, that they had been "the rule of faith in the Church from the beginning of the Gospel." No marvel that the Liturgy commands the admiration of the world. Wesley for the Methodists, and Baxter for the Nonconformists, both adopted it in part. A hundred years ago, the Lutherans of Denmark adopted it, although in a mutilated form. In 1712, Prussia and

Hanover came very near adopting it, together with the Episcopacy, in the lifetime of Archbishop Sharp. Perhaps, if Satan had not then hindered the labours of some learned and excellent men on the continent, that dreadful moral night which now blackens the face of Central Europe had not fallen upon Germany, whence its deadly shadows are reflected over the greater portion of the Protestant world.

Why should I say more? I went to the Jewish synagogue; the synagogue, on which the great, unreal argument for Presbytery is built; and there I found the Jews, amidst their loss of country, home, and temple, still perpetuating the Liturgical and responsive worship, as it rang of old through "the carved work of the sanctuary."

As to the objection, that it may become tiresome, such objection comes always from those who have not tried it. The users of Liturgies do not complain. It therefore falls to the ground. To hear the daily Liturgy, is to hear the voice of a friend that has supported us in sorrow, counselled us in danger, guided us in perplexity, comforted us in sickness, commended our dying into the hands of the Redeemer, and, with pious hand, dealt tenderly with the dead, as it committed "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." To repeat it is like repeating those endearing household words, of which the ear and the heart of true affection never can grow weary.

The eye is diseased that shrinks from the light of day, the appetite is morbid that refuses simple food, and the heart is not right, nor the spiritual taste healthy, that would loathe this heavenly manna.

Again, What is the great business of the sanctuary? Worship. "My house shall be called the house of prayer for all people." How readeth the Presbyterian glos

"My house shall be called the house of *preaching*. Even the solemn assemblies for fasting and thanksgiving, usual at sacramental seasons, have come now to be classed together under the common term of "*preachings*."

In former years I often went to my Church under feelings indescribable, of oppression and grief, that the pulpit—the pulpit—was the great central object around which my congregation were assembling, and that, could I have asked them, one by one, "Friend, why comest thou in hither," probably without exception, the answer would have been, "To hear the sermon." O, I have longed, a thousand times, to come down from the lofty pulpit, and lie low among my fellow-sinners at the throne of grace. But, the sermon—the sermon—the sermon; preach—preach—preach—was the everlasting cry. Even if our little ones could tell at night the text—the text—the text—it was enough. Is he a good preacher? Are his sermons eloquent—rousing—interesting—intellectual? Never was it asked on earth, in the selection of a pastor, are his prayers elevating? are they edifying? are they meet for the high purposes of worship? No! The preacher—the preacher—is the living-symbol, the *Grand Lama of Presbyterianism*, around which the people gather. In attempting, fruitlessly, in my humble sphere, to resist the overbearing tide, and to restore devotion and the Scriptures to their place in the worship of God, I encountered only the rebukes of my "most intelligent and pious" elders, not only for tempering my prayers with "the chaste fervour of the Episcopal Liturgy," but even for closing at least one prayer on Sunday, with the prayer which the Lord has commanded us to "say;" and this, although I conformed to the important order of Cromwell's High Parliament, in saying it at the end, rather than, as did the Church

of England, at the beginning of my prayer. One of my elders happening to make this complaint to the late Doctor Milnor, the venerable divine replied, "Well, really, Mr S., it seems to me, brother —— has very good authority for using that prayer." But Mr S. had come from a land that, in its palmier days, made it a statutable offence to eat mince pies at Christmas—to salute one's wife upon the Sabbath—to pray at a Christian man's funeral—or to say the Lord's prayer in meeting.

I entered, now and then, an Episcopal Church; nothing shocked at the Low-Churchman's mitre, which there I might have seen—the symbol of her apostolic order; nor at the High-Churchman's cross, which I sometimes saw—the symbol of her evangelical faith. If I entered with my hat on my head, or the world on my lips, the altar, the glorious altar, looked me reprovingly in the face, and said, "The place where thou standest is holy ground." The priest came in, in the white linen which the Lord commanded among a people whose salvation He had at heart, and, kneeling low among his flock, joined with them, and they with him, in the great business of the sanctuary. He then went into the pulpit—not, as I had elsewhere seen, to gaze around complacently upon an audience—but, remembering that he was dust himself, to fall again, upon the ground beneath him, into the dust before God. A sermon, not elaborate nor ostentatious, but generally Scriptural and simple, ended with prayer; and the whole was followed by a reverential silence, and a pause for secret recollection and petition among the worshippers; contrasting much with the hurried exit I had seen from a Presbyterian meeting, where overshoes, hats, canes, gloves, shawls, bonnets, overcoats, were adjusted, and the worshippers, or rather,

the "hearers," were equipped for the street, before the benediction had been pronounced. What ideas Presbyterians may have of the benediction, it is needless to inquire; but the confusion in the congregation, while the minister is pronouncing it, savours somewhat of the *opus operantis* of a Romish priest, the benediction accomplishing its full mission, irrespectively of the faith or attention of the recipient.

It must be evident to my readers, that the whole atmosphere of sectarianism had now become to me uncongenial and unwholesome. To be losing my time and patience, and to be injuring my devotional taste and temper with the "gifts" of the brethren in a stupid prayer meeting, when I might be wafted toward heaven in the sublime strains of a holy Liturgy; to be frequenting a more public service, where prayer was curtailed, and holy Scripture almost excluded, and a few short verses of rhyme sung only as an interlude or rest, and all this done systematically, to make room for a laboured sermon, often containing, unawares, in flowers of reasoning and rhetoric, the seeds of neology and infidelity; to be advocating a Baptism that had lost its inward and spiritual part, and was limited severely in its application to a certain number; to be upholding a more awful Sacrament degenerated into an external and unessential rite, and administered in a mode, and received after a manner comporting well with the new ideas of its virtue; in short, to be fruitlessly contending with continual hindrances to my devotion and salvation, in the uncongenial and unseemly things remarked in the foregoing chapters, and, as a minister to be perpetuating a system thus tried and found wanting; when, by a single step, I might (by paying a price, it is true), enter the larger liberty of a Church which breathes, and believes, and

prays, and praises as she did when Irenæus, Ignatius, and Polycarp beheld her glory, and the noble army of her martyrs died for her, as the pure spouse of Christ—all this had now become a burden too great for me to bear.

Yet, if a Presbyterianism, such as my fancy had many a time imagined, could at this moment have been presented to my mind; that should have made the Scriptures conspicuous, and worship the great business of the sanctuary; that should have met the wants of a longing heart with a rich, and noble, and wholesome Liturgy, all radiant with the gems of truth and holiness; that should have placed the Sacraments under guard of an inviolable form, as being Christianity itself in epitome; a Presbyterianism, in a word, with moderate attachment to old paths and landmarks; my inquiries might here have ended, and I have continued in the traditions of my childhood. Again and again did the question recur, Why can we not have a Presbyterian Church after the model that so many wish for? And again and again did the disheartening answer fall like lead upon my ears—"These gifts are not for you." They are incompatible with the genius and destiny of the Presbyterian system. The facts that forced this conclusion upon me, with accumulating, and finally irresistible power, I will endeavour to lay before the reader in the following chapters.

CHAPTER VI.

DOWNWARD TENDENCIES.

HAVING discovered the tendency of Presbyterianism to throw off, more and more, the decent garments, ritual and sacramental, in which the Reformation had so disguised it at first, as to secure for it, for a time, the respect even of the Church of England, I had to pursue the facts in the case but a little further, to perceive that the system was quite incapable of long preserving, or of perpetuating, unimpaired, the great principles of a Christian man's belief. There does appear to be a something ever preying on the vitals of the system, producing everywhere the same phenomena—the feverish irritation succeeded by the long and languid ague—the high excitement, and its consequent collapse—the spasmodic life, and the succeeding torpor: or, to drop this figure, it ever and anon gives birth to revivals and revolutions, to fresh schemes and schisms, to strange fancies and fanaticism, to new experiments, new sects, new theories, new doctrines; until the old landmarks which the fathers set up are swept away, the reign of intellectual anarchy sets in, and the developments go on to infidelity—at first, in its more insidious phases—and, afterwards, in its stouter and more hideous forms.

Departures from unity, I shall consider hereafter. I am to notice, now, departures from the faith. I shall

be content to stand, for the present, by those definitions of the faith, which the Wittemburg, Geneva, Westminster, Augsburg, Dort, and Paris Presbyterians adopted at the Reformation. The proposition, then, is this:—That Presbyterianism is not conservative of things spiritual, more than it is careful for things ritual; and that, consequently, it could never have been intended to be the Lord's almoner of grace to men, or the steward of His mysteries to the household of faith.

In theory, Presbyterianism promises much for the Church's purity. The cords are tightly drawn. The tests are severe. *The elect are numbered.* The tares are separated from the wheat, before the harvest. The good fishes are severed from the bad, while the net is yet in the deep. The door is shut against the foolish virgins, before the bridegroom has come. Even infants, in vast numbers, are frowned away from the healing of its waters, and the porches of Christ's Bethesda are converted into the dungeons of man's Bethhoron, the house of mercy into the house of judgment. There is an unceasing *cutting off* of unsound members, and of unsound bodies, and a still more distressing *going off* of sect after sect, with the view of setting up a sounder faith and a purer worship.

With this rigor of discipline, was at first conjoined a severity of *creeds*, too well defined, one might have supposed, to be evaded; too solemnly subscribed, one might have thought, to be, by and by, denied; too evangelical, their abettors might have reasoned, to be ever undermined. Every avenue to error was foreseen and foreclosed. What then are we to think? We find no fault with the system, on the score of consistency—"elect angels," "*elect infants*," "perseverance in grace," or the personal infallibility in doctrine, and indefectibility

in grace, of each of the elect, and the "fore-ordination of all the non-elect to everlasting death,"—so repeatedly avowed in the Presbyterian Confession—are a bold but manly and consistent carrying out of the great first error, the πρωτον ψευδος, lying behind the whole theory, that "God from all eternity, hath, for his own glory, by the mere good pleasure of his will, fore-ordained *whatsoever* comes to pass." But it proves too much—more than the common sense of mankind, and the common sympathies of humanity, and the common and obvious first truths of Christianity, allow us for one moment to believe. Hence we set the system down, as the effort of a daring and gigantic spirit, seeking new ground, instead of falling back upon the old, whereon to raise a barrier against Popery. The terrific features of Calvinism, as they stand out from the canvass, under the fearless pencils of Zuinglius, and Peter Martyr, and Hopkins, and Emmons, that "God is alike the Creator of evil and of good, and is, by the same right, the author equally of sin and of holiness," are but the legitimate offspring of the Genevan stock. The "Gethsemane plan of salvation," recently advocated by divines in Philadelphia, computing the number of the elect with such commercial accuracy, that, if another soul had been intended to be saved, our adorable Lord would have been condemned to bear another pang, and to shed another drop of his most precious blood, is but another child of the same fruitful mother. So the *reductio ad absurdum*, or, to speak our mind freely, the reduction to inevitable blasphemy, is fatal to the pretensions of the system. If it be true, that "God, from all eternity, hath, for his own glory, fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass;" if it be true, that, for Adam's sin, all mankind are *born* "under God's wrath and curse, and are made

liable to most grievous torments, in soul and in body, without intermission, in hell fire, for ever," as the larger catechism teaches (Ques. 27, 28, 29), then is it reasonably true, as the same faith asserts, that certain *infants* are "elect," and it is truth to say,

> "I, by my dire decree, did seal
> His fixed, unalterable doom,
> Consigned his unborn soul to hell,
> And damn'd him from his mother's womb."

Presbyterians, if this be so, do right to ascertain, if they can, the dividing line, and to restrict their Baptism to such infants as they may suppose to be ceremonially elect and clean. But these results indicate that the whole theory is human. How unlike all this, is the cheering voice of the Apostles and the Church, recognizing, as God's elect, in a sense high and full of comfort and of hope, the favoured communities and individuals to whom His kingdom had come down, who had received the good word of God, and had been enriched with the illumination of his Baptism, raised, in a word, under the Gospel, to a new and bright probation, in which salvation is made, not only possible to all, but, to all who will, is made gloriously certain; an election comparative, not absolute; an election to means and not to their result; to intermediate privileges and facilities, and not to abstract, and ultimate, and everlasting destinies; an election always to good, never to evil!

These results, so repugnant to every feeling of humanity; so incompatible with the boundless grace of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; so utterly at variance with the true sovereignty of an independent and infinitely happy Being; representing to a world, already disaffected, its Happy Father as producing,

His own inexorable and predetermined will, the blight and mourning that it suffers, and yet, insultingly protesting, in His name, that He has "no pleasure in the sinner's death;" these results, we say, so entirely unlike the weeping God who stood on Olivet, all bathed in grief over the destinies of wayward guilt; so amazingly unlike Him in the garden and Him on the cross, and Him on high with the golden censer, and so unlike His Image, as faintly reflected in the sympathies of Humanity itself, produce after a while a reaction in the mind; demonstrate *to the heart* the rottenness of the imposture; and, at this point, too often leave the bewildered man upon a sea of doubt and weariness, of scepticism and adventure.

For myself, however, I did not at first throw off the Presbyterian creed, because I had discovered its defects or crudities. True, both its crudities and cruelties have caused me many a bitter hour. Perhaps I continued to believe it, *because* it was *unnatural*, and might therefore be *divine*. But the change I have undergone, in respect of creed, has been rather by the silent and supplanting influences of a more Scriptural and wholesome, a more rational and consistent theology, of which I must say that I caught its spirit before I understood its terms. As nearly as I can now trace the change, the first hint of a higher and purer faith, I owe to the Westminster Confession, which has erected a fabric, partly divine and partly human; an image, partly of gold, and partly of clay; and, in attempting to blend the old doctrine of the Sacraments with the new dogmas of a speculative era—earthly philosophy with celestial faith—has left a flaw which reveals the weakness of the whole structure, and thus has fortunately suggested a starting-point, from which individual minds may *begin* to recover, as I was

enabled to do myself, the ancient consistencies and beauties of a purer faith.

But that which, more than all other considerations, loosened the hold of my former creed upon my confidence, was the historical fact, that it had been found, after long and fair experiment, in every possible variety of circumstance, *insufficient, in any one instance, to protect and preserve inviolate the faith.* And if the things I am about to allege be true, I do solemnly appeal to my former brethren, to weigh well the matter, and to abjure a system, which all history has shown to lack that vital force with which every seed in Nature has been endowed by its Creator, to propagate its like and to perpetuate itself.

To cite the condition of the Scottish Kirk, might seem hardly in point; as the eye of the Church of England is upon her; and the strong grasp of the civil power, is, without question, conservative in its effects. Yet, notwithstanding these safeguards, how fares it with the Presbyterian Church in Scotland? Her disruption into eight or ten Communions, all strictly Presbyterian, and all owing their origin to alleged unsoundness in each other's discipline and faith, shall be considered, when we come to speak of schism; and we allude to it here, only as indicating a general restlessness under the Westminster Confession, and a constant tendency to remodel its provisions. But what was the condition of the Kirk itself at the beginning of this century? Who will deny, that under the workings of an Arian, Arminian, and Pelagian leaven, in different proportions, what is now regarded as distinctively the Evangelical doctrine, was almost universally lost?

And what has been the fate of the Presbyterian Churches in England, where they have been indepen-

dent of the Scottish Kirk? Of two hundred and sixty congregations established in their glory in the days of Cromwell, two hundred and forty are now Unitarian! I was personally informed, a few years since, in London, by men who bewailed the fact, that up to a recent date, every Presbyterian Church and Chapel in the metropolis had lapsed into Socinianism, and that, so instinctive seemed the tendency to this result, that the new and orthodox congregations had, for their safety, been compelled to adopt certain principles of allegiance to the Kirk of Scotland. On this account, I found myself advised and obliged, everywhere in England, to drop the name of Presbyterian, or if I still bore it, uniformly to explain it.

And what, at the time we speak of, was the state of the denomination in Ireland, the last of the Three Kingdoms? Where it was not Unitarian, it was Arian, from centre to circumference; and that within a hundred years of the most wonderful "awakening" or "revival" that history has recorded. In that revival, "multitudes swooned, and numbers were carried out as dead, and whole days together were spent in fasting, and preaching, and prayer. I have known them," says an eye-witness, "to come several miles to Communions, and after the Saturday's sermon, to spend the whole Saturday night in company, in conference and prayer. They have then waited on the public ordinances the whole Sabbath, and spent the Sabbath night in the same way, and yet, at the Monday's sermon, were not troubled with sleepiness, and so they slept not, till they went home." Not long after this, as has been commonly the case, under the operation of like causes, opposition to creeds began to be made, and Pelagianism, Arianism, and Socinianism, and especially the views of Dr Priestly,

prevailed, and were current at the beginning of this century.

Let us now cross the channel that divides England from the Continent. The glorious Church of the Huguenots and the Vaudois—a Church planted in the learning and eloquence of Farel, and Viret, and Beza, and Du Moulin, and Calvin; dignified by the arms of its Condes and Colignys; fed by such pastors as Merlin, and Saurin, and Claude, and Daille, and Drelincourt; fostered by nursing mothers, in a Margaret and a Catharine of Navarre—a Church, that, for its influence, was dreaded by the Mazarins, and, for its virtues, was respected by the Fenelons of France—a Church that bared so often its intrepid bosom to the dragoons of the bloody Louis, and the musketry of the perfidious Charles, and that could spare, for a wedding banquet, in a single night, a hundred thousand victims from her fold, and the head of her noble Coligny, to grace, at Rome, the festivities of an execrable jubilee—where is this Church, after which, for its virtues, and its prowess, the whole world wondered? It is fallen! It is fallen! At Passy, and at Paris, at Rouen, and at Charenton, at Nismes, and at Lyons, it is fallen, like a millstone in the sea. It is a cage of unclean birds; it is the hold of every foul spirit; it is the worst of anti-Christs; it "*denieth the Father and the Son.*" The little flock of Moravians, no persecution has been able to diminish: the remnant on the mountains of Syria has survived the ravages of Islamism: but the Church of the Huguenots, only because it wanted the Apostolic descent, in which the Moravian and the Syrian are entrenched, has not only lost her numbers, but has lost her faith. Of her six hundred Presbyterian clergy, I was informed, a few years since, upon the spot, that "there were not found

ten" who dared to affirm that Jesus Christ was "God manifested in the flesh." Who can wonder that infidelity has "hastened to the prey," and that Popery has "divided the spoil?" I am aware that, at this moment, there is a partial revival of orthodox opinions in that country; but I also know, that this revival, timid as it is, is not the spontaneous awakening of the Huguenot life, but is the effect of extraneous influences brought to bear upon that Church, not from Presbyterian Switzerland or Germany, but from Churchmen and Dissenters in Episcopal—Catholic England. Its character, too, is totally wanting in the manly features of the old Huguenot religion; it is pale, sickly, emaciated, and emasculated, presenting, at best, the melancholy spectacle of a distracted community, with here and there a solitary individual sighing over its corruptions and its schisms.

Passing over to Switzerland, let us go through her twenty-two republics, beginning at the home, the Church, the pulpit, the grave of Calvin. I saw in the heart of Geneva, a proud sepulchral monument to Rousseau; but, to forgotten Calvin, "they raised not a stone, they carved not a line." The Confession of Faith continues, as it does in France, to be subscribed; but it is no longer believed. The ashes of Servetus, to whose fiery death Calvin gave his voice, have been scattered over lake and hill, and have broken forth in blains and boils upon the whole Presbyterian body; while the opinions for which Servetus perished, are preached with trumpet-tongue, in the very cathedral from which Calvin hurled his anathemas against him. Of the whole venerable Synod of Geneva, but one solitary pastor, as I was informed when on the ground, was even *suspected* of believing in the divinity of Jesus. They began by denouncing it a superstition to bow at His name: they

have ended by declaring it idolatry to bow to Him at all. When, a few years ago, the venerable Malan dared to say, in his discourse, that Jesus "is the true God and eternal life," and that "there are Three that bear record in heaven," he was driven from his pulpit, and hooted on the streets, as profanely as if he had cast his pearls before a Mussulman mob in Mecca or Beyrout. The same was the state of things in the other republics. In short, the old Church of Switzerland, the Church of Zuinglius and Bucer, of Farel and Beza, of Ecolampadius and Calvin, has become openly Socinian and infidel. Any child in Geneva could have guided me to the bright islet, where the statue of Rousseau looks proudly on the blue Rhone, as it gushes out at his feet from the lake; or to the house of Voltaire, which, from the French border, keeps sentinel over the city; but I could find no one in Geneva capable of pointing out to me the spot in the churchyard where the ashes of Calvin repose. Even the handful of "Evangelical" Christians in the place, I found, in 1838, divided, two against three, and three against two: the venerable Malan living in schism from his brethren, and Brownism and Anabaptism creeping into the fold. Such has been the fate of Presbyterianism in the place where it was born, and drew its first breath. Protected in its birth by a frowning and gigantic creed, as the place where it was born was hemmed in by scowling and terrific mountains, still it has obeyed the law of its existence, has run through the circle of its destiny, and has ended in the denial of its Lord.

In my younger days, I had been greatly prejudiced against Episcopacy, by the fact, that public functionaries under British law were formerly required to be Church Communicants. The Church of England is so

truly "a city on a hill," that all that happens in her is immediately noticed and known, it would appear, over the whole earth. Yet the same abuse existed wherever Presbytery was established, and existed within the memory of the living, in portions of New England itself. But I never heard of sacramental abuses so offensive as some that I have witnessed in Geneva. I happened, on one of the chief days of Communion, to be at the cathedral in which Calvin was the chief pastor in his lifetime. A large number of gentlemen and men stood in the streets about the Church, waiting until the sermon and preliminary services should end, that they might go in and receive the Sacrament. This, too, I was informed, was the common practice!

Leaving Switzerland, let me ask the reader to go with me down the Rhine, and see how fare our "separated brethren" in Germany. It is well known that the Protestants of Germany, like those of France, Holland, Switzerland, and, in fact, of the entire Continent, with the single exception of Sweden, are Presbyterians. Many of them, from motives of expediency, or convenience—and it is a concession of great importance to Episcopacy—have created a class or order of Ministers, at first called Superintendents, but dignified, latterly, with the Babylonish name of Bishops; and, in this respect, resemble the Methodists of America, who have this spurious Episcopacy. But, in fact, the Protestants on the Continent, Sweden only excepted, are Presbyterian. And what has been the fate of the faith in Germany—the land of Jerome, and Huss, and Grotius, and Melancthon—THE LAND OF LUTHER? "I could not find," says a recent American and Presbyterian traveller, "a single individual in Germany who believed in the eternity of future punishments." The father of

the new philosophy of Germany has been deified as "Messiah the Second;" and our awful Baptism, I was informed, had, by some of her clergy, been administered in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or of Reason, Humanity, and Love of Country. It is taught by her pastors, that there is no other God than in the things we see, and that man himself is the highest impersonation of Divinity, and, in such a one as Christ, man may therefore be lawfully adored! As to the Bible, it has been justly said, that "if Luther could return from the dead, he would find the Bible as much banished from the communities professing his doctrine, as it was in the worst times of the Papal policy." And if the Bible has begun to reappear in those lands at all, it has been in many an instance, if not in absolutely all, by the direct or indirect agency of *British* residents, or of a *British* and Foreign Society.

Nor would this be so terrific a result of Presbytery, if the "Evangelical" clergy of Germany, of whom one here and there is to be found, gave hope of a brighter day. But Luther himself bequeathed to them the dangerous precedent of setting Scripture itself aside, when it stood in the way of some favourite opinion. *Epistolam Stramineam*—an Epistle of Straw—he did not hesitate to style the Epistle of St James, because it laid the axe effectively at the root of his *articulum ecclesiæ stantis vel cadentis.* Other books of the Bible fared with him but little better. The German Evangelical Clergy, still profiting by the courage of the master, are able, by a dash of the pen, to settle, on the basis of "private judgment," the canon of Scripture which the whole Catholic Church was cautiously substantiating for three hundred years. "Scarcely a book of the New Testament," says a Presbyterian writer well acquainted

with his subject, "has escaped the *obeliscus* of some Aristarchus; and we know not that the Doctor's hat could be duly conferred, in Germany, on one who had not singled out some book for elimination. . . . There are in Germany scores of scholars whose tact enables them to pick out a Pauline epistle as confidently as a bank-cashier can detect a counterfeit note. . . . Several attribute the Apocalypse to a disciple of John. Eichhorn pronounces it a drama on the fall of Judaism and Paganism. . . . Semler condemns it as the work of a fanatic. Ammon thinks the author and the editor of John's Gospel to be different persons. Vogel, Rettig, Ballenstedt, and Bretschneider, deny its authenticity. Schleirmacher rejects 1st Timothy; Eichhorn rejects all the Pastoral Epistles. Schmidt throws doubt over both the Epistles to the Thessalonians. Cludius treats those of Peter in the same way. Baur and Schneckenburger consider Luke, in the Acts, not as giving a faithful narrative of events, but an apologetic statement, to vindicate favourite opinions. Kern maintains that the Epistle of James was forged by a Jewish Christian, in the name of this Apostle, to controvert the Pauline doctrinal views which prevailed in the Gentile Churches. Gfrorer finds undeniable marks of falsehood in the account given of Cornelius. And it is significant, that even *the sounder German writers*, when called upon to combat such views, rehearse them without any approach to a shudder. . . . Neander himself regards the Epistle to the Hebrews as the work of a Christian, a learned and eloquent Alexandrian, who stood to Paul in the same relation as Melancthon to Luther. He denies the genuineness of the First Epistle to Timothy, and exceedingly doubts that of Jude, and entirely gives up the Second of Peter. As to the inspiration of the Scriptures generally, Neander holds it,

both in degree and in kind, far below what is regarded as orthodox among ourselves." Such are the fancies of German divines and universities, to which the Stuarts, and Hodges, and Alexanders of Presbyterianism, and her seminaries in America, are sent to learn the Art of Exegesis. And these are the elaborated fancies of Neander, "A venerable theologian," according to the Princeton Review, from which I have just quoted, and am now quoting again,—"a venerable theologian and a noble scholar—perhaps the most celebrated Professor in Germany, and whose works we never open without instruction and delight." [!] Such is the sea of doubt and wild conjecture, in which even the "Evangelical" remnant in Germany are driven. And, unless the Church be invoked as the true Witness, to say, what *were* the books of Scripture confided to her *from the beginning*, who shall settle, either for the German Presbyterian or American, the canon of Scripture, and give them again *the Bible*, of which Presbyterians in this country yet unthinkingly boast, as the rule of faith, but whose claims they are consistently enough beginning, like their more advanced brethren in Germany, to reinvestigate, in all the unbounded plenitude and the *jus divinum* of untrammelled "private judgment."

Thus has Socinianism, with her pestilential train, trodden, with giant step, the causeways of Irish Presbyterianism; planted her banners in the Presbyterian encampments along the Thames and the Seine; written her insulting creed on the tombs of the Vaudois and the Huguenots; reared her towering head above the Alps and the Appenines; dashed on, like the winter avalanche, into the fair valleys of Switzerland; and kept her insulting jubilee in the cathedral of Geneva, and over the dust of Calvin. Rolling with the turbid torrents of the

Rhine, she has scattered her seeds of death into a congenial soil upon its right bank and its left; she has entered the seats of learning, and, by her resistless spell, has won over to herself the renowned universities of Germany. Leyden and Leipsic have fallen down before her. Wittemberg and Heidelberg have kissed her feet: and Göttingen and Berlin have anointed them with ointment. In a word, the lawful child of Presbytery has succeeded to the Empire, *wherever* Presbyterianism had reigned before her. She would fain have crossed the stormy Baltic, and have planted her icy tabernacle in the north. It was not the stormy wave of the Baltic that arrested her progress; for she had stridden a continent and an ocean before. It was not the hills of Dofrefield that turned her back, for she had conquered the Jura and the Alps. But, with the music of those waves, there were borne to her ears the strains of a Catholic *Liturgy*, and beautiful upon those mountains she beheld the feet of Apostolic Bishops. "It would be interesting," says a writer, on whose accuracy I must, for the present, rely, "to compare the two kingdoms of Saxony and Sweden. Both are almost exclusively Lutheran; the people of both are universally well educated; religion is one of the studies in every grade of the public schools of both. One is generally Rationalistic; the other universally Orthodox. One has not more than half a dozen Evangelical preachers, out of six hundred clergy; the other has not as many Rationalists, out of three times that number! One is Episcopal, and has retained the Apostolic succession; the other is Presbyterian, and without it."

I know of but one other spot in Europe, out of which this spirit has departed "naked, and wounded, and bleeding." The Church of England has, by the daily

incense of her wholesome Liturgy, embalmed an atmosphere around her, which Socinianism has never with any comfort been able to breathe. Socinianism, like a local malaria, with her train of diseases, has been invited from Geneva into the ruins of a few Presbyterian and Baptist Congregations in England, but to them has been rigidly confined; not a Congregation of the Church of England, throughout an empire on which the sun never sets, has ever caught the infection. Mr Lefevre, of New York, on his return from a visit to England, complains that "the system of American Universalism has not a single defender in England." In a single word, the fact—enough to make one shudder at its contemplation—must now be obvious, that, if Presbyterianism had retained its footing in Great Britain, the whole Protestant world would at this moment have been Socinian or Infidel! During four years that it triumphed under Cromwell, one hundred and seventy-six sects, or forms of heresy and blasphemy, appeared; and, as stated before, of two hundred and sixty Presbyterian Congregations that survived the Restoration, two hundred and forty have lapsed into Socinianism. Well may the Church of England be called "THE BULWARK OF THE REFORMATION;" and we marvel not that all that touches *her*—since it touches the apple of the world's eye—is at once felt at the Earth's heart, and in all Earth's extremities; and the least speck upon her face, like a spot on the great luminary in heaven, instantly attracts the observation of the world. Still, there are the owl and the bat that would rejoice in her eclipse! These are the facts that drove me rapidly on toward the result contemplated in this narrative.

But give Presbyterianism the opportunity of one more experiment. Follow the "May-Flower" in her ocean-

path, and wonder to yourself, whether the flood from the dragon's mouth shall pursue this woman and her child into the wilderness. Behold the Pilgrims disembark: a noble race, a virtuous people, a godly congregation, who fast, and give alms, and pray, and establish once more, not unaided by sons of the Church of England, a Christian empire, far from the contact and contamination of the old leaven, and fortified in fence-work, deeper, higher, broader, than any that had been contrived before. And are we to see this new empire of faith uprooted? Is the same death-worm to gnaw at the root of the transplanted tree? Are we to behold the same mysterious plague-spot appear in a new clime, upon a healthy and vigorous frame, until from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, it shall be "a leper white as snow?"

And tell us ye divines and ye diviners, when shall all this be? Shall it be soon? Shall not generation after generation, washed in the Lamb's blood, be placed first beyond the reach of sin and death? No! we tell you, *no!* Scarcely have the feet of the Pilgrims touched Plymouth Rock, before the empoisoned waters gush from its bosom. Scarcely have the children that gambolled on the decks of the May-Flower, grown up to manhood, ere Arminianism, at once the offspring and the antagonist of Calvinism—an Arminianism not grounded in Catholic truth, nor guarded by Catholic restraint, but guarded and grounded in the vain sanctions of human reasoning, and the simple reactions of human instinct,—has overspread the land, and an Egyptian darkness has stretched its curtain over the new empire.

Time rolls on. Reformers again arise, and again bare their breasts to persecution. Whitefield, with his Episcopal orders, and a heart moulded in a Liturgical faith,

—a man of fasts and vigils, who, at Oxford, spent whole nights on the cold earth in prostration and prayer, but a man whom the Church of England preferred to drive from her communion, with the Wesleys and their companions, into schism, because she wanted the wisdom to employ them in her own bosom—Whitefield, and a few individuals like-minded, come, as another Moses and Aaron, to spread their hands over the land, and dispel the unnatural darkness, and once more we see New England, through Whitefield of the Church of England, recovering, to some extent, the faith and its practices, which, in the short space of a hundred years, it had unaccountably lost.

But again, men who sat entranced under the burning eloquence of Whitefield, what have they seen at the beginning of the present century? The Church of the Puritans, after as fair an experiment as it was possible to make—with the whole ground again to itself—eaten up, to its very heart, with Socinianism; and a Socinianism not imported, like the plague, by any intercourse with degenerate Geneva, or Halle, or Berlin, or Belfast, or Montauban, but springing up by the natural law of generation, in the moral world, from the latent germ, that, in a free-thinking theory, is at once the *primordium vitæ* and the *primordium mortis* to the system. The blighting angel drops again the cursed dew from his wing, over bright New England, and the pulpits of her capitals, and of her quiet villages; the pulpits of her Mathers, her Davenports, her Hookers, her Robinsons, her Rutherfords, are occupied by preachers who, confronted by no Liturgy of purer times, preach fearlessly and blasphemously that Jesus is *not* "the true God," and that the Son and the Father are *not* "One." "I am verily afraid," said Increase Mather, in the

heyday of Puritanism, "that, in process of time, New England will be the wofullest place in all America." "Yea, we are fain to that madness and folly," says Edwards, "that I am persuaded, if the Devil came visibly among many, and held out independency and liberty of conscience, and should preach that there were no devils, *no hell*, no sin at all, but these were only men's imaginations, with several other doctrines, he would be cried up, followed, admired." And the result has made good these singular predictions.

The Universalists alone, teaching that "there is no hell," boast of having come into possession of a thousand pulpits, among the sons of the Puritans, in this ill-fated land! In 1840, they had but eighty-three preachers; now they have seven hundred preachers, and eleven hundred congregations; and claim, in point of numbers, to be the fourth denomination in the country. Nearly all New England was Socinian. Every old congregation in Boston, except the "Old South," was Unitarian. The Church that looked down so long in pride on Plymouth Rock itself, has yielded to the destroying heresy. I have even heard that Emmons and Hopkins, the Calvinistic leaders of a later day, could they come back, would find their Churches and flocks engulfed in the one great whirlpool. No wonder that we hear, in the middle of the nineteenth century, that, in America, the lineal descendant of Mather the Puritan has returned to the Episcopal Church; that in Germany the descendants of Luther the Reformer have taken refuge in the Romish Communion; and that, in Great Britain, a descendant of Cromwell, the Protector, ministers at the altars of the Church of England.

As to New England, we regard the last experiment of Calvinism as made. "Ten years," says a sagacious

Presbyterian Divine, "will place the [*orthodox*] Churches of Massachusetts beyond redemption." Says the Editor of "The Presbyterian," "The ground they assume in the contest with the Socinian is absurd and futile. The latter may lie on his arms, without striking a blow, and confidently await the issue." "It has been long prepared in itself," says a discerning Unitarian, "for a reform in its theology; but its allegiance to the public sentiment of more sluggish communities has retarded it. It is labouring along, like an active steam-tug with a half-dozen logy ships in tow. Andover, for example, could she have been freed from her deference to Princeton, would long ago have fallen into the arms of an essentially liberal Christianity." This is the tendency —downward and downward—still everywhere downward. There is no remedy—and so the people begin to understand—but in the time-worn Church, to which a goodly multitude are coming back, with the cry, as one has uttered it, "O my Ancient Mother, take back a weary and heavy-laden wanderer to thy bosom; give me thy yoke and thy burden, that I may find rest to my soul." "If the Episcopal Church had been known in New England," said one of her wisest and most celebrated statesmen, to a Churchman, "we should never have been Unitarians; we are Unitarians only in the ignorance and the absence of something better." And the late growth of the Church there appears to justify the remark. In Connecticut, where the chanting of the service when first introduced by Bishop Seabury, was laughed at and hooted by the people on the street as an "Indian pow-wow," there are now one hundred congregations that so worship God. And of Newburyport, where the bones of Whitefield are entombed, it has been said of this man and that man in the list of the Episco-

pal clergy, that he was born there. That single town, as if Whitefield had repented in the dust, and had warned them from the dead to return to the bosom of their ancient mother, has given birth to at least twenty living pastors and divines of the Episcopal Church. Yes, so it must be; for thus it is written, "the sons also of them that afflicted thee, shall come bending unto thee."

When I first became acquainted with the facts narrated in this chapter and in the one preceding, I was more startled than if seven thunders had uttered their voices, and as much convinced as if seven angels had poured their plagues before my eyes on the seat of Presbyterianism. I conjure the Presbyterian to account for these *frightful* phenomena, by any explanation that shall not make it his first duty to abjure the system he has espoused. There is a *semper*—there is a *ubique*—there is an *ab omnibus* about it, that fills me with amazement. Why is it, I inquired, that in different languages, and in distant lands; sundered from each other by oceans and untrodden hills; separated even by mutual jealousies and hates; antipodes to one another in education, and taste, and habits of life and modes of thought; and with mutual antipathies, in some instances wrought up to the highest pitch by protracted and barbarous wars—why is it, that the religion, that has once divorced itself from its Bishops and its Liturgy, is downward and ever downward in its tendency, bequeathing its sceptre in all lands, without a single exception yet, first to the Socinian, and then to the Infidel? Particularly I asked myself, and now ask the candid Presbyterian, to tell me, how it is, that the system established by these pious men—men of fasting, and alms, and prayer, of learning and untiring zeal, of intellectual power and virtues suffi-

cient to have given them a control beyond their times—has suffered in so short a time this awful retrogression? Why is it, that a Church, which they would joyfully have defended with their lives, and which they guarded by an uncompromising creed and by a vigorous discipline—a Church, that, less than a hundred years ago, amidst a universal re-awakening, returned for a while to the manly faith of the earlier Puritans—should now, *again*, while hearts are yet beating that kindled and beat under the eloquence of Whitefield, and Brainerd, and Edwards, and the Tennants, have lapsed into Socinianism—Universalism—Deism? One of their favourite divines we find, in a New York pulpit, associating, in a breath, the names of "Socrates and Cato, of Howard and Lafayette, of Jefferson and Jesus!" "Such is the era," says one of their orators in the mesmeric trance—and not unendorsed by a number of their clergy—"such is the era foreseen by David, Isaiah, Zechariah, and Daniel, and impressed upon Confucius, Zoroaster, Brahma, Jesus, Mohammed, Fourier—it was sung on the Orphic lyres of Egypt—preached and anticipated by Paul—and described by John in the Apocalypse!" We hear Boston divines beginning at last to deny the personal existence of their Maker; and the learning of old Harvard University is at this moment employed in the grave business of seeking to convince her sons, that, although they be right in denying the "*three* that bear record in heaven," yet there is sufficient reason to believe that there is One! Herself the plaything of a hundred schisms and sins, the old New England Church is now abandoning her children to "the delirious wanderings of the transcendental philosophy;" and some of her leading divines are echoing the huge atrocity of Germany, that Jesus was but one of a series of Messiahs,

whom the world has a right to look for, until society shall be conducted by the paths of liberty and progress to its longed for perfection.

Once more. That small portion of the Presbyterian Church, to which it has been my happier lot to be attached—what, said I, cautiously, within myself, is its condition? Is it also on the downward road to doubt and dissolution? Let me think. Under my own eyes, and while enjoying, as some have said, "the most remarkable revival since the days of Apostles," it has been rent into irreconcilable parties, which have ended in the adoption of opposing creeds, and separate communions; the same philosophizing spirit is stalking in its midst, which has, all around it, entirely supplanted the old faith. We are told that natural causes may have dried up the Red Sea; that natural causes may have rained fire on the plain; that natural causes may have hung a meteor in the heavens over Bethlehem; that natural causes may have produced all the phenomena ascribed by our Lord to demoniacal agencies, in accommodation to the prejudices of the Jews. Not very far, all this, thought I, from the German discoveries, that the Ascension of Jesus was his disappearing in a mountain-fog, and his stilling the tempest was his settling a dispute among the sailors.

And, in doctrinal theology, almost afraid that my very thoughts should be overheard, I yet thought within myself, Where do we stand? "Original sin is an original absurdity"—"Imputed righteousness is imputed nonsense,"—"Natural inability makes sin a natural misfortune, but certainly not sin"—"We must be willing to be damned, that God may be glorified, or we cannot be saved"—"We are as much indebted to God for sin as for holiness"—"God is as much the Author of evil as

of good"—"God was bound to introduce sin, as producing, through grace, the greatest possible amount of knowledge and of happiness"—"Regeneration is simply a resolution of the will, in view of motive, or is the result of moral suasion"—"Were I as eloquent as the Holy Ghost, I could, by the presentation of motives, regenerate the world"—"When the laws of mind shall be better understood, regeneration will universally take place, as the natural result of the proper selection and adaptation of motives"—"As God cannot govern the sun by motives, nor the stars by the ten commandments, so neither can He regenerate mind, and give it a new direction, by the direct and immediate power of His grace"—"Spiritual Christianity is to be henceforth the standard; perish forms and creeds"—"The Church must be re-built upon broader *bases* of faith"—"Its discipline must be altered, and other tests of communion, adapted to the times and the societies around us, be instituted"—"The eternal generation of the Son it is not absolutely necessary to believe"—"In fact, we subscribe the Confession of Faith, only as indicating the outline or substance of doctrine"—"And the old forbidding doctrine of the Atonement, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, must be abandoned for that of an At-one-ment, by which man shall become morally at-one with God"—"for (to use the language of one of our eminent divines, whose pen seems not to have understood the first lesson of reverence), no debt was due from us to God, and consequently, *none was paid by Christ;* we had not deprived God of His property; we had not robbed the treasury of Heaven; God was possessed of as much riches after the fall, as before; the universe and the fulness thereof still remained His; we neither owed money to the Deity, nor did Christ pay any on our

behalf; *His atonement, therefore, is not a payment of our debt.*"

These, and numberless like propositions, continued I to myself, emanating from the Edwardses, the Beechers, the Barneses, the Skinners, the Emmonses, the Hopkinses of Presbytery, have, within my own brief recollection, become the absorbing themes of our pulpits, our schools of theology, and, in the absence of a Liturgy, of our very prayers. The Old School, or Orthodox Presbyterians, occupying themselves, for the most part, the doubtful and slippery ground of the New Lights of the last generation, are awhile in doubt whether they can rally in sufficient strength to "exscind" their unsound brethren, or whether they shall be driven to secession, as the only escape from evils under which the body is groaning. The crisis comes. The Church is rent. Heresies multiply. The Catechism, in a thousand parishes, gives place to "Union questions," and to "The Child's Book on the Atonement," "The Child's Book on the Soul and its Immortality," and perchance, "The Child's Book on the existence of its God!" The Catechism once neglected, there is no possible way of commending such a system to a ripened understanding, in after life; and the whole body, loosened in its joints and bands, is preparing for its dissolution. Even that portion of the Presbyterian body, which, by setting adrift sixty thousand communicants, aimed at becoming purer, is still entirely below the requirements of its Confession. The Sacraments, in the sense of that Confession, are almost lost; the eternal generation of the Son not held to be at all essential; the distinction between moral and natural inability, ultimately so fatal to the system, allowed; salvability of all, in a certain sense, assented to, at the necessary expense of election and limited re-

demption; and Princeton itself, becoming daily more remarkable for the patience, respect, and "delight," with which the student and the reader are conducted through its Reviews and its Exegetical Chairs, to the laboratories of the German theologians. In fact, the Old School Presbyterians, while boding that "ten years will place the Churches in Massachusetts beyond redemption," are unconsciously far out on the ebbing tide, toward the gulf of Continental Neology.

There is certainly a chain of hands from Calvinism down to Atheism—Calvin reaching the hand to Luther, Luther to Arminius, Arminius to Pelagius, Pelagius to Arius, Arius to Socinus, Socinus to Messiah the Second, and even Messiah the Second to another, and another still, whom this theology teaches us to look for. At Calvin, the uppermost link of the theological chain, retaining yet much of its ancient Catholic consistency and polish, the series stops; and between Calvin and Cranmer, Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, human philosophy and celestial faith, private judgment and Catholic consent, there is an interval, wide as the earth, high as the stars, and lasting as the heavens. Why then should Episcopalians be blamed for not wishing to bridge the gulf, or to break down the dividing wall? Or why should they be derided for seeking to restore that wall, where it may have been weakened? Is there not a hidden treasure in its corner-stone? Pray, gentlemen, desist from calling names. Pray, for a trifling, temporary advantage do not endeavour to stultify us to the world, and expose us to its sneer, by creating the impression, that it is for forms and shadows that Episcopalians contend! We will not tell you you know better; but we do tell you *it is high time that you knew better*. The advantage this mode of warfare gives you,

will not last you long. We bide our time. When Presbyterianism, where it is new, shall have run the course and reached the decay that it has run and reached wherever it is old, the world will see—alas, too late for many!—that it has not been a war for forms. It is not an archangel contending with Satan for the body of Moses. It is the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, contending with anti-Christ for the divine perfections of her Lord. Has *she* ever—has she *ever*—since the moment of the Reformation, sympathized with the heresies on every side of her, which not only deny that the Lord hath "bought us with his blood," but deny that He who bought us is the Lord? Wherever Apostolical Episcopacy exists—and it now belts the earth—Jesus is worshipped as "very God of very God;" His blood, in all places, the price of our redemption; His cross, save where your own hands have torn it down, the symbol of our hope; and the Creeds of the earliest times, recited with a lowly bowing at the name of JESUS. How different, where Presbytery has fulfilled its course—in London or in Belfast, in Paris or Geneva, in Berlin or in Boston—it matters not where—*wherever* it has run its course, there Jesus is rejected, and his crown trodden in the dust. It is the "invariable antecedence and consequence" of the philosopher—the plain "cause and effect" of common sense—the *semper post hoc, ergo, propter hoc*, of all human experience.

After attentively considering the terrible experiment of three hundred years, I sought in vain to fly from the conclusion, that Presbyterianism embodies in it, by an inherent and innate necessity, the elements of its own decay. Certainly its undying worm is nurtured in the heart of its unhealthy bud. The *punctum saliens* —the principle of the system, is fatal to the system:

the very condition of its existence fatal to that existence: the freethinking on which it is based, its own death-warrant. Its leading, hinging, fundamental article, the "right of private judgment," is a cup of sorceries. But it is a golden cup, and "the wine therein giveth its colour, and it moveth itself aright." When once "the right" to taste has been established, impossible it is to fling the intoxicating bowl away. Deeper and deeper must the victim drink, until, in a wild delirium, he will suck out its very dregs. The "right of private judgment" is the very key, by which the intellectual sophistries of Calvinism are reached and detected, and, unless the conservative principle of Catholic consent intervene in time to give my mind a new and safe direction, I am lost. Yes, I have been myself upon the slippery descent. What held me back? Calvinism, as history has shown, and as the operations of my own mind would lead me to suspect, is the first step of a liberal intellect towards honest infidelity. Presbyterianism, with empires in her arms, has been commonly two hundred years, in running its course. But the individual mind, borrowing her impetus, can easily outrun her. A philosophical mind, like Doctor Priestly's, or a mind formed like Mr Belsham's, in a physical and utilitarian mould, or an active, imaginative mind, like Milton's, may, in a single lifetime, run through this circle of opinions. Milton, to take but one of those examples, whose fingers swept with such inimitable grace and grandeur the strings of a seraphic lyre, alas! with a like facility, almost poetic, swept over all these notes in the descending scale of theology. Leaving the Church of Rome, and from political animosities, unwilling to stop at the Church of England, he became a Presbyterian—then, an Independent—next, Anabap-

tist,—afterward, an Arian—and eventually a Socinian —although it is believed that later in life he returned to a better mind. So the freethinking mind of Watts, the great poet, whose words of praise form chiefly the present liturgy of Presbyterians, laboured, it is understood, anxiously and painfully on the question of our Lord's divinity, while the chair that he occupied as a preceptor has in latter years, we are informed, been filled by a Socinian.

Yes, I have stood myself upon the topmost round of this slippery descent, and have seen the depth as it darkened below me. And from my soul I bless the hand of Providence for interposing the faith of the earliest and purest ages as an alternative to my distracted breast. I ascertained that there was a clearer and steadier light than the sparks of reason's kindling, in which Christianity might be considered—not the light of a volcano, bursting in Germany, and leaving the earth strewn with ashes and cinders—not the light of a meteor, flashing on Geneva, and leaving the heavens darker than in the nights of Popery—not the light of a planet, reflecting for a while the bright rays of the body from which it is broken, and then sinking into darkness and eclipse—but the steady, unfluctuating light of a primitive age, all radiant with innumerable constellations, that, like the light of the natural firmament, has come down to us undimmed and unimpaired. O, it is refreshing beyond all utterance, after following these human guides and wandering stars—the Luthers, and the Calvins, and the Wesleys, of yesterday—to see at last a Christianity shining with that same full-orbed light in which Polycarp and Ignatius and Irenæus beheld its glory, and to know as a historical fact, that it is as much the same, as the light of the celestial bodies above us is the light that shone upon their natural eyes.

I may therefore repeat, that to my mind the inference was irresistible, and, may I not say, philosophical, that for the uniform defection of Presbyterian communities from the faith, or their continual tendency to that defection, there must be a uniform cause; and that this cause must be inherent in the system; for the frightful phenomena are everywhere the same; in empires and nations and in narrower localities, separated by sea and mountain, and diverse from each other in language, government, education, taste, and all the habits of mind and modes of thought. And I thought I could perceive that, next to the self-sufficiency of private judgment, and next to the principles on which they depend, of exegesis and of argument, by which everything must be clearly defined and proven, the chief secret of this terrible decay is in the want of a liturgy to protect the faith, and of the order of Apostles to whom the promise was given by our Lord, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Though we say it in sorrow, we must say it in candour, aye, in fidelity to the Master, that, as a matter of historical *fact*, "the gates of hell" *have*, to an extent that should inspire the most serious misgiving and dismay, "PREVAILED against" the Presbyterian communion. Only two outposts—one in Scotland, and one in part of the United States,—and in both a sad breach has been made in the walls,—remain to be taken, and *the work is done!* In this country, Presbyterianism, save in New England, has not fulfilled its course; and yet it is rent into conflicting schisms, and agitated with wild "winds of doctrine," and is the unhappy plaything of what one of their own divines has called "the eternal Eurekas of some new divinity." But of Presbyterianism in New England, in France, in Switzerland, in Denmark, in Germany, in Holland, in Prussia,

over nearly all which countries it has had an uninterrupted run and reign of three hundred years, we can speak now historically. Gather the Presbyterians of all these lands into one vast assembly, and you will find, that they have, almost to an individual, "denied the Lord that bought them with His blood." Ask them again, if the Bible that we acknowledge contains the inspired and infallible communications of God to men, and, with scarcely a dissenting voice they will tell you NO! More than three hundred years was Popery in laying her hand upon the laity, and repelling them from the cup; but in less than three hundred, in all the countries we have named, Presbyterianism has laid her hand upon the crown of JESUS, and torn it from His brow, and declared Him to be no God of hers. Again and again has she surrendered the Divinity of her Lord, taken off from His exalted Person the purple robe, and suffered Him to be crowned with shame and spitting. Rome, with all her abominations, never did it. Which then is *the Anti-Christ* of the present day? I dare not answer—but one, whom the catholic faith has always held to be inspired, has said, "He is anti-christ, *that denieth the Father and the Son;*" and again he says, "Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that JESUS CHRIST is come *in the flesh.* This is a deceiver and an *anti-christ.*" (1 John ii. 22, 23; 2 John 7.)

Having now seen that, as a Presbyterian, I was not in the Rock-founded Church, entitled, after the death of the Testator, to His gracious promise to be with her "until the end of the world," and that the gates of hell should not prevail against her, I felt a deep anxiety to quit the house thus fallen already, or else its last timbers shaking on the sand; but believing that the part of

it in which I dwelt might last my time, I still hesitated and lingered. Yet I was unconsciously beginning to move in the middle path between Popery and Sectarianism—the too much and the two little in Christianity—toward what was now fast becoming the Church simultaneously of my affections and my understanding. An influence invisible attracted me on, a feeling unaccountable sustained me, that to go on would be safe. I inhaled already the fragrant air of a morning that my eyes had not yet seen: I beheld, though at a distance still, bright gleamings from the windows of a temple that my feet had not yet trodden.

CHAPTER VII.

SCHISM.

As in a circle a thousand radii meet at a single point, so truth—I mean moral truth—is central in its nature, and may be approached by a variety of avenues. A truth in mathematics can usually be reached but by *one* line of reasoning, and depends essentially on the link that immediately precedes it in the chain. But, in the moral world, an important truth is reached by many and different lines of reasoning—no one of them, in the present obscuration of our moral nature, demonstrative in itself alone, because God never intended that truths so high should hang by a single thread—but all of them, when pursued, leading by various routes to one result, and producing the same conviction in varieties of mind, by varieties of reasoning. How surpassingly grand, on this account, are the demonstrations of providence, of God, of immortality, of revelation, of judgment! We reach the truth upon these points by a line of reasoning, and we wonder and adore. Again we go back, and by another route, we find ourselves at the same goal, and our wonder increases. Once more we set out, and still the new route conducts us to the old result, and new wonder fills our hearts. Away, then, with the boast of your exact sciences, that coldly compel belief, and bind upon living limbs the icy links of their resistless chain!

Away with the infidelity that demands for a generous, freeborn mind *such* links and *such* a chain, in proof of God, of Immortality, of Christianity! And away with the frigid sectarism, that asks of Episcopacy or Catholicity to produce such a line of reasoning! No, she has no such chain to bind you to her altars. She has different lines of reasoning for the mind, and different lines of feeling for the heart, by which those who have either mind or heart may see or may feel their way to the centre, which rests in tranquillity, one and the same, while all is motion and commotion around it. If Episcopacy be truth, like Immortality, like Christianity, like the Divinity of Jesus, it may not have its one, cold, convincing and *resistless* ray, but it will emit its beams in all directions, and those beams, bright and warm, may be traced, by either heads or hearts, like so many radiations, to the common centre.

I have conducted the reader already along different paths that led me to a particular and central truth, and perchance he has expected me, ere this, to loose my girdle, unbind my sandals, throw away my staff, and rest from the toils and fatigues of the journey. But if the refuge we have found be one that the King has prepared, there are yet other roads and highroads that will lead His people up to it,—let us then set out upon another :—

UNITY is a holy reality, consecrated by the more than human prayer, "that they all may be *one*, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be *one* in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." It was cherished as a holy mystery in the hearts of the Apostles, who dwelt continually on the oneness of all things in Christ—one Lord, one faith, one God, one baptism, one hope, one body, one spirit, one Shepherd, one fold,—a vine, a tree, a temple, a house-

hold, a bride, a Church—the Church at Colosse—the Church at Corinth—the Church at Ephesus—the Church of Sardis, although "ready to die," still "*the Church* of Sardis"—the Church of Pergamos, although corrupted with "the doctrine of Balaam and of the Nicolaitanes," still "*the Church* of Pergamos"—the Church of Thyatira, although "suffering that woman Jezebel to seduce her servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed to idols," still "*the Church* of Thyatira"—the Church at Philadelphia—the Church at Philippi—the Church at Rome—the Church of God—"that there should be *no schism* in the *body*." What if these Churches, instead of being hampered with the apostolic rod and staff of *unity*, had enjoyed the *liberty* of the "nineteenth century!" How soon the remedy could have been applied by separating from a Church thus paralysed and darkened by Balaam, Nicolas, and Jezebel!

Come with me now, kind reader, to a country-village —of some sixty families—on the borders of the Potomac, within the shadow of the National Capitol. The spot is sacred to me: on its green turf I gambolled in boyhood; from its atmosphere I imbibed my first ideas of Christianity; in its neighbourhood still live the living whom I revere; and under its sod are sleeping the dead whom I love. As we enter this village, by a southern road, we see on an elevation at our right a Romanist chapel, that was never completed, and is already going to decay, and a fallen cross lying and rotting in an open church-yard. As we proceed, we see on our right a Methodist meeting-house; and, at the same time, on our left, an Episcopal church. A little farther on, the Presbyterians have their place of worship, and on the western borders of the village is a tabernacle for the

Baptists, and another for the Campbellites; besides the public court-house, in which visitors and "distinguished preachers" of other and yet other sects continually let down their nets; six churches, six ministers to be provided for, and not one of them "living by the gospel," as the Lord ordained; six schools to be supported, if each should carry out the parochial system, or otherwise the vital union of Christianity with education to be given up; a handful of people not "dwelling together in unity," but disunited, disaffected, and now and then devoured by jealousies, and worshipping by half-dozens in a place aching to the eyes, and freezing to the hearts of ministers and people, and a standing byeword to them that hang "around the corners of the streets."

Far from this home of my childhood, I now invite my reader to accompany me, where I have several times been, upon the deep. Here, in our noble ship, is a broad and well-swept floor, kept bright by the hands of men. Above us is the blue vaulted roof, made without hands. On every side the sea is pouring its music into its Maker's ear, and the "very fish leaps up and means His praise." The emblems of Eternity and God are all around us. It is the holy hour of sunset; even the sceptic is devout; and the child at home, taught by maternal love that God made the stars, and watching from its window to see the first evening gem launched from its Maker's hand upon the sky, cries, "Mother! Oh Mother! God has made a star!" Was ever place, was ever time, more suitable for praise and prayer? The heathen are at their rites; the Mussulmen at their devotions; where is *our* censer, and where *our* altar? And what has thrust them into a corner? I answer, SCHISM.

Once more, I beg the reader to go with me to the

new settlements in our Western wilderness. *We* cannot, like Columbus and his men, go forth and plant the Cross, and, before we have climbed up into our beds, find a habitation for the God of Jacob. Whole years pass on; and other years roll by; and still years roll, and yet there is not unity enough to give either Church or sect dignity enough to rise above the miserable worship of the log-cabin or the school-house. What fills all the West with this portentous difficulty? And what keeps thousands of the Western clergy, of all denominations, pensioners upon the East themselves, and beggars for congregations that feel no longer the least remorse or shame? I answer, SCHISM.

But if neither the sea nor the wilderness be a refuge, let us seek it among people that "lie in the region of the shadow of death." But why seek we the living among the dead? The shrewd mandarin exultingly demands, "How can I agree with you, when you are not agreed among yourselves? One of your missionaries tells me that my children are not capable of the grace of baptism; but you assure me that they are even more capable of grace than an adult. One would convince me that your bishops are to be revered; another teaches us that they are impostors. Some of you tell us there is a place of everlasting burning; but others tell us there is no such thing. One says your Bible is inspired; another affirms that it is not. Your Bible does not settle the questions that divide you. Your best men are not agreed." And while he is yet speaking, the intellectual Brahmin takes up the argument: "Some of you tell us, that Jesus is the true God, and that we must worship Him; but I have seen others of your missionaries, who declare, that to worship Him is as much idolatry as to worship Juggernaut. Which are we to believe? Have you no

authority, no tradition, no watchword, no priesthood to perpetuate in unbroken line the fact on this tremendous question?" O Schism! what a murderer thou art!

Look over the land, and behold the multitude of sects —each professing a purer doctrine than his neighbour's —each differing from each in his modes of worship, from the sealed lips of the Quaker, to the open countenance of the Methodist—from him of Pennsylvania, who has no sacraments, to him of Rome who has seven—Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Primitive, Methodist Protestant, Methodist Radical, Presbyterian Old School, Presbyterian New School, Presbyterian Associate, Presbyterian Reformed, Presbyterian Covenanter, Presbyterian Relief, Presbyterian United, Presbyterian Cumberland, Presbyterian Scotch, Presbyterian Independent, Presbyterian Seceder, Dutch Reformed, Baptist, Baptist Campbellite, Baptist Sandamanian, Baptist Christian, Seventh-Day Baptists, Church-of-God Baptists, Seven-Principle Baptists, Free-Communion Baptists, Free-Will Baptists, Hard-Shell Baptists, Soft-Shell Baptists, Ironsides Baptists, Little-Children Baptists, Glory-Alleluia Baptists, Unitarian, Irvingites, Congregationalist Orthodox, Congregationalist Independent, Lutheran, Lutheran Evangelical, German Evangelical, German Reformed, Quaker Orthodox, Quaker Hicksite, Restorationists, Universalists, Perfectionists, Swedenborgians, Latter-Day Saints, Come-Outers, Live-Forevers, &c., &c., &c.— *Eheu, jam satis!* cries the reader; *Eheu, jam satis!* cries the writer.

As I give the foregoing catalogue entirely from memory, there are probably as many more that I have omitted. A gentleman informs me, that, travelling in the West a few years since, he saw on one occasion about a thousand men and women in a grove, rolling

hoops, flying kites, playing ball, shooting marbles, leaping, running, wrestling, boxing, rolling and tumbling in the grass, the women caressing dolls, and the men astride of sticks for horses, and the whole company intently engaged in all the sports of childhood. At last he ventured to ask what it meant. They told him that they were the little children to whom the Lord had promised His kingdom, and affected some surprise, that he seemed not to have known that it was written, "Except ye be converted, and become as *little children*, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of God." He told them that that was true; that it was very well to imitate the virtues of childhood, but not its foibles; that the Apostle had said, "in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men;" and that this extraordinary conduct was the folly of childhood, without the immaturity of childhood to excuse it. "We are not surprised that you think so," they replied; "for we are a reproach unto our neighbours, and they of our acquaintance do hide themselves from us; but we are willing to suffer persecution for the kingdom of heaven's sake; for these things are hidden, as it is written, from the wise and prudent, and are revealed unto *babes*." My friend now found that they were persons not to be outdone in the quotation of Scripture, and as he related the facts, I could not but exclaim within myself, Oh, the luxury of private judgment, and the blessedness of exegesis! He afterwards learned that they were a numerous sect, calling themselves Little-Children Baptists; and the reader may see in the histories of the Reformation, and even in D'Aubigné himself, that this sect in the West are the genuine successors of the original Baptists in Germany, Switzerland, and England, who ran many of them naked and half-naked, in the pretended innocence of childhood, through

the streets, rolling and tumbling, and affecting all the sports of children, on the ground that the truth is revealed by the Spirit to babes, throwing the word of God into the fire, exclaiming, says D'Aubigné, "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." It is well known that the origin of the Quakers, as well as of some other sects, now grown to be quite respectable, was equally extravagant. But wherever the Episcopacy was respected, the Reformation was conducted to its dignified and glorious consummation without any such exhibitions of extravagance. And so it has ever been, from the Baptists to the Mormons; they are carried about of the winds, and in approaching them with common sense, you but break your lance against a mill. You cannot reason, for they are mailed in Scripture; if you quote Scripture, they tell you that you have not the Spirit.

"Alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;
But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some fond falsehood, hugs it to the last."

Not very long ago, two clergymen of the Episcopal Church, travelling in Kentucky, called at a farmer's house, and not finding him at home, waited awhile for his return, as night was near, and they had occasion to claim his hospitality. By and bye the farmer came home, and as he rode into the yard, or rather after he had dismounted, *sang* out to his man, in a most extraordinary tone:

"Go, give that horse some ears of corn,
He hasn't had any since I've been gone,
Glory Alleluia!"

Then leading the two gentlemen into the house, he said:

"Come in, my friends, and take something to eat;
Go, Katy, go, cook them a portion of meat;
Glory Alleluia!"

In this manner the travellers were condemned to hear every thing done up in "the language of Canaan," and sung to the same everlasting tune or tone, with the perpetual Alleluia, until the next morning effected their release. These differed from their Little-Children brethren about the nature of regeneration, holding it to be an outpouring of the Spirit, whereby those who were born again were inspired, like the prophets, with the language of poetry. They were numerous in the country, and went by the name of Glory-Alleluia Baptists. And yet we are to believe that all this is better than to have remained in the one fold of the Episcopal Church, which would in that case have been able to unfold her bright banner, with the *Agnus Dei*, in every vale and village of the West!

It is time to meet the question—Who is the mother of all these sects? The mother that bare them is Presbytery, who has carried them in her womb, and nourished them from her breasts. If Presbytery had never lived, then these had never been. *Episcopacy has not brought one of them into the world.* They are all the living generations of Presbyterianism; and other children she has had, even as many more, but they are dead; and there is every indication, in the throes and perils of the body, that others are yet to come.

And if from wholesale sects, we pass to individual fancies and opinions, where "every one hath a Psalm" (a Glory Alleluia), "hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath an interpretation," rendering him a sect, as it were, within himself, where shall we end? In the parlour and the street, in the stage-coach and the bar-room, in the city, the sea, and the wilderness, and in mixed companies everywhere, how constantly is religion dragged, like her Divine Master, from tribunal to tribunal, to be

catechised, exposed, and judged? O, how often has my very heart sickened, to hear the crude fancies and conceits of men and women, uttered with a flippancy that nothing could intimidate, and yet with an obstinacy that nothing could disturb, on themes in the midst of which Gabriel adores, and into which the whole company of heaven "desire to look." It is said that there were times when "Shakspeare thought himself no poet, and Raphael believed himself no painter;" but can sectarianism produce a washer-woman or a cobbler in the land, that is not confident of being an infallible theologian? From every settled article of faith, one and another will clamour his dissent, and iterate it, and reiterate it, until you are disposed to withdraw the sacred thing from the unholy gaze of the lookers-on, and to leave the field to a combatant whose only ambition has been to establish a reputation for thinking for himself.

Such is the nature of SCHISM. One has but to pretend to greater sanctity and a purer discipline, and he finds himself at once the founder of a sect; or, he has but to lower the terms on which salvation may be had, and his followers will form around him. I heard a Presbyterian divine once say in a lecture to his class, that if in this country a man should require his disciples to walk upon their *heads* as the evidence of grace in their *hearts*, he would not be without followers. Presbyterianism throws off the discipline of her ancient mother; and her children, in the retributions of Providence, throw off hers. Who are the restless multitude, constantly discussing, in all companies, questions of religion? Who are the leaders of the new sects? Who are the beginners of new and startling opinions, that are continually crying, "Lo, here is Christ, or lo, he is there," unsettling the communities through which they run?

Has any man ever found an Episcopalian indulging such ambition? I trow not; in every instance that I have ever known, in the whole land, they have been the descendants, directly or indirectly, of Presbyterianism. And why should this be so?—a fact quite worthy to be called a phenomenon! I see the first reason in Scripture, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church; and I see a second reason in philosophy, that there is nothing in the mild discipline, or the moderate teachings, or the dignified deportment of the Episcopal Church, to drive men to new inventions or to infidelity. I remember well the terror with which, when a boy, I related my stammering "experience" before the elders; and I remember, when a boy, under the chestnut and the oak, discussing with boys the mysteries of predestination and free-will; and I remember, when a boy, my misery at the possibility of having been left out in the purposes of God's electing love, and my *agony* on that terrible engine of torture and revivalism, "the unpardonable sin," and, when my life was well-nigh faultless, and my heart ten thousand times purer than it is now, my dreadful fears that I had done "despite unto the spirit of grace," and my doubtings whether my heavenly Father's mercy could extend to "such a wretch as I." Ask not what fills the land with sects, and darkens it with every shade of novelty and infidelity!

Go into England, and, while you find the dissenting part of the community split up into conflicting sects, and never united except in combination against the Church, you find the clergy and laity of the Church, however they may differ amongst themselves on matters more or less important, yet firmly bound together, as one man, in attachment to their common mother. A late attempt to found a Free Episcopal Church, though

made by parties of position, wealth, and influence, has proved an utter failure.

Go into Scotland, and, while the locusts swarm about you still, you find the Presbyterian Church of the country also rent asunder, *setting an example of division*, and furnishing a goodly number, or rather an evil array, of rival denominations,—Established, Free, United, Cameronian, &c., &c., &c.—all holding alike the Westminster Confession, observing alike the extemporaneous form of worship, clinging alike to Rouse's Psalms, yet without any available principle of cohesion, or the remotest reasonable probability that they will ever again unite.

There is, there must be, something wrong. From the beginning it was not so. The Saviour of the world, with the redemption of the world upon His heart, and knowing the connection between the world's redemption and the Church's unity, lifted His eyes to heaven, and cried,—"that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." And there was a time, when His apostles carried out the Master's will, that there should be "one body, even as there is one Spirit;" that "there should be no schism in the body;" and when the "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ," instead of commending these discriminating individuals as more spiritual than their brethren, was the evidence to their apostle, that they were "yet carnal," and he gave solemn commandment that the schismatic, after due admonition, should be given back to Satan. And there was a time, after the apostles, when those who received from them the keys of the kingdom, regarded the schismatic with the abhorrence that they did the murderer, because the act of schism was a striking at "the body of Christ,"

and a wound to the heart of all believers at once; when they regarded him as partaker with the parricide, because he had plunged a sword into the Mother that bare him; nay, when they regarded him as vying in guilt with the soldiers at the cross, for, said the noble patriarch of Alexandria who excommunicated Arius, and who held a seat in the great council of Nice, "That seamless garment which the murderers of Christ would not divide, these men have dared to rip asunder." Make what we will of all this, the feeling on this subject was evidently in those days intense and deep, and can be as evidently traced to the teachings of the Master. Schism in the early Church but gave her the opportunity to raise her voice for Unity, just as heresy gave her occasion to bear testimony to what had been the Faith from the beginning, or as spurious gospels and revelations gave occasion to settle the books of canonical Scripture. Even when sectarianism could count in some places more followers than she, still she lived to see them melt away in her presence like snow before the sun. Let any man read the case of Korah and his followers, in the sixteenth chapter of the book of Numbers, and then make up his mind, whether, for the causes commonly alleged to justify schism, God will hold it excusable in the last day, when all its remotest consequences shall have been brought to light.

But the Church, it is maintained, is an "invisible" body. I know that there is an invisible Church, a blessed company who have gone before, waiting our coming, "that they without us should not be made perfect." They have dropped the body, and can be no more seen.

"One army of the living God,
We at His bidding bow;

Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

But if the Church of the Bible be, what is now pretended, *an invisible* Church, then every *visible* thing on earth, calling itself *Church*, is unscriptural and wrong! But an "invisible Church!" It were as rational to talk of an invisible sacrament, an invisible ministry, an invisible revelation, an invisible resurrection. In fact there are many sectarians now spiritual enough, with the Swedenborgians and Quakers, to deny the external and visible resurrection of the flesh. And there are others who have their invisible callings to the ministry, and their invisible baptisms and communions. I have often heard the spiritual Calvinist affect a perfect indifference whether the external body should be raised in the resurrection, and we all know that the questions are gravely entertained in the Calvinistic world, whether there is such a *place* as hell, and whether there is such a *place* as heaven, and whether the very mother shall recognize the fruit of her womb, or a pastor the stars in his crown, in the *invisible state!* If, then, there be no such place as heaven, but it be a bright spiritual impalpability, and if there be no such place as hell, and if it be a matter of no moment that the bodies of the just shall rise, then it is no wonder that the Church itself has become invisible. Where will end this effort

"——to darken and put out
Eternal truth by everlasting doubt?"

An "invisible" Church! Did our Lord cast His teachings on the unseen wind, to float through ether to the end of time? Or did He not rather call men visibly around Him, and form them into a community, and give them sacramental signs, and officers, and guides, an

promise to be "with them always, even unto the end of the world?"

An "invisible" Church! The word "Church" occurs more than a hundred times in the New Testament—quite often enough to satisfy the Churchman,—and I beg the candid Presbyterian to sit down and attentively compare the places, and mark how often it will *bear* the interpretation of a thing invisible. A pure, spiritual, invisible Church at Pergamos, infested with the Nicolaitanes! An invisible Church at Thyatira, with "that woman Jezebel" for a member! An invisible Church at Sardis, "ready to die!" An invisible Church at Laodicea, fit only to be "spued out of the mouth" of Christ!

An "invisible" Church! The shadow is felt to be a shadow, even by those who profess to hold it. What mean their Evangelical Alliance, Bible Society, Tract Society, *et id genus omne?* What are they all but concessions to the great principle of visible unity? And what is the union which these associations aim at, but a flimsy substitute for a holy reality? It is an oratorical flourish on an anniversary platform, appearing, as one of the three hundred and sixty-five islands of Bermuda is said to do, one day in the year, and again disappearing till its anniversary returns. It is a curious thing, living only on its birth-days; at all other times, it is a union from not uniting, a *lucus a non lucendo.*

How can the Church be "invisible?" "Tell it to the Church," says our Lord; how can we tell it to an invisible community? and how can a man be cast out from an invisible Church? Though you cast him out, if he be a good man, he still belongs to your "invisible" Church as much as before; and if he be a bad man, you cannot cast him out, because he does not belong to it at all.

How can the fold be invisible?—The Shepherd prays, "that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that *the world* may believe that Thou hast sent Me." How can *the world* discover an "invisible" unity? But let all things return to the faith and unity of the first centuries, and *the world* will again see, and the world will *again believe.*

If the Church of Christ on earth be an invisible brotherhood of spiritual believers, then is schism an impossible sin, because, go where you will; set up what sect you please; cry, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Luther, and I of Wesley, as you may; as a spiritual Christian, you cannot, by any act of visible and external separation, divide an invisible community of spiritual members.

The Church an "invisible" body! How has such an idea found its way into the minds of men? The truth is that the histories of Presbyterianism have always been in advance of its theories. The "invisible" Church they talk of, would never have been thought of, if they had not perpetrated schism after schism, until the identity and unity, even of their own sect, can be no longer traced. As the doctrine of predestination (or, as its advocate, Doctor Priestley, calls it, of philosophical necessity), which has been inherited from Calvin, to whom it descended from the Romish Schoolmen, who derived it from the Greeks, who in their turn had received it from the Persians, among whom it still flourishes in all its vigour, must be first believed, before men can find it in the Bible: so must Universalism, and *isms* without number, be first believed, and the proofs sought afterward. According to the same rule, schism is first perpetrated, and palliation sought for it afterward. But

who can find it in the Scriptures? "*Ye take too much* upon you," said Korah and his company to Aaron and his sons, "seeing *all the congregation are holy*." "*Ye* take too much upon *you*, ye sons of Levi," answered Moses, and the earth opened and swallowed them up. Korah and his company were the second of the three orders of the priesthood, casting off the authority of the first; and, if such events of the old dispensation typify events in the new, then here is the order of Presbyters rising up against the order of Bishops with the same plea, "Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Aaron." Show me one instance in the Bible, where the pretence of superior purity or piety ever was alleged to justify a *schism*, and I will show you thousands where the possession of that purity and piety was demonstrated by a noiseless adherence to *unity*. Show me thy spirituality without thy unity, and I will show thee my spirituality by my unity. Noise is easy; silence is severe. Rebellion is the child of nature; obedience is the daughter of grace. Elijah, who for his purity was carried up alive to heaven, would not separate himself or the seven thousand that had not bowed the knee to Baal, from the seven millions that had fallen into the pollutions of idolatry. Daniel, the holy captive, who inspired the lions with awe, did not separate from the Church of his fathers, but turned his face in Babylon toward Jerusalem. John the Baptist ate the passover with Herod, and the Holy Jesus sat down to supper with Judas. They did not withdraw from the temple, though it was now a den of thieves; nor from the synagogue, although Satan had his seat there. In Samaria our Saviour found the only schism in the Jewish Church, and, passing by their mountain to go up to Jerusalem Himself, He said to the woman at the well, "Ye worship ye

know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews." "But into any village of the Samaritans enter ye not," He said to His first heralds. Where is schism or separation, in any one instance, tolerated in the Scriptures?

To this there can be no *reply*, but there will be certainly the *retort*—Why then did the Episcopal Church separate from the Church of Rome? I answer, the Episcopal Church separated from Rome in precisely the same way that she separated from Geneva; that is—*Rome separated from her.* She condemned the corruptions of Rome, threw them off herself, and warned her children against them; and for so doing, *Rome* anathematized *her*, and withdrew from her, and set up a schismatical communion in opposition to the Church of England. Both in the case of the Romanists and that of the Presbyterians, the *separation* was the work of the *Separatists*,—not of the Church. In both, the Separatists pretended to justify their separation, simply because the Church of England chose to exercise, in a way which did not please them, those powers which are the inalienable right of every National Church. And that Church still calls upon both to do, as she has herself done;—return from novelties to the ancient and universal faith, and from schism to the ancient and universal discipline.

Continual illustrations show how the heart of our Lord sighed for His Church's unity. He would that the wheat and the tares should grow together, rather than trust to the judgments of men, and sacrifice to continual experiments the great principle of unity. "He knew from the beginning who should betray him;" yet He never uttered the secret to the disciples, that the bond of charity might not be broken. And when

we think that parables have been exhausted, He returns yet again to the subject, and says that the Church is the net cast into the sea, which gathered into it both good fishes and bad.

What, then, it may be asked, were the Reformers to do, in Germany, and Switzerland, and France, and Holland, where the bishops were not willing to reform? Answers are easy. Do as Melancthon entreated them to do, and not attempt to go on without the bishops. But do I blame these Reformers? I blame them the less, when I remember that they relied upon their children, when times should be more propitious, *to restore the Episcopacy*. But the language of the children has been, "We are wiser than the ancients; we have more understanding than all our teachers."

Now, supposing the Romanist to have been the first schismatic of modern times, by violating the ancient terms of unity, in adding to the ancient creeds, and in riding over the authority of bishops, and in imposing new conditions of communion, who was the next that fell into the sin of schism? We answer, the Presbyterian, and in identically the same manner, first, by unheard-of additions to the ancient creed, and secondly, by annulling actually, as Rome had done virtually, the powers of the bishops. And there is here a singular historical coincidence. Until about the eleventh year of Elizabeth, there was but one Church in England, the Episcopal Church that now is. No one doubted its validity. Even the Pope offered to acknowledge it, reformed as it was, if Elizabeth would concede the supremacy. A spectacle it was, to make glad the hearts of angels—a whole Church gloriously reformed, and bright from the fires of Smithfield and Oxford—and not a Romanist in England, nor yet a Presbyterian, to

break the universal brotherhood! So things continued until the tenth or eleventh of Elizabeth's reign. About this time, some who had fled from the persecutions of Queen Mary to Frankfort and Geneva, returned to England, and brought with them the idea that the Church of England was not sufficiently reformed, and must be reformed further. They did not like the kneeling at communion—they did not like the surplice—they did not like the altar in the east—they did not like the rails around the chancel, the ring in marriage, the sign of the cross, and many other such things they now abhorred. The bishops were now "popelings," and the Episcopal order a "stirrup for Antichrist to get into the saddle," and the Prayer-Book, which is now the admiration of the world, was the "ill-mumbled mass-book." At this the lovers of ancient order grew alarmed, and some drew back from the Reformation in despair; and it is a remarkable fact, that in 1570, the very year that the Romanists first separated from the Church of England, on the ground that she was reforming too far, the Puritans organized their opposition, on the ground that she would not reform far enough. Fiercer and fiercer grew the cry for more reforms, until at last the sympathizers with Geneva proposed a Prayer-Book with which they would be satisfied, with six hundred alterations from the one in common use. The Church saw at once that concession was hopeless, and took back her imprudent consent, at one time, to give up the surplice, the sign of the cross, and the kneeling at communion. And now the cry of Popery grew louder than ever. Jesuits came in disguise into the Church, and by violent harangues swelled the cry for further reformation. The tumult increased. Men's minds were unsettled. Endless confusion followed. The result is known. The

clergy of the Church were deprived of their livings, immured in dungeons, sent into exile, or executed by the common hangman, and often not a brother allowed to attend them to the gallows, or read the Burial service over them when dead.* The cathedrals were converted into stables for horses—the pleasant organs were broken

* The following lines, by the Rev. Mr Hollingsworth (Eng.), have reference to the case of the Rev. Mr Lowes, who, having been for fifty years the laborious Vicar of Brandeston, in England, after being tried by water and the rack, was condemned by Calamy, a Puritan divine, to be hung at Bury, with certain other wizards and witches:—

"'Good judges, hear my sole desire,
And grant my latest prayer,
That when I stand at the gibbet foot,
A priest may meet me there!'

"But out then spoke Judge Calamy,
A wrathful man was he,
'We'll have no Popish mummery
Beneath the gallows tree!'

"'Tis hard to die on gibbet high,
Like vile unchristian hound,
To yield unblest my parting sigh,
To lie in unhallowed ground!

"'But I am a Priest of England's Church,
I'll read my own funeral prayer;
God will accept His servant's act,
For the sake of His Son so dear.'

"In this free English land of ours,
No soul shall now be shriven,
Then seek alone, as best you may,
Your passport up to Heaven!"

"'Tis hard to die on gibbet high,
Like vile unchristian hound!—&c."

As a special favour, he was allowed, under the gallows, before being swung off, to read the Burial service over himself!

into pieces, that their Babylonish tones might no more fall upon the people's ears—they broke down with axes and hammers the carved work of the sanctuary—the records of the Church were burnt—the commandments were torn from their place over the altar, and "the covenant" was set up in their stead—the Prayer-Books throughout the realm were collected and publicly burnt—the bones of bishops were dragged out of their tombs and scattered on the streets—and (until the present work of restoration going on under the recent movement in the Church of England), scarcely was there a Church, as my own eyes to some extent can testify, that did not exhibit the remains and marks of the violence of those unhappy times—and it was forbidden in any part of England to kneel in the communion, to wear a surplice in prayer, to use any portion of the liturgy, to decorate a Church at Christmas, *or to bow at the name of Jesus.** Not long was it, however, before the people

* A resolution had passed the House of Commons "that the Communion-Table should be removed from its place, the rails around it be pulled down, the chancel levelled, and that no man in the realm should bow at the name of Jesus." Sir Edward Dering opposed the decree with much feeling; and the reader will notice the presentiment of *the back stairs to Socinianism*, which was so fearfully verified, as we have seen, in the case of the 258 Presbyterian chapels that remained after Cromwell—all of them, save twenty-three, becoming afterward Socinian.

"Hear me," said he, "with patience, and refute me with reason. Your command is, that all corporal bowing at the name of Jesus shall be henceforth forborne. I have often wished that we might decline these questions in divinity.—I say it again and again, that we are not *idonei et competentes judices*—proper and competent judges in doctrinal determinations. The theme we are now upon is a sad point. I pray you consider severely on it. You know there is no other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. You know that this is a Name above every name. *Oleum effusum Nomen Ejus*—His Name is as ointment poured forth; it is

of England, grown weary of endless confusion and division, took refuge in the Church that had been so recently repudiated, and which to this day is the glory and the strength of England, while the Churches of Frankfort and Geneva, after which the Church of England was to have been remodelled, are now openly Socinian, and the Presbyterian chapels in England, remaining after the times of Cromwell, are Unitarian! What is the inference? Where are men's eyes? For myself, I confess that I was *ignorant of the facts.*

the carol of His own spouse. This Name is by a Father styled, *Mel in ore, melos in aure, jubilum in corde*—honey in the mouth, music in the ear, jubilee in the heart. This—it is the sweetest and the fullest of all the names and attributes of God—God my Saviour. If Christ were not our Jesus, heaven were then our envy, which is now our blessed hope. And must I, sir, hereafter, do no exterior reverence—none at all—to God my Saviour, at the mention of his saving Name *Jesus*? Why, sir, *not* to do it—to *omit* it—to leave it *undone*—is questionable—is controvertible—is at least a moot point in divinity. But to *deny* it—to *forbid* it to be done! take heed sir! God will never own you if you forbid His honour. Truly, sir, it horrors me to think of this. For my part, I do humbly ask pardon of this House, and therefore I take leave and liberty to give you my settled resolution—I *may*—I *must*—I *will* do bodily reverence to my Saviour, and that at the mention of his saving Name—*JESUS*. Mr Speaker, I shall never be frightened from this, with that fond, shallow argument, 'Oh, you make an idol of a name.' I beseech you, sir, reduce this dainty species of new idolatry under its proper head, the second commandment, if you can; paint me a voice; make a sound visible, if you can. When you have taught mine ears to see, and mine eyes to hear, I may perhaps understand this subtle argument. Was it ever heard before, that any man, of any religion, in any age, did ever cut short or abridge any worship, upon any occasion, *to their God*? Take heed, sir, and let us all take heed, whither we are going! If Christ be Jesus, if Jesus be God, all reverence, exterior as well as interior, is too little for Him. *I hope we are not going up the back stairs to Socinianism!* In one word—certainly sir, I shall never obey your order—so long as I have a head or an eye to lift up to heaven."

The sorrow that I felt at the discovery that my own communion was the first, the very first, to open the grand modern drama of schism, is not to be described. I felt that I had taken part in the scenes, and that, remembering the Church as she looked forth in England, "as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," I was now keeping the raiment of them that had accused and stoned her. As I said before, like the Wesleyans, they had no intention, at the beginning, of perpetrating schism. But schism once accomplished, like the boy's first oath, like the youth's first game of chance, like the maiden's first false step, makes the sequel easy. The French tell us: *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute;* and the Latins, *Facilis descensus.* How was it with the Methodists? Wesley, their founder, said in 1739: "A clergyman desiring to know in what point we differed from the Church of England, I answered, To the best of my knowledge, in none." Twenty-seven years after, he said again: "We are not dissenters from the Church, and will do nothing willingly which tends to a separation from it. Our service is not such as supersedes the Church service [for it was not held at the same hours], and we never designed it should." In 1789, half a century after the first of these declarations, he said again: "I never had any design of separating from the Church. I have now no such design, and I declare once more, that I live and die a member of the Church of England, and that none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it." And again, hear his dying charge, as I may call it; his sermon at Cork, *only ten months before he went to his account,* upon the text, "No man taketh this honour upon himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron:" "Did we ever

appoint you," said the Presbyter, "to administer sacraments? to exercise the priestly office? Such a design never entered into our minds; it was the farthest from our thoughts. . . . In doing it, you renounce the first principle of Methodism, which was wholly and solely to preach the gospel. The first attempt of this kind was made, I apprehend, at Norwich. One of our *preachers* there yielded to the importunity of a few of the people, and *baptized their children;* but as soon as it was known, he was informed it must not be, unless he designed to leave our connection; and he promised to do it no more. As long as Methodists keep to this plan, *they cannot separate from the Church; and this is our peculiar glory.* IT IS NEW UPON THE EARTH. . . . The Methodists are *not a sect* or party; they are still members of *the Church;* such they desire to live and to die. And this, I believe, is one reason why God is pleased to continue my life so long, to confirm them in their present purpose, *not to separate from the Church.* . . . It does by no means follow that ye are commissioned to baptize or to administer the Lord's Supper. Ye never dreamed of this for ten or twenty years after ye began to preach; ye did not then, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, seek the priesthood also; ye knew that 'no man taketh this honour upon himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.' . . . . You were yourselves first called in the Church of England; and though ye have, and will have, a thousand temptations to leave it, and set up for yourselves, regard them not; *be Church of England men still.*" No! Mr Wesley and his preachers had no more intention of perpetrating schism, than the preachers and exhorters upon temperance or anti-slavery had, at the first, of establishing separate communions; but both have accomplished what neither of them purposed.

And how was it with the Presbyterians? What were their views, once, of the sin of schism. When, in 1643, they gained the upper hand in Parliament, and appointed the Westminster Assembly of Divines to settle things upon the Presbyterian platform, and the Congregationalists petitioned for toleration; the Divines of that Assembly replied, that to grant their petition would be "licensing perpetual division in the Church;" that it would be "conceding the lawfulness of getting new Churches out of true Churches, in countenance of which there is not the least example in all the Holy Scriptures;" that "if the Church requires that which is evil of any member, he must forbear, but without separation;" and "the same ground of separation (scruple of conscience)," say they, "may be pleaded by any erroneous conscience whatever, and thus the Church be broken into as many divisions as there are scruples in the minds of men." Right nobly argued, venerable fathers! But how have your sons been reasoning since? "These different denominations," says one, "are but regiments, under different colours, of the same great Captain." "The different sects," says another, "are but the children of one father, each with a different Christian name, but all belonging to the same household of faith." But from the days of the Conformists and Nonconformists let us come down to the days of the Platformists. The place is New York. The scene is the Tabernacle. The occasion is the anniversary of the New York and American Sunday School Union. The Rev. Dr Ferris presides. The Tabernacle is "thronged with interested spectators." Time, the nineteenth century. "Pursuing the thought," said Mr S., "respecting the power of our benevolent institutions, he saw in them some features of peculiar excellence

that he discovered in no other organization. The Christian world is divided into a great many sects, and he was ready to say, let the division go on, and go on, and perhaps by and bye, when the present ecclesiastical organizations are dissolved, there may be devised some new system more conformed, than any now existing, to the model of the Apostles and the Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. There is now no Church that may with propriety be called '*the* Church,' and it might be matter of question, whether it were not a greater distinction to belong to one of these benevolent institutions, than to any of the so-called churches of the day." O Presbytery! Thou wast the Eve in all this sin. Thou wast the first to taste the forbidden tree. In sorrow shalt thou bring forth thy brood all the days of thy life! In vain dost thou deplore the continual splitting;

> "Like one who stems a stream with sand,
> Or fetters flame with a flaxen band."

Where is there a principle of cohesion—a centre of unity? Each man is a centre, if he can find seven women to hang upon his skirts. You have no excommunication that cannot be reciprocated on the very principles on which you issue yours. There is in your system a facility for schism—a premium upon schism. In the Church, an Ignatius may be thrown to the wild beasts for his faith, a Polycarp may give his aged limbs to the fire: but they leave no followers to bear their name; the Church made them what they were; to the Church they leave what they have. A holy archbishop may lay his head upon the block, but there are no Laudists to tell the story; a Cranmer may go up in a chariot of fire to heaven, but there are no Cranmerites

to trumpet his fame. In the Church, in all ages, individuality is surrendered, as the Christian sacrifice to Catholicity and unity. Calvin and Luther, and Wesley and Arminius, and a multitude of others, who died in their beds, enjoy the sweet flattery that thousands are called by their names; and so was it with Arius and Sabellius, and a multitude more, and with Nicolas, the founder of the Nicolaitanes under the very eyes of St John: but in the Church of God "we call no man master;" our Polycarps and Cranmers may die in a blaze of glory, but it must all "be done away, by reason of the glory that excelleth." In the Church, not even a Paul may have a follower, nor any man in Corinth say, I am of Apollos, or, I am of Cephas. But saddest of all it is to see, that the body of Presbyterians has ceased to feel any longer *the pain* of schism! Majorities "exscind," minorities "secede;" "any three ministers," says Doctor Breckinridge, "may form a Presbytery;" schism is accomplished, especially after periods of agitation and revival, even with sensations of pleasure; just as a state of high inflammatory action in the body is sometimes followed by a condition in which amputation is unaccompanied by pain. But in the vigorous and healthy condition of the Church,—"the true body of Christ," partaking the life and unity of her Head,—the very thought of *division*, the very idea of *the knife*, causes the cold chill to pass through every fibre of her frame. You may wonder often that she does not consent to be split and rent; you must not wonder; she is a Living Body.

And you must not wonder that Her children will not consent to see her, like Agag, hewn in pieces; for she is their Mother. She is "the Lamb's wife," saith St John, "the Mother of us all," saith St Paul; "and he

hath not God for his Father, who hath not the Church for his Mother," was the maxim of the earliest antiquity. The schismatic can therefore be known by this, that he has little compunction in rending, or in seeing others rend, the Church which is Christ's body. As the pretended mother, in the presence of Solomon, was willing to see the child *divided* between the real Mother and herself; but the true Mother threw herself frantic between the child and the knife, and cried, "No, do not divide it, let the other take it, rather than divide it;" so says the Catholic heart, "O, it is our Mother, do not divide our Mother!" But the schismatic says, "Yes, divide, and distribute her amongst us all."

O God! I cried, why have I been left motherless upon the earth? Why have not our fathers risen from the dead to tell us that never, never would they have begun the schism, if they had seen the things that we see, or had heard the things that we hear? Why do not the graves of Geneva and Wirtemberg open, and Luther and Calvin, and Melancthon and Grotius, break the silence of the dust? If I have reason to believe that my British forefathers would not have perpetrated schism, had they foreseen its consequences, and that they did not even intend to perpetrate it, as it was: how shall I answer in the Judgment if I perpetuate it now, with these frightful results before my eyes, and aid in its expansion, and help to plant this upas tree of Christendom on heathen shores? If to me is now given the opportunity which Melancthon at the beginning, and Grotius afterward, and even Calvin himself, and a multitude of the continental reformers, so much desired, of recovering the Episcopacy, and with it the Unity; am I not *free*—am I not *bound* to embrace it? The days were evil, and the times violent, in which my an-

cestral branch was broken off from the ancient olive-tree. I must not condemn them for motives of which I cannot perhaps judge at this distance of time. But from their sturdy answer to the Congregationalists, I know that they never, never, *never* dreamed of the endless schisms of which they were unconsciously sowing the seeds. Which of them, in the most incoherent dream of night, would ever have imagined that his son, bewildered in innumerable isms and schisms, should in a few years find cause, "in a Sunday School *Union*," to say—"It may be a question, whether it be not a greater distinction to belong to one of these benevolent institutions, than to any of the so-called churches of the day!"

Am I influenced, said I, in remaining out of the Church, by the considerations that tempted my fathers to leave it? If with the Puritans her Episcopacy *was* to be "the stirrup for Antichrist to get into the saddle," has not Presbyterianism already *been* the ladder, by which Genevan, German, Englishman, New Englander, and whole communities, have glided down into Socinianism? Is not her Prayer-Book so unexceptionably beautiful and excellent, that, in the calmer times which have succeeded, a distinguished dissenting divine, without fear of forfeiting his reputation, either for correct taste, scholarship, or piety, may say: "Next to the Bible, it is the book of my understanding and my heart?" Is her language on the sacraments any higher-toned than that of the Westminster Confession? And have not many of the things for which my fathers separated from the Church, been gradually re-adopted by the Puritans themselves? Expensive churches—the mystic emblems of the Gothic style—the massive tower and pointed steeple—the "dim religious light" and dark-vaulted roof—the solemn chant, once hooted as the

"Indian pow-wow"—flowing gowns and deep-toned organs, called by the Puritans "the devil's bagpipe"—praying at funerals, which was once abolished—the Lord's Prayer and the Doxology, which were pronounced by the Scots to be a "superstition"—kneeling in the time of prayer, once not customary even in family devotions—and written sermons, formerly the detestation of the faithful—have they not all been re-adopted by the Presbyterians? What have I to do then with these childish "scruples" that drove my fathers from the Church? What have I to do with the political influences that tempted them to schism? If they had to choose, *as I have to do*, between the Old Church yet abiding in her strength, and the Presbyterianism now overtaken in all lands by a deep and mortal decay, would they ever have left the fair bosom of the Church of England? No! Luther, like his descendants, would have preferred Popery to Pantheism; Calvin, as many a Genevese has lately done, would have abhorred the religion of Servetus, and fallen back upon the Papacy; and I have charity enough to think that Cromwell himself would have remained in the Church for which Charles died, and at whose altars one of his descendants now ministers; that even Cotton Mather would have continued in the Church, to which his descendant and namesake has lately fled from New Englandism; and that Wesley would have so shaped his course, as to have made unnecessary his avowal that he lived and died a member of the Church of England. They all left the Church for reasons they would not now approve. They left it to entail evils they did not then foresee!

Now a theory is true, when it will account for and harmonize all the facts and phenomena of the case. If, then, the Church of which we speak be *the Church of*

Christ, and if separation from it be *the sin* contemplated in the Scriptures under that name, and if the ancient faith be confided to the Church, so that, in her keeping, the gates of hell shall not prevail against it: then the present condition of the schismatical communions is identically that which we should have some day looked for, in the displeasure and blight of Providence. The great phenomenon can in no other way that I see be accounted for. We live in a world where God has blended and combined the visible with the invisible—the body with the soul—the letter with the spirit—the sacrament with the grace—THE CHURCH with THE FAITH. If this be so, sectarism and the Faith can never exist long together. You despise the pot, and carry off as you suppose the hidden manna; but for want of *the ark*, in which to lay it up, your manna becomes corrupt, and your generations cannot "see that bread" on which your fathers were fed. Where there is schism, you cannot keep the faith. You have cut a limb from a tree, and its hidden life will depart.

But there is *a Church yet* on earth. As the sick may die amidst the nursings of a hospital, or may sometimes meet with mercy and health upon the street: so many may perish in the Church, and "children of the kingdom be cast out," and many not in it may be saved, for "they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." Esau may sell his birthright; a daughter of Canaan may find crumbs under the table. But yet there is a Church. It is builded on a rock. It has possession of the keys. It is the elect Lady. It is the heir of the promise. It is rich with provisions and facilities for our salvation. It tells us what was the Bible of the early Christians; it tells

us what was their faith and discipline. The intention of its Founder was to help men on in virtue and a holy life, by Baptism and the succeeding confirmations and teachings of a holy Mother; by filling it as His symbol or Shechinah, with His perpetual presence; and, chiefly, by the continual exhibition of the memorials of the great Sacrifice for sin: to hedge men's path along from the cradle to the skies, to render their salvation as certain as the nature of probation will permit. The Church is therefore one, and never can be two. Moses did not establish two churches; the temple did not allow of two priesthoods; Christ did not leave two bodies to perpetuate His presence upon earth. If there be two churches, one is the Church of Christ, the other a device of man; "on this rock I build *my* church;" "unto *thee* I give the keys of the kingdom." "One body as there is one spirit," saith St Paul, "even as ye are called in one hope of your calling." There can be no more two Bodies than there can be two Heads. There can be no more two churches than there can be two Christs. Man can no more make a Church, than he can make a Bible.

This view of the subject made me still more unhappy. Here, said I, I find myself a member of the oldest and first sect among the moderns—the experimenter on the untried sea of schism—the great forerunner and lineal parent of all the sects and schisms in the land. I feel that the current to which I am committed is downward, and is sweeping me on. What, then, is before me, but to make those frightful cataractic leaps into the deeper and darker speculations, into which the bolder Presbyterians of Europe and New England have plunged before me? Or, even if I should not myself be drawn over the abyss, what may be the fortune of my children?

"—— O when the grave
Has swallowed up thy memory and thyself,
Dost thou desire the bane that poisons earth
To twine its roots around thy coffin'd clay,
Spring from thy bones, and blossom on thy tomb,
That of its fruit thy babes may eat and die?"

As a Presbyterian layman, I should now have sought repose in the Episcopal Church. But as a minister, I had motives for adhering, while I could, to the validity of my orders. As I remarked in the early part of this narrative, it was a subject I could not be said to have examined. I dreaded, too, to be convinced. Sometimes I almost determined that I would shut my eyes. I saw the fiery trial into which it would precipitate me. In every other point of view, Episcopacy had now conquered my judgment, and won the more cautious admiration and affections of my heart. Before, however, I explain the manner in which I was compelled to yield this scruple, some may be curious to know the further operations of a bewildered mind, admiring unity as a thing beautiful, loving it as a thing most excellent, deploring its loss as the greatest calamity since the expulsion out of Eden, and longing for its restoration as the promised harbinger of the world's regeneration. And if the reader be somewhat weary of the detention, let him remember the significant re-iteration with which a mother in Israel sang—"For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of heart . . . . For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart."

CHAPTER VIII.

UNITY.

As I looked with dismay and sorrow on the *membra disjecta* of Presbyterianism, lying around me in wild disorder, like the broken columns of some tower, rent and scattered by the bolts of an angry sky; and particularly as I gazed on the torn and withering limbs of the venerable tree under which my fathers worshipped two centuries ago, now riven and strown over the land, as by the visitation of some mighty wind from heaven: if the question had been put to me, "Can these broken columns rise again into their tower, and can these shattered branches be gathered again into their ancient tree?" I must have answered, with the prophet over the bones of the valley, "O Lord God, thou knowest!" Still, I believed that a day was yet to come when there should be a noise, and a shaking, and a restoration of the branches to their tree. Not a pulse of my heart ever beat in sympathy with those now numerous Presbyterians, who regard it as a matter of gratulation, rather than of regret, that such differences exist in the Christian world. I could never have been brought to think that it was either the intention or the proper result of Christianity, so to alienate and sunder the members of the body. I held it to be a libel on the dignity of our religion that, without a centre—a mouth-piece—a

Church, to regulate such matters, it should be so vastly accommodating as ever and anon to change its hues with the different varieties of mind on which it might happen to alight, like the chameleon, assuming the various complexion of the objects over which it passes. These varying forms and creeds, which to the eyes of many of my brethren were like the variegated plumes and banners of the different regiments of an army moving together under One Great Captain: were to me like the hectic hues of autumn, the result, not of vigour, but of decay; the harbinger, not of a mellow sunshine ripening the fields into a golden harvest, but of a cheerless winter arresting the circulation of nature, and killing the life of all that is green upon earth. And there was a time, as we have seen, when the Presbyterians themselves made noble answer to the Congregationalists, when the latter offered the plea of conscience as a plea for schism. They never undervalued unity, nor spoke of it in so *sour* a tone, until unity, like the vine, binding its grapes joyfully together in its branches, grew up *beyond their reach:* just as Melancthon, and Calvin, and Grotius, and Le Clerc, and the Synod of Dort, entertained a veneration for the ancient Episcopacy; and their children never thought slight of it until they perceived that it was irrecoverably gone, and that they must cast about them for a new foundation.

I know the "philosophical" objections to the resurrection of the flesh: How can the elements that now compose this body, when drifted and driven in a thousand combinations through the world, be brought back, and restored to the unity and identity in which they now exist? And I know the objection to the restoration of Unity in the Body of Christ: How can the elements of thought, drifting and driving wildly in a thousand

combinations through the world, be recovered and remoulded into the beauty and harmony of One Body, feeling the same life, thinking the same thought, moving with the same will, and happy in the same affection? But why should it be thought a thing incredible with *us* that God should restore us Unity? Like the resurrection, it may be the great miracle in reserve, the crowning beauty of the fulness of the times of grace. Whether the elements that go to form the body do or do not acquire a mysterious affinity for each other that shall one day re-unite them; it is certain that the members of the Body of Christ *have* an affinity and fondness, and will draw together, so soon as "that which letteth"—*the force* that keeps them so unnaturally apart, be it the pride of private judgment, or be it the dark influence of Evil hovering over for a time—"shall be taken out of the way." The power of God is equal to His goodness. His goodness has promised it; His power shall perform it. "And there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."

But, as we believe in the resurrection of the body, chiefly because Christ is risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept; so, while yet a Presbyterian, I believed in the future unity of the Church, because the Church, in the time of her first-fruits, had long ago been visibly one upon earth. I had but to look through the dust of recent creeds, and beyond the ruins and fragments of sectarianism piled around me, back to a period of glorious memory, when the smallest beginning of "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ," was arrested by the burning admonition, "*Is Christ divided?*" Yes, there was a time when Asiatic, European, African, and Islander, the white man, the red man, and the negro,

Greek and Barbarian, Jew and Scythian, the bond and the free, were in one communion and brotherhood; and this, too, not in an age friendly, like the present, to coalescence and coalition, but presenting formidable barriers of language, country, clime, government, education, tastes, and manners, and a thousand influences, social and political, to keep the Christians in the different nations irreconcilably apart. I had but to look back to happier days, when the smallest schism was frowned out of the pale of Christianity, as unworthy to exist within it;—the glorious days, when a question so unimportant as *the time* of keeping Easter, brought holy bishops out of Asia, over many a league of sea and land, to consult their brethren in Europe, when, at every step of their way, the sword of persecution gleamed in the sun by day, and the fires of the martyrs burned on the hills by night;—all from the heavenly motive of producing concert in the *time*, as well as consent (which was universal already) in the *fact*, of the observance of Easter;—glorious days, when such questions, only because they might possibly have a remote bearing upon Christian unity, were matter of painful and prolonged anxiety throughout the Christian Church. How sublime this spectacle! How perfectly identified with the birth of Christianity, this doctrine of visible unity! Nations just emerging from the isolation, and selfishness, and wars of heathenism, grasping the mighty conception of universality and unity! And be it remembered that these men who made the journey out of Asia into Italy, were born in the days of the Apostles. And was not the same spectacle exhibited when dissensions about circumcision, and other such matters, arose among the Apostles themselves, and Apostles left their flocks in the wilderness, to "go up to Jerusalem" and settle

in holy synod, a uniformity of practice? And was it not still the same, three hundred years after, when a like question, whether infants should be baptized chiefly or exclusively on the eighth day after birth, brought together a great council of bishops in Egypt? Such was the sublime unity of the Church in the first few centuries—the faith settled—the Apostles' Creed the bond—the Episcopacy the symbol of Union—and the Church *One;*—nothing in which to differ from each other, throughout the body universal, but the exact *time* for commemorating the Lord's resurrection, and the precise *day* for receiving infants to His Baptism: questions absurd to the modern sectarian, but important indeed to men who felt that touching Unity was "touching the apple of the eye."

Now, in that glorious day when all shall be one again, shall the Church be Presbyterian? For it seemed to me, that whatever it was in the past, when the Church was One; it is likely to be in the future, when the Church shall be One again. And it was my duty to seek the Church that should give the fairest promise of harmonizing conflicting opinions, of satisfying the purposes of organization, of meeting with the concurrent approbation of all who profess and call themselves Christians. Shall the Church, in that glorious future, be *Presbyterian?* Or am I upholding an impracticable theory, that is to give place to one that cometh after it, and is to be preferred before it, because it was before it? This is a question entirely of order and of faith.

As to the former, it occurred to me with great force, that the Presbyterian may become Episcopalian or Catholic, without the sacrifice of principle. The conditions of his own ecclesiastical existence oblige him to

admit, that the Episcopal Church is a Church of Christ; that her ministry is a valid ministry; that her sacraments are valid and lawful sacraments; that, in entering her communion, he will still be in the Church of Christ; and that every Presbyterian on earth might return to her bosom to-morrow, without the slightest misgiving as to the validity of her ordination, sacraments, and discipline.

If it be said, that for a Presbyterian minister to submit to Episcopal ordination, would be to recognise reordination: I answer, that Presbyterians have never held ordination to be of so sacramental a character, that they should shrink from its repetition for the sake of a thing so holy as unity and brotherhood. But, whatever may have been the case in time past, the late controversy in New York, and the late numbers of the Princeton Review, have made it clear that the last stronghold of Old School Presbyterianism has surrendered to the Congregationalists, and that the sacramental character of ministerial ordination, through a line of ordainers reaching back to the Apostles, is for ever abandoned. And it is well! It will make the way the easier for your ministers and laity to come back into the Church. When your laity get to understand, that every five or seven good men may come together, form a congregation, and ordain one of their members as their minister; and that this ordination will be as valid as if the whole company of the Apostles had laid their hands upon his head; and when your clergy get to understand that this is all the inherent virtue, grace, or charm of *ordination;* they will find it all the easier to give up so cheap a luxury, and to return into the Church. The Church owes something certainly to Dr Potts. His reasonings, and his cheapening the ministry, have

already driven at least three clergymen, that I have heard of, into the Episcopal Church. The Church will owe something also, we are certain, to the gentlemen of the Princeton Review, to which we look for similar results. "The authority to call the ministry is primarily in the whole Church. . . . The power belongs in all its vigour *to the people; and they can originate as valid a ministry as ever was made by Presbytery or Prelate.*"* Surely, after this, Presbyterians may return to the Church from which their fathers went out; and their ministers will be sure, in their sober second thought, to come back to Her for an unction that speaketh better things of their order and their honour, than the Princeton Review.

On the other hand, as to Churchmen surrendering Episcopacy, possibly some few might do it without the surrender of principle; but, almost universally, they feel a living confidence that in the Episcopacy are involved the preservation of the faith, the perpetuity of the ministry, the purity of the sacraments, the existence of the Church, and the hereditary title to the promises of Christ. A fundamental principle would be at once surrendered, and the heart would never know a moment's ease. They could not feel that they were in the old Church that had been from the beginning. But Presbyterians could recross the barrier which only their own hands have erected, and come back to the ancient Church, and still be sure that they were "God's husbandry," that they were "God's building." And the giving up mere *personal feeling* for the sake of doing all in your power to arrive at universal unity, would be "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God;" and even the slight error would be

* Princeton Review, 1844.

forgiven,—if perchance it were an error,—ventured for the sake of binding the bleeding members of His Body upon earth together. Even parties in politics make concession for less noble ends; and there is a charm in the watchword, "Union *for the sake of* the Union."

Then there was another question:—Does the faith that I have received from those before me and around me, hold out to me the hope that it shall be universal? Is it likely that the Westminster Confession of Faith shall be the faith of all the earth? Is it not too intellectual, too metaphysical, too extensive in its area? Is there not too much said in it, and said too positively, of the deep things of predestination, free will, foreknowledge, decrees, reprobation, personal election of angels, men, and infants, limited redemption, effectual calling, perseverance in grace? Be all this so—be these the secret pillars of God's everlasting throne, the hidden springs by which he moves the universe—whether they be or not, is not now the question: but, Are these points, which are so delicate and full of difficulty, and so unfathomably deep, requiring the highest metaphysical acumen either to believe or to defend them, are they of such absolute necessity, that they must be embodied and propounded to the human race as the symbol of the Christian faith? Is it likely, or even possible, that the whole world, "from the least to the greatest," shall reach the conclusions of the Westminster Assembly? The very question provokes DESPAIR! Calvinism can nowhere retain the ground that it has gained; much less can it make new advances, or add new territories permanently to its domain. It is said to be a fact that, while the population of New England has steadily increased, and has been doubled and quadrupled, the number of members of the Calvinistic congregations,

diluted as that Calvinism is, is not greater now than it was a century ago.

In the now distracted condition of "those who profess and call themselves Christians," we need a creed for binding us together, that shall be infinitely simple. And what can we find, or what could we invent, that shall be more simple than the Apostles' Creed, the identical creed of the ancient Catholic and the present Episcopal Church? The mistake both of Rome and Geneva has consisted in prying into those things which are not convenient; binding the understandings of men with systems too minutely detailed, too tightly drawn, too metaphysically nice, and by consequence too difficult for universal agreement. The creeds of both are too large, too positive upon points never heard of in the Church's creeds before; and both are daring accumulations on the Ancient Faith: and to look at either—Trent or Westminster—one would feel safe in fearing *a priori*, that wherever they were imposed, well-informed minds would throw them off, and seek continually for a change; and that as creeds they *never could* be universally accepted. It is carrying legislation too far. It is despotism. Mind cannot brook it. Man will not bear it. Geneva was uneasy under the yoke, and broke it from her neck. Rome is uneasy too, and is breaking it from hers. Holland, Germany, New England, have done the same. But in England, and wherever Episcopacy exists, where man and mind have been free, the people are contented with the ancient faith, the yoke that is easy, the burden that is light, the happy medium between the too much and the too little: a faith worthy of the age of inspiration, and worthy the illustrious name it has borne from the beginning,—THE APOSTLES' CREED.

Such is the creed of the Episcopal Church. It may all be written in less than twenty such lines as are now passing under the reader's eyes. It is called, and has been called from the beginning, "THE APOSTLES' CREED." There are reasons to think that it came from the Apostles' hands. It bears internal evidence that its framers were under a restraint of inspiration. It can hardly be imagined as within the range of possibility, that uninspired men should have been content with making such a creed as that. It can scarcely be conceived that the Apostles, while the New Testament was not yet written, would have left their converts in all lands without a summary or outline of their faith. Besides, the earliest fathers ascribe it to the Apostles. And wherever the Apostles or their helpers travelled, from Syria in the East, to England in the West, and away in Africa itself, this creed was known as the faith transmitted from the Apostles "*from the beginning.*" It was known in Churches where the Bible itself was not known. It existed, in fact, more than two centuries before the books of the New Testament were collected, examined, and received. The fathers that quote the New Testament as a collected and acknowledged symbol, belong to the fourth and the subsequent centuries; but the fathers that quote the Apostles' Creed belong to the second, and were born even in the first. And even then it was spoken of as the faith that *they* had been taught *in childhood*, and as the faith from *the beginning*. The Church hands it down to us, and tells us it is the faith dictated by the Apostles; just as it hands us the Gospels of St Mark and St Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles, and tells us that, although not written by Apostles, they were written under the eyes and dictation of Apostles. If we reject one, we may reject all.

There was, then, a creed in the second century, known as universal, found everywhere, recited alike in all subsequent time, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and even in the earliest age spoken of as the faith from the beginning; and it kept the Church at unity, through all its storms of fire and of blood, three hundred years. Where is the heavenly pearl? Is it so buried under the rubbish of centuries that it cannot be found? No; there is a Church in America and Britain, on both the continents, and in a hundred isles, that can say with Irenæus in the second century, "This preaching and this faith the Church, scattered throughout the whole world, guards as carefully as if she dwelt in one house, believes as if she had but one soul, and proclaims, teaches, and perpetuates, as if she had but one mouth."

The fathers of the Council of Nice, in the year 325, did not attempt, because they did not think it either necessary or lawful, to protest against the wide-spread heresy of Arius in any terms, or words, or confessions, or creeds unknown to the Church from the beginning: but, as a mere mouth-piece or witness to a matter of fact, fell back on the Apostles' Creed, as explained and held from the beginning in the Apostolic Churches. Under the benign sway of this brief and simple creed, the Christian world was in one communion for six hundred years: and if the "thing that hath been is that which shall be," the Christian world may yet see fit to restrain themselves within the limits that this creed prescribes, or rather to walk forth into the larger liberty that this creed allows. Alas! why did Rome encroach upon the liberty of private judgment, when the ancient creed allowed it to range, and to reach different conclusions, on a thousand matters of individual opinion? And why did Westminster and Geneva follow in the

footsteps of the Trentine Bishops? Liberty! where will you go to find it? Not to Trent; she legislates on every thing, and leaves no room for private judgment. Not to Geneva; she legislates at equal length, with the same detail, on matters of mere opinion. As there were divines at Rome who "shut up the terrestrial body of Galileo in a dungeon, for asserting the motion of those bodies that are celestial;" so there were divines at Westminster who would hardly allow a man to be predestinated to salvation, unless he would consent that infants of a span long might, by the Father of mercies, be predestinated to perdition.

The case then presented to my mind, was this. The "Christian world" is found under three general varieties—Papal, Presbyterian, and Episcopal. In point of doctrine, the creeds of Trent and Westminster are too detailed, too unwieldy, too metaphysical, too unlike the creeds held universally by the primitive Church, to afford the slightest reasonable hope that the world shall ever embrace them. The Episcopal creed, on the contrary, is the undiminished, unenlarged, unaltered, *verbatim et literatim* Creed of the first six centuries; the same Creed which Polycarp in Asia, and Irenæus in Europe, and Augustine in Africa, preserved as the very bond of Unity; which sixty millions of Oriental Catholics acknowledge to this hour; which we find imbedded in strong foundations under the rubbish of Rome itself; on which the Church of England fell back in her great battle with the Papacy; and for which both Polycarp and Cranmer, fourteen hundred miles and fourteen hundred years apart, perished gloriously in the fires.

Let me then go back, said I, beyond the times and the rise of Popery and Presbyterianism, when the whole company of Christian people on earth, with a wisdom

that we find only in ages of inspiration, were content with these short and simple symbols, which so properly, and with such happy results, permit an infinite variety of opinion on minor matters, and safely leave ten thousand things to the varying influences of private judgment: let me go back, with the Church of England and her daughters that already gird the globe, to the one Faith and the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church throughout the earth. They certainly hold out a reasonable hope of re-uniting the distracted world, on what is admitted by all to have been once, for whole bright centuries, the only Creed of Christendom. Within the spacious inclosure of this creed, the Methodist, as Mr Wesley felt, may breathe with comfort; while an earnest liturgy will aid the loud amens and warm ejaculations of the people. Beneath this vine the Calvinist may dwell in quietness; for the Church has had her Augustines, and Henrys, and Scotts, and Topladys, and Huntingdons. In these wells of salvation the Immersionist too may bathe; for the Church has preferred immersion in her theory and in her rubrics. The foundations of this Church are wide; there is room for all—all who do not touch the short and simple faith. Some have in these days even questioned the divine right of Bishops; and yet have remained in her communion, rather than break the bond of Unity. In the times of old, there were good men who deferred their own and their children's baptism to a late period of life, for fear of sins that might, after baptism, grieve unpardonably the Holy Ghost imparted in that blessed sacrament: from which, perhaps, the extreme inference may be derived, that even the Baptist might have sat down quietly within the Church, for the love of the brethren, and for the sake of Unity, leaving his scruples to the

influence of time; and there would have been none to harm him.

So long as men's minds are carried away with the undue magnifying of some small matter—immersion, election, rights of Presbyters—they are not in a position to see the force of this reasoning. We must rise higher, and yet higher, until we reach an elevation from which we may be able to see the entire Church—the past and the present—at once. With toil and tears did I climb up to that point of observation. I saw the Church nowhere so lovely as in the past, when her creed was shortest. To me the influence was overwhelming. Here is the only creed on earth that was ever universal. It is an outline of the essential faith. It came from the Apostles. *It is the great protector of the right of private judgment.* Its great principle—worthy of being written, not in letters of gold, but rather worthy of being written, as it was written, in the blood of the martyrs; "*in necessariis, unitas; in dubiis, libertas; in omnibus, caritas:*" "in things essential, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; in all things, charity:"—is ample as the universe. Let me then go back to the ancient things, and repossess myself of the ancient name—older than Wesleyan, older than Presbyterian, older than Lutheran, Reformed, or Calvinist—ay, older than Roman. "*Christian* the name; *Catholic* the surname." On this foundation unity is possible; and *on this alone is it possible.* And on this rock still stands the Episcopal Church, inviting the world back to the "STATUS IN QUO ANTE BELLUM!"

CHAPTER IX.

EPISCOPACY.—CATHOLICITY.

I CAME now to the question of the *Episcopacy*. Some have employed their pens upon it, appearing to deem it the main matter at issue between the Church and the sectarians. But the Episcopal clergy, as a body, do not so regard it. We think that truth, grace, redemption, are all equally in peril; and the crown of our Lord's Divinity, and the blessed Mystery of His cross, are wildly hazarded upon the die. I have sufficiently detailed the facts which too well support this terrific charge.

But, if the chaff be necessary to defend the unripe grain from blight and frost; if the rind be necessary to contain the mellow juices of the fruit, and advance them to maturity; if the shell be necessary to preserve the kernel from decay; if the body be necessary to retain the soul, and be the channel of her functions while doing her errand in this terrestrial sphere; if, in a word, Eternal Wisdom has imposed upon Itself a uniform law to protect every thing in nature with a covering, and to lock up the life of every thing inexplicably in its appropriate corporeal form; then is Christianity a rational and philosophical reflection of the Divine Wisdom, only when it holds in indissoluble union the Spirit with the Letter, the Grace with the Sacra-

ments, the Promises with the Priesthood, the Realities with the Symbols, the Gospel with the Church. With this explanation, therefore, Episcopalians believe that, as the Church is essential to the preservation of the Faith, so is the Episcopacy essential to the preservation of the Church.

The broad fact stared me in the face that, certainly at a very early age, the Church was in all places under an Episcopacy. In Palestine and Syria, in Armenia and India, in Greece and Italy, in France and England, in Spain and Africa, from Antioch to Canterbury, from Asia Minor to Abyssinia, over three continents, and in all the islands of the sea, the Church was everywhere Episcopal. It was the age of piety, the age of miracle, the age of martyrdom, while the kiss of peace yet bore witness to the heart's purity, and the saints in humility stooped down and washed each other's feet. Yet in this age of truth and danger, there was, in every city and island and town, one, and one only, who was known as the chief pastor or bishop of the place. We never read in antiquity of more than one such person in a city at a time: James in Jerusalem; Clement in Rome; Ignatius in Antioch; Polycarp in Smyrna; Irenæus in Lyons; surrounded by their Presbyters and Deacons. And when the fires of Martyrdom blazed high and bright, there was in every city and town *one*, known alike to Christian, Jew, and Pagan, as the chief shepherd, who must first unbind his girdle and lay down his life for the flock. Thus, in defiance of considerations almost enough to have extirpated Episcopacy from the Church, unless it had been an ordinance of Christ which they durst not violate, or even for a time conceal; Episcopacy existed wherever the Church existed, and the world has been again and again challenged to produce

one single Church in all Europe, Africa, or Asia, which in the first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, or the sixth century, was for one moment Presbyterian. When Presbyterians demand of Episcopalians a chain of Bishops from 1850 back to the days of the Apostles, Episcopalians produce it—link after link, name after name—back to the hands of St Thomas in Syria, St John in Ephesus, St James in Jerusalem, St Mark in Alexandria, St Peter and St Paul at Rome. But when Episcopalians ask of Presbyterians to produce, not a succession of Churches reaching beyond Luther and Calvin and a gulf of a thousand years, but one poor, single, solitary church in a world full of Churches, that in the first, or the second, or the third, or the fourth, or the fifth century, was *bona fide Presbyterian:* they return the writ with the *non est inventus;* it cannot be found!

I recollect well that, with this view of the matter, I began to suffer an uneasiness that subsequent investigations served only to increase. It struck me forcibly, as arguing the Apostolic origin of Episcopacy, in the same manner that the universal worship of Jesus, in the earlier ages, demonstrates His Divinity. It is distinctly in my memory, that the Professor of Theology, at Princeton, introduced a brilliant Lecture on the Divinity of Christ, with these words: "It is a strong presumptive proof of the Divinity of Christ, that the Church Catholic has held it from the earliest ages." Now we require but the *mutato nomine* to say, "It is a strong presumptive proof of the Apostolic origin of the *Episcopacy*, that the Church Catholic has held it from the earliest ages." Nay, in favour of Episcopacy, the argument, like the testimony that supports it, is unbroken; whereas, in its application to our Lord's Divinity,

the Unitarian exultingly adduces the Ebionites of the first century, the swarming sects of Gnostics in the second, and the mighty multitudes of Arians in the third and fourth, all crying out against the doctrine as an innovation or corruption. Could Presbyterians produce, in favour of their pretensions, one tithe of the outcry in the first four centuries against Episcopacy, that Unitarians can produce against the claim in the same centuries of our Lord's Divinity, they would make the land ring again with the protest and the clamour that Episcopacy had thus elicited in the first, second, third, and fourth centuries. But, on the subject of Episcopacy, there is no clamour. There is not a voice to break the silence. The Christian world reposes for at least three unbroken centuries of piety, miracle, and martyrdom, under the undisputed watch and rule of the Episcopacy. This was the phenomenon; and, by attempting to account for it, Presbyterians acknowledged it.

One of my earliest misgivings in the matter, was a secret and increasing dissatisfaction with the prevailing explanation of this phenomenon, among the Presbyterians around me, and their singular method of accounting for "the rise and growth" of Prelacy in the primitive Church. It would not have answered to suppose that it was introduced violently into the Church, or in any great degree against the wishes of the people or the clergy; for the absence of all clamour or outcry, or even notice of the event, precludes the hypothesis. When the Bishop of Rome usurped but the smallest beginnings of power unknown to the pre-existing Church, the whole East cried out in a rebuke of thunder; a standard that was never struck was raised against him in Bohemia and the Alps; every nation in Europe contested, for a while, the growing usurpation; France would not submit, but

on conditions that to this day are dear to the Gallican Church; even Austria and Spain protested loudly and long; while England surrendered last, and to the last retained much of her ancient independence, and in fact never, formally and legally, by authoritative act of either Church or Parliament, surrendered to the domination of Rome. The smallest change in ecclesiastical administration is sure to be noted on the pages of the fathers. Scarcely can a bell-ringer or a candle-snuffer, a subdeacon or an acolyte, be introduced to complete the service of the sanctuary—that the event and the date are not set down in history. Yet, if the Apostles left the Church on three continents Presbyterian, not only did it become Episcopal in one hundred years over the entire world; but not a writer of antiquity has told us when or where, or by what means the change took place, or who effected it, or that such a change took place at all. When or where was it that some tall commanding intellect arose, and, setting one foot on the sea and one on the dry land, with a voice that reached and overturned three continents and shook the islands of the sea, lifted his hand and said, Wherever Apostolic Presbyterianism hath been, there let a human Episcopacy be hereafter? Fair must have been his form, winning must have been his countenance, and sweet must have been the music of his tongue, to persuade three continents at once, and at one stroke, to destroy an institution so lately left them by the inspired Apostles, and at the same time to agree throughout the world that not one word should be said about the matter, either to extenuate it, to account for it, or so much as to record it! Presbyterianism, child of the Apostles, and first love of the martyrs, nurtured and held dear wherever the feet of the Apostles trode, died, and was buried, and neither

foe nor mourner on the earth either shed a tear or exulted at its death, or raised a slab to say to the passer-by how long it lived, or when or where it died! This was a fact that embarrassed me much, so soon as I was brought by other causes to a state of mind that compelled me to lend it my attention. When, in the sixth century, Rome sent Augustine and his companions into England to convert the Anglians, they found a Church in her beauty, using the ceremonial of the Oriental Christians, claiming parentage from the successors of St John; also tracing her annals to the very person of St Paul, and adorned with a hierarchy that, two or three centuries before, had sent its Prelates to the councils of Arles, Sardica, and Ariminum. When Buchanan made his journeys to the East, he found in the clefts of the rocks and the fastnesses of Syria, the remnant of the disciples of St Thomas, a simple and frugal flock, claiming descent from Israel according to the flesh, for thirteen centuries cut off from the Christian world; but hugging to their hearts a beautiful liturgy, erecting the simple cross upon the altar as the sufficient expression of their faith, evincing their ancient and Jewish origin by retaining the thank-offerings, the sacrificial lamb, and the circumcision of the Jews, and having and holding in reverence the order and office of the Bishops. When Dr Wolff, whose benevolence in seeking the outcast races of the earth has been equalled only by his courage in conquering the obstacles that resisted his will, and who has exemplified the self-denial of the Gospel as few have illustrated it since the fathers and Apostles of his race first fell asleep, was led to remark that, in the whole circuit of his travels, Greek or Armenian, Coptic or Syrian, every thing Christian and bearing traces of antiquity, had everywhere its triune priest-

hood of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; it suggested a thought that ripened into conviction, and led him like a child, though late in a career of usefulness and fame, to seek a Deacon's Orders at a Bishop's hands. In fact, Episcopacy needs no other argument than its universality, at a time and in circumstances that make that universality a simple impossibility, *if*, at the death of St John, the Universal Church was Presbyterian.

But something must be done: if we let it thus alone, the world will go after it: in the absence of any outcry or remonstrance, or even record of the overthrow of Presbyterianism, can we not follow up the supposition that it *was* overthrown, by *another* supposition that shall explain to the people *how* it was overthrown? Yes, say the scribes and champions of Presbytery, a happy thought now strikes us; let our soldiers and fighting men say, when questioned closely by the people about the disappearance of the Presbytery, and of its sepulchre, and of the stone that marked the place where it lay, that while the Presbyterians slept, the Episcopalians came somewhere in the darkness, between the first and fifth centuries, and stole it away! And the thing happened on this wise. The Moderators of the Presbyteries, through compliment to their discretion, piety, or age, were permitted to hold their office from one sitting to another; at length the office came to be considered permanent; until at last, these "Standing Moderators" took the name of Bishops, while the rest of the clergy were notified to keep the name of Presbyters; and what occurred at Rome, occurred at Alexandria; and what happened at Alexandria, happened at Canterbury; and in fact, every city and town on the three continents presented the same phenomenon. But where it began, and when it occurred, we have no means of knowing, for we

tell you that the thing took place while the Presbyterians slept! This is the supposition of Doctor Miller. As a student at Princeton, I as innocently believed as though I had seen it with my eyes, that could I have time to go into the libraries of the Seminary, and to turn over the folios of the Fathers that lie there in undisturbed repose and dust, each with its virtual inscription, *Requiescat in pace*, I should have seen, on many a page of earliest antiquity, a venerable company of pastors sitting in Presbytery with supreme and equal jurisdiction, and a "Standing Moderator" putting the question simultaneously to every church under the sun, "As many of you as agree to the resolution, that I shall hereafter be invested with the title and prerogative of Bishop, while the rest of you shall be my Presbyters, will signify it by saying,—Ay; and they of the contrary will say—No;" and that all the Presbyteries throughout the world, from Tartary to England, and from Abyssinia to Asia Minor, gave their voices in the affirmative; and came to a second resolution, that none of their historians or writers should ever say one word about Presbyterian parity, or so much as let posterity know that it had ever existed: this, perhaps, for the honour of Presbytery, which had worked badly, and which they would bring under the motto, *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*. Imagine, then, my surprise, on finding that all this was *supposition*, without the shadow of historical authority, and that the Fathers do not say one word about Moderators, standing or sitting, temporary or permanent. These "Standing Moderators" are a standing proof, therefore, of the fertility of the imagination, when roused by the necessities of the case to a particularly striking effort. The universality of Episcopacy, and the universal silence over which it reigns, are awkward facts to deal with;

and though we may wonder that some better hypothesis has not come to the relief of Presbytery, yet, on reflection, it will be seen that this is as rational, perhaps, as any other that could have been invented. I shall never forget the embarrassment of a fellow-student at Princeton, and the mirth he created for his class at one of their recitations, when the Professor asked him whether the story of the Jews about the disappearance of the Body from the sepulchre was not very lame; and asked him further, whether he did not think they might have gotten up a better story? "I think they might," said the youth. "Well, what would *you* have said?" asked the Professor, whose playful manner by this time indicated that the catechumen was getting among the breakers. There was an awful pause; the poor young man (albeit certainly not under thirty) could scarcely maintain his perpendicularity in the midst of his dilemma, but throwing his weight first on one leg, and then on the other, and seeming to feel very dubious himself whether he was on his legs at all, at length made mute confession that the Jew had fairly outwitted the Gentile, and had told the best story that the case admitted of.

But this hypothesis of the Presbyterians is lame in another particular. It does not account for the disappearance of the "ruling elder," or for the acquisition by the Deacons of the right to baptize and preach. For herein, said I, is a marvellous thing: one Presbyter in every city in Christendom gets to be Bishop; and two other results, requiring contrary causes to produce them, simultaneously take place; the ruling elders are supplanted and annihilated, and live not again until a thousand and five hundred years are finished; and yet the Deacons are promoted from an inferior service to an Order in the Ministry. Let the Presbyterian give

us, if he can, the *rationale* by which these three results were simultaneously produced: one of the Presbyters in every church on earth becomes Prelate; the ruling elders in every church on earth are annihilated; the Deacons in every church on earth are elevated over the heads of the elders to an order in the ministry. The three phenomena are to be fairly met and covered, which they can never be by this hypothesis of "Standing Moderators."

We look therefore to Presbyterianism for a more satisfactory solution, some happy afterthought;—I say afterthought; for such hypotheses were never resorted to, until the dilemma began to be severely felt. Necessity proverbially is the mother of invention. Say ye, "His disciples came by night, and stole Him away, while we slept." Say ye, "While the Church reposed in simple and unsuspicious piety, the Bishops came and stole away our rank and our prerogative, and stole away our elders and our deacons, and we know not where they have laid them." So this saying is commonly reported among the Presbyterians unto this day. But to me, when I understood its terms, it seemed a story more difficult to swallow than that which told of disciples stealing a body without noise or stir, or waking up the sleepers upon guard: for not only has the Presbyterian body disappeared, without stir or noise, but the same event has occurred in every city on the globe, and even the sepulchre is stolen too, and the stone from the door, where we might have seen that for certain the body had lain. In the one case we can say, as it is a Jewish story, *credat Judæus;* but in the other we know not what to say, and shall simply add to it, *Non ego!*

The universality of Episcopacy in the early ages, when there were heretics innumerable who would very

gladly have disputed an authority which visited them so often with the stern exercise of a discipline not very easy in those days to bear, and yet which they submitted to without questioning the Bishop's rights—is an argument strong men have admitted to be stronger than they. Baxter, Le Clerc, Bucer, Beza, Casaubon, Blondel—all in the Presbyterian ranks—have yielded to it as *the unanswerable argument.* Luther and Calvin lamented the loss of the Episcopacy, and professed the intention to restore it when it should be practicable. Luther, like the Methodists, unable to get upon his own terms the genuine, adopted for the time being a spurious Episcopacy, which is still perpetuated in the Lutheran communion. Calvin declares, "If the Bishops so hold their dignity, that they refuse not to submit to Christ, *no anathema is too great* for those who do not regard such a hierarchy with reverence and the most implicit obedience." Blondel, the learned Presbyterian, says, "By all we have said to assert the rights of Presbytery, we do not intend to invalidate *the ancient and apostolical constitutions of Episcopal pre-eminence,* but that wheresoever it has been put down or violated, *it ought to be reverently restored.*" This argument of universality was one with which even Grotius could not grapple, as a Presbyterian; and therefore, with a candour equal to the gigantic stature of his mind, he says, "To reject the supremacy of one pastor above the rest, is to condemn the whole ancient Church of folly or even of impiety." Grotius was as familiar with antiquity and with its monuments and fathers, as the child with his alphabet and toys. Yet Grotius says, "The Episcopacy had its commencement in *the times of the Apostles. All the fathers, without exception, testify to this.* The testimony of JEROME alone is sufficient. The

catalogues of the Bishops, in Irenæus, Socrates, Theodoret, and others, all of which begin in the Apostolic age, testify to this. To refuse credit, *in a historical matter*, to so great *authorities*, and so *unanimous* among themselves, is not the part of any but an irreverent and stubborn disposition. What *the whole Church* maintains, and was not instituted by councils, but *was always held*, is not with any good reason believed to be handed down by any but *Apostolic authority*." It will be observed that Grotius makes it a strong point, that Episcopacy had existed as a fact from the beginning, and was never "instituted by the authority of councils." In this respect it stands on the same footing with infant baptism. No council of the Church ever commanded infant baptism; it was a universal custom from the beginning. If, in the third century, or even in the second, a council had enjoined infant baptism, or female communion, or the observance of the Lord's Day, it would have justly created suspicion at this day, that these were innovations at the time, unknown, or certainly not universal, in the pre-existing Church. But councils, and fathers, and catalogues all speak of the Episcopacy as universal already, and coeval with the Apostles. No one once speaks of Presbytery as ever existing in the Church. Episcopacy did not come in while the soldiers slept. The soldiers were awake and at their posts, throughout the long chain of defences which they were set to guard. Clemens at Rome, and Ignatius at Antioch, the former mentioned by St Paul to the Philippians, and the latter a companion of the Apostles, and both of them Bishops, and subsequently martyrs; Irenæus the Bishop of Lyons, and the disciple of Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, and friend of St John; Tertullian in Africa, in the lifetime of Irenæus; and from them onward, a chain of witnesses

through all the earlier centuries, testify, as Grotius allows, not only to the universality of the Episcopacy, but to the fact that it was settled "by Apostolic authority." His strong language—yet not stronger than the fact—is, that "*all* the fathers, *without one exception*, testify to this." And we do not wonder that so great a man as Grotius recoiled from the thought that "all the fathers, without one exception, testify to" falsehood! Yet he saw the other horn of the dilemma, when he declared that "to reject the superiority of one pastor above the rest, is to condemn *the whole ancient Church* of folly, or even of *impiety*," and "to refuse credit, in a historical matter, to so great authorities, and so *unanimous among themselves*, is not the part of any but an irreverent and stubborn disposition." Thus was my own mind shaken, nor could the far-fetched supposition of "Standing Moderators" moderate at all the misgivings I began to suffer.

But I understood my right as a Presbyterian too well, not to exercise my "private judgment" in the matter, and seek a theory for myself; and for some time after I had seen the philosophical fallacy and historical nonentity of the hypothesis of "Standing Moderators," I was content to remain a Presbyterian, on a theory that to me appeared, at first, to harmonize the several phenomena alluded to before: the appearance of the Prelate, the disappearance of the Ruling Elder, and the absorption of the Deacons into the Orders of the Clergy. My idea was, that the truth lay somewhere between the two systems of Presbytery and Episcopacy; that the former had unduly abridged, and that the latter had unduly expanded, the respective powers of pastor, elder, and deacon. I took the liberty of *supposing* that there were originally in every congregation, by advice of the

Apostles, a pastor, a bench of elders, and a board of deacons. Keeping this synagogue theory in view, I in the next place *supposed*, that in the absence of the pastor, an elder might have been allowed to pray, exhort, baptize, and discharge other functions of the pastor; which being allowed, it was then easy to *suppose* that the deacons also, coming into contact with the sick and dying, might have shared in certain cases the ministerial offices, an inference that the preaching of St Stephen, and the ministration of baptism by St Philip, two of the seven Apostolic deacons, appeared to justify. Then I had only to *suppose* (for I had seen something like it in my own denomination), that in cities and towns the pastor might have sent his elders out into destitute neighbourhoods, to collect the more distant converts into new congregations; and that thus, by degrees, the ruling became the teaching elder imperceptibly, while the pastor became naturally overseer, bishop, or chief pastor of the whole circle of congregations. This accounted also, I supposed, for the small extent of the early dioceses, and the great number of the Bishops. This theory appeared to me also more plausible than the hypothesis of "Standing Moderators," and seemed to harmonize the facts, and to lie more clearly within the principles that govern human conduct, by allowing pastor, elder, and deacon, simultaneously, to enlarge each his appropriate sphere, and, by mutual compromise and mutual connivance, to further in each other the expansion of their several prerogatives. I *supposed* that the pastor might have said to his elders and deacons, "Make me your Diocesan, and I will make you into orders of the ministry, and give you certain districts of my Diocese." The difficulty did not then appear to me, how such a metamorphosis could have taken place

in every parish under heaven, when as yet there was no possibility of collusion by electric telegraph, and the Christians of those unenlightened times did not communicate across sea and land by the aid of necromancers, mesmerizers, mysterious knockers, and clairvoyants. But a grave objection to my theory, as I soon began to feel, was, that it was an afterthought, a strained and laboured device for getting rid of palpable historic testimony. And though I managed for a time to pacify (for I cannot say to satisfy) myself with some such theory floating in dim outline through my troubled mind, yet it did not last me long. History was silent as the grave about any such expansion of prerogatives, and the hypothesis would never have existed but, like the "Standing Moderators," *ex necessitate rei*. Besides, my theory conceded Prelacy in principle, by allowing that, on ever so small a scale, there was a chief pastor, a council of elders with the inherent right to administer the word and sacraments under his direction, and an order of deacons permitted under certain limitations to baptize and preach. Besides, if my hypothesis were allowed, it would fasten upon modern Presbytery the very usurpation charged against Episcopacy, of abridging the ancient powers of the elders and deacons, and engrossing all ministerial prerogatives in the person of the pastors; so that Episcopacy, by allowing ministerial functions to the three orders, would be, after all, in fact and principle, the very Presbyterianism that was *supposed* to have existed in antiquity. Moreover, the theory did not harmonize with the historical fact, that there was but *one* bishop to a city, although, like Alexandria, or Antioch, or Jerusalem, or Rome, it may have reckoned its disciples by myriads. Yet thus it was that I fought conviction off, by flying, like the infidel, from one crude

hypothesis to another; lending too, like him, a more willing ear to a cavil or a doubt, than to a compact and universal body of unbroken evidence. The demonstration returned upon me more overwhelmingly than ever: There, said I, is the universal fact, attested by universal history, and universally accounted for by the writers of the times as Apostolic in its origin; a fact which the Fathers nowhere argue, but everywhere set down as a fact before their day, a fact from England to India, a fact reaching to the Apostles. No other fact in history is so variously and well attested. Every doctrine of Christianity was disputed in its turn; but the Episcopacy was never disputed. Ebionites, Gnostics, Arians, all fought to the death against our Blessed Lord's Divinity; but against the Bishops there were none to fight. Perpetually was the Church kept busy in defining and guarding the traditions and faith against every species of innovation and heresy; but there was a subject in which all were agreed, a tribunal from which none appealed, a fact which none at any time contested —Apostolical Episcopacy. We produce a chain of witnesses for the Episcopacy back to Clement (the companion of Saint Paul), in his Epistle to the Church at Corinth. We produce a chain of Bishops, name after name, back to St Mark, St Peter, St Paul, and St John; and if you will go to the foot of Mount Lebanon they will exhibit to you still the succession of their Bishops back to St Thomas on his way to India. We produce a universal Church quietly reposing for centuries under the rule and guidance of the Bishops, as the centre of unity, the channel of benediction and grace, the antitype of the Old Testament Prelacy, and the type of heavenly things. And in return for all this demonstration, the like of which is to be found for no other doctrine, fact,

sentiment, or usage upon earth, we ask you to produce *one single witness* from the first, or the second, or the third century, to intimate that such a thing as Presbyterianism ever lived; one—only one—*one* Church, that, in the first, or the second, or the third, or the fourth, or the fifth, or the sixth, or the seventh century, was bona fide *Presbyterian*. Show us *but one*, and we will lay down our pen.

Nothing was now in the way of my returning with entire satisfaction to the communion of my forefathers, but the repudiation of my Presbyterian ordination. For the reader will bear in mind that I was a Presbyterian of an olden school, and never for one moment regarded ministerial ordination as a matter of mere ecclesiastical convenience or propriety. That it was getting to be so regarded, by the controlling spirits of my own communion, was itself the circumstance that more than any other made me unhappy, and awakened my suspicion that, so far as this matter was concerned, there must be something wrong. I had regarded my office with awe, and my brethren as "ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God," and it was more than I could bear to hear, in the words of the Princeton Review, "that the people can *originate* as valid a ministry as ever was made by Presbytery or Prelate." If the people, I said, may impart to me the right to preach the gospel of the Son of God, and to administer His holy sacraments, and to "remit and retain sins," which the Confession of Faith recognizes as their high prerogative; then the people must have that right themselves, and the ministry is all superfluous. If, moreover, they have the unbounded right of "private judgment," and the Bible alone be a sufficient guide; they have no need, that I can see, of a Church or ministry to teach them.

If the sacraments are nothing more than mementoes of past events, their commemorative virtue is as good in the hands of the people, as of one on whom the people have laid hands; for if there be no charm in the hands of a Bishop, it will not be pretended that there is any in the hands of the people. If the people may authorize me to preach, I must furthermore preach the preaching that they bid me. In vain should I remonstrate,

> "Who ever saw in all his days,
> Sheep lead their shepherd out to graze?"

The people, as the source of power, would justly answer me,

> "Though you are now in pastor's chair,
> Consider, sir, who put you there;
> Surely, as Shepherd, you must know
> 'Twas we, the flock, that made you so;
> And must the thing created claim
> O'er its creator power supreme?"

No, no! Fearful is this utterance of the oracle at Princeton. Who is not reminded by it of the "ancient gainsayers?"

KORAH AND HIS COMPANY.	PRINCETON REVIEW.
"Ye take too much upon you, seeing *all the congregation* are holy, and the Lord is among *them;* wherefore lift ye up yourselves above *the congregation* of the Lord?"	"The power belongs in all its vigour to *the people*, and *they* can originate as valid a ministry as ever was made by Presbytery or Prelate."

And a fearful door does this open for the people to fulfil that which is written, "The time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but shall heap *to themselves* teachers, having itching ears." That time has come. The people can be now accommodated to their heart's content, and set up teachers and preachers to

teach and to preach just such teachings and preachings as the people please.

Interrogate thyself, O Presbytery, whether, if Satan had two things to ask thee for, thou couldst have better pleased him than by granting these: first, that the people should have the right to choose their own religion; and, secondly, that they should create a ministry to preach it.

Not to lengthen out the present chapter, the subject of which has engaged far abler pens than mine, it may suffice to put down some of the facts which, with a multitude of others, forced themselves on my attention in pursuing this inquiry.

First fact: The faith, separated for any length of time from the Episcopacy, disappears; as a spirit, parted from its body, returns from the world to the bosom of God. The Episcopacy, therefore, which never surrendered the faith, may not absurdly claim to indicate "the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

Second fact: The histories of three hundred years have shown, that a church once separated from the Episcopacy undervalues the great principle of unity, and would suffer the one Body to be dismembered and scattered to the winds; just as the human clay, when no longer animated by the principle of life and unity, falls into fragments and is dissipated into vapour. It is not therefore to be believed that, if the element of the Episcopacy present a check to this amazing evil, it should in the wisdom of God have been overlooked in the organization of His Church.

Third fact: The Lutherans in Europe, and the Methodists in America, as well as other sects, have done homage to the Episcopacy, by engrafting on their own organizations the government by superintendents,

bishops, or superiors; and even the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, finding their denominations inefficient, on the principle of ministerial parity, when they rouse them to exertion and action, assume invariably an artificial organization with agent, secretary, or other officer, to be found always at the head-quarters of the society, emancipated from the pastoral tie, well acquainted with the field at different and distant points, the mouth-piece and source of life to the association, essential to its unity, harmony, concert, strength, confidence, action, and success. If there be force, therefore, in analogy, the central influences so effectively exerted by the Apostles in their life-time were no more intended to die with the men, than the dissenting missionary and Sunday-school societies at Boston and elsewhere, intended that the excellent Evarts, and Wisner, and Cornelius, and Armstrong, and their brethren of the same order anywhere, as Heads of these societies, should fall into their graves without successors.

Fourth fact: The Episcopacy was no part of the battle-cry in the Reformation. Neither Luther nor Calvin, neither reformer nor reforming synod, had one word to say against it. The Church of England, with her noble and undaunted bishops, was the admiration and the envy of the continental reformers, who lamented the necessity they supposed themselves under, of advancing farther and faster than the continental bishops would approve; and who agreed, with Calvin, that "no anathema was too great" for those who should refuse allegiance to a pure Episcopacy.

Fifth fact: For years subsequently to the reformation from Popery, the men of learning among Presbyterians were ready to acknowledge, with Grotius, the early, universal, and Apostolic institution of the Episcopacy;

and this concession, it is worthy of remark, ceases to be made only when antiquity ceases to be a study.

Sixth fact: The lovers of antiquity, the readers of the Witnesses, and Fathers, and Councils of the earliest ages, and of the contemporaries and companions of the Apostles, are, so far as we can learn, believers in the divine gift of the Episcopacy. Who has ever known a man made a Presbyterian by reading the early and unmutilated records of the Church? Who requires to be told that sectarians are compelled to thrust into a corner the writings of the Christian fathers?

Seventh fact: Of the many hundred ministers who have broken the sectarian spell and returned into the Church, all tell the same story: that to a careful reexamination of Scripture and "attendance to reading," they attribute their conviction of the Scriptural claim of the Episcopacy. Episcopacy, therefore, from the same high ground with Christianity, bears, and demands, and challenges investigation in what court you please, provided all her witnesses be present. This is strong presumptive proof that she rests on "the foundation of the Apostles and prophets."

Eighth fact: The Episcopacy is in harmony with the order of the natural world; just as every other great truth of the kingdom of God finds itself reflected in the mirror of nature, even as it is beautifully echoed in nature's voice. "No man hath seen God at any time;" but we may see the gems of His robe twinkling on the firmament by night, and the glance of His eye kindling on the sun by day, the dust of His feet sweeping by us in the clouds, and the obediences to His will in the motions of the universe. The mystery of the ever blessed Trinity we may not comprehend; but we may observe a mystery of trinities in the air above us, in the

light around us, in the operations of nature, and in man who was made in the image of God. The bright and blessed resurrection of the just may elude our philosophic grasp; but the bird emerging from a putrid egg, and the butterfly uprising from an ugly worm, both soaring to the skies on gorgeous wing, tell by their flight and song that our flesh shall rest in hope, and come up bright as the day, buoyant as the air, and swift in its motions as the electric fire; or else that the meanest seed hath a dignity above man. The great principle of the atonement which I accept as a believer, I cannot repudiate as a philosopher; for the mighty fact of vicarious toil and suffering to save others from suffering and toil, is interwoven with all the orderings of Providence. And thus it is with every truth of Revelation: if we had the keys, we might unlock them all in the hieroglyphics of nature: even hell casts its cloud upon the earth, and heaven lets down on us its prophetic ray. So I could see the principle of the Episcopacy in the unities and harmonies around me. In all the analogies of nature I could see no such thing as individualism. The things of earth are all controlled by a controlling centre in herself; the earth and planets, with their satellites, move, in the spheres assigned them, round their lord, the sun; the sun and his peers roll steadily around a still loftier throne; thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, revolve in their turn around some starry centre; and the bright hosts of an unmeasured universe roll round some vast metropolis, perhaps the capital of God. For the sake of unity and order, a family is provided with its head; the families of a city require their magistrate; the cities of a state their ruling power. In the world of action every company or corporation has its presiding officer; every merchantman on the wave its master;

under the altar, our unity as inviolable like the unity of the Holy Ghost, our sacraments as quickening instruments of grace, our Catholicity as binding the past to the present, the present to the future, man to his brother, and all to heaven; and Episcopacy as *the sentinel at the door*, never mistaking the trappings of his office for the treasures of the palace—an Episcopacy above the whisperings, and jealousies, and heart-burnings, and man-pleasings of an evil day, earnestly intent on guarding, not its own poor dignity, but the Church which God hath purchased with His Blood—and the world will cease to wonder that we contend for the Episcopacy, not as being the *one* truth which sectarians have not, but because it is the guard of a *thousand* truths, associations, sympathies, energies, and treasures which they can never have. A one-idea—a bald, narrow-minded, bigoted, high-low, and low-church Episcopacy, the only thing preventing our fraternization with the sects!—with all my soul I would fight against it too. The Church has groaned, and grown gaunt and ghastly, and has dwindled and disappeared from whole neighbourhoods, under such school-boy and contracted teachings.

This has been *the nature* of my own conversion—not to a name, to a bare Episcopacy, to a one-idea—but *to the Catholic religion*, to a thousand truths in one, to a thousand sympathies not born of earth, to a thousand thrilling associations with the past, to a thousand joints and bands that keep the weak from falling, to a thousand hallowed soul-stirring influences found nowhere else; a Catholicity that covers all times, all places, all truths, all things in Christ; something for all intellects, for all hearts; breaking down the walls between temple and temple; forbidding the barriers between Christian and Christian; healing the breaches between man and man;

denying the distinctions between rich and poor; refusing to know either Jew or Greek, Barbarian or Scythian, bond or free; feeding all on the one Bread; blessing for all the one Cup; shining with equal attractiveness on the child and the philosopher; bathing beggars and princes in the same waters; gathering all things back together into One; and thus realizing the great conception in the very word *re-ligion*, binding all to each other again, and all once more to God: a Catholicity throbbing throughout earth and heaven with one pulse; beating, breathing, burning, bursting with one intention, one heart, one life; circling the earth with its sympathies; conquering the world by its determination; and weaving for the King when He shall return in His beauty with His spouse, a woof of hearts reaching back to the Apostles, and conveying in all its threads the sacred fire first kindled at the Cross, and communicated to the Twelve.

CHAPTER X.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

"As when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth, but he awaketh, and his soul is empty; or as a thirsty man dreameth, and behold he drinketh, but he awaketh, and is faint;" so I must confess that, while among the Presbyterians, I had longings and cravings, which the dogmas of my faith could never satisfy. They know it. Their divines know it. When they have attempted to vindicate the ways of God in the decree to give sin existence, they have often confessed that, while they sought to satisfy the people, they have not felt satisfied themselves. When they have smoothed over the tenet of personal election quite to the satisfaction of the hearers, I have heard them acknowledge that, beyond and behind all this, they themselves saw an unbridged and unfathomable gulf. When they represent the sufferings of Christ as "*satisfaction*" to the "*vindicatory justice*" of God, intended to "*appease*" God's wrath toward our unhappy race; and those sufferings as of equal commercial value with the sufferings of the elect to all eternity: there are terms in the proposition from which I know that they often, in their heart of hearts, instinctively shrink. If they extend to all mankind this substitute of "so much suffering" for "so much sin," they are hampered with the objection,

Why should a just God exact this suffering twice, once from the innocent, and once from the guilty? If, to escape the embarrassment, they adopt the New England heresy, that the sufferings of Christ were merely "an exhibition" of God's hatred of sin, "by inflicting pain on an innocent Person;" the exaction bears still more the appearance of a wanton and vindictive determination. No wonder the mind revolts. No wonder New England falls back into Unitarianism, or any other *ism* that will cling to the Creator in His rightful character as the universal Father. On these and a thousand cognate points, there were moments when my soul was dark; nor did the day-star dawn in my heart, until I came within the Spirit's sphere of the teaching of the ancient Church.

Calvinism sees no purpose of the Incarnation, but that the Son of God should *suffer*. No other purpose seems to occur to the mind of Calvinism, than to "satisfy" an offended God, and placably dispose Him toward our unhappy race. Here the light of the Catholic religion bursts into my sepulchre! I wipe the cold sweat from my brow, and emerge from the darkness of suffocation, in which the corroding chains of Calvinism held me.

"God manifest in the flesh!" Not simply man, but made "in the likeness of men" and "in fashion as a man:" for "the Word was made flesh;" God was made man; the Divinity-Humanity; the GOD-MAN; the "Second Adam" or generic MAN, comprehending the race; as the First Adam, or generic Man, comprehended the same race before. "The first Adam [or the first MAN, as the name signifies] was made a living soul," and through him the human race became partakers of his natural life; "the last Adam (or MAN) was made a quickening Spirit," imparting new life to that race again.

As the race was a unit in Adam, so it was a unit in Christ; and the Church, like the race, existed as a whole, before it existed in its parts. To speak nearly in the words of others:—"In Him human nature—elevated by conjunction with Divinity, perfected by the discipline of self-denial and suffering, having subdued temptation, freed by death from all that is corruptible, rendered incorruptible by resurrection, glorified by His ascension—this redeemed Humanity, by the power of the Divinity with which it is inseparably united, passes over (as did the principle of natural life from the first Man) to the members of the second Man, as the principle of their regeneration and perfection. The last Adam (or Man) is made a quickening Spirit—a Spirit of regeneration, righteousness, sanctification and resurrection: for, 'if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead, dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead, shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.' What Christ is in Himself, He becomes in us," and, in all that He did, it was not the individual person, but the new, the second, the generic MAN that did it—we in Him, and He in us. The presence, moreover, of the second MAN in heaven, is a continual recommendation of us to God's mercy, as a pledge, to God and all His angels, that they in whom He dwells, by His "quickening Spirit" passing over from His body into ours, shall in like manner be presented in heaven free from the defilements and deformities of sin. When the members of the universal Church now worship, in the earthly sanctuary, their worship is exalted far beyond all sectarian conception, because the Second MAN, the High Priest of the universe, is passed into the heavens to appear for us in the Presence of God, and to offer for us, and with us, and

within us, by a Humanity from which every thing on which sin had fastened is purged, a worthy and boundless worship. And as "we in Him" do worship in heaven, so "He in us," an energizing principle carried over into our "mortal bodies," by His Spirit that dwelleth in us, worships and is worshipped in the earthly house. And as the mere form of man, in which Christ came, cannot fill all things in heaven and earth at once: so we are now "baptized into Christ," "baptized into His body," and "are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones," as truly as we were of the first Man; that we might be "His Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." His bodily presence is in heaven; it is no mystery; it is no calamity; the world has the loss made up: His *members* are on the earth—everywhere and always—which He, in the body, could not have been. They are His eyes to look around and weep with them that weep; His feet to go from scene to scene of want and sorrow; His hands to distribute bread among the poor, and be laid in blessing on the heads of little ones; His ears to hear the cry of distress along the wayside; His lips to teach, console, absolve, and save, and bless the healing waters, and the life-imparting cup: in a word, they are, in Him, Prophets, Priests, and Kings, "a royal Priesthood," to perpetuate the fasts, the prayers, the teachings, the life, the alms-deeds, the sufferings, that He began on earth; yea, to "fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, for His body's sake, which is His Church." And when sectarism shall pass away, and the Church again feel that She is but the universal presence of the Body of Christ—"the fulness of Him that filleth all in all"—how shall the tear of sorrow gladden into joy, and the desert blossom as the rose!

Our adorable Lord did not teach all who were to be taught, nor feed all who were to be fed, nor heal all that were to be healed, nor comfort all that were to be bereaved, nor bless all babes that were to be blessed, nor say all that was to be said, nor do all that was to be done, nor suffer all that was to be suffered, for the world's redemption: for "I," said one of His members, "fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, for His body's sake which is His Church." Christ, as the second Adam, soon went out from Himself into the Twelve, the seventy, the hundred and twenty, the three thousand, the universal Church, to multiply and replenish the earth. But the Church was in the Twelve before it was in the seventy; and it was in Christ before it was in the Twelve. This blessed Union, whence is derived our Life through the "quickening Spirit," is one of *the lost pearls* of Sectarianism. For more than a gloomy century, Sectarianism has lost the illustrious doctrine of the Incarnation in its power, arrays the Son of God in a body, with terrific ceremony, expressly and solely for the scaffold: and cannot understand how all Humanity was sanctified in Him by meritorious deeds and sufferings, by prayers and fasts, by vigils and victories; and from its second Adam has inherited the universal principle of life. It regards Christ, not as the Second Man, but as an isolated person, alike isolated from God and men, appeasing the former, and "purchasing" the Holy Ghost to be sent, distinctly from Himself, and for a separate work, to the elect. No Calvinist on earth can tell you why Christ *fasted:* only His body that perpetuates His fast can reveal to you the secret. No Calvinist on earth can tell you satisfactorily what meant *the awful conflict* with the devil: only the Church can impart to you this heavenly

knowledge. No Calvinist on earth can tell you why Christ *must be* an infant, and pass through all the stages of humanity up to the final triumph: only the Church can explain the blessed mystery. Calvinism asks of Christ only his manly form, to "bathe the sword of justice" in His Blood: the Catholic religion requires that form to embrace all the states and conditions of humanity, that it may sanctify them all, and become an energizing principle of life and renovation to them all. Sectarianism begins therefore with the full-grown man, to effect his regeneration: the Catholic religion begins, where redemption in the body of Christ began, with "*the infant of days.*" Sectarianism commences by imparting *knowledge:* the Catholic religion begins, where its race began, by imparting *life.* Andrew and Peter and Matthew received the germ of *life,* so that they left all and followed Him, before they were *taught:* and the Twelve received the direction, "Go, teach (a word badly translated, and literally signifying to *disciple*) all nations, *baptizing* them in the name, &c., *teaching* them to observe all things, &c. This was the natural order in the first Man Adam; life first,—knowledge and improvement afterwards; and this is the order in the second Man; life first, then faith and progress. Life *must* come before knowledge and faith, else were our children not saved. "The Word was made Flesh, ... and in Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of *men.*" And as the infant lives, before it is born; so is this Life "the Light of every one that cometh into the world." As, by the natural birth, the previous natural life is introduced into a new condition, more favourable to its development; so, in the washing of regeneration, each human being is born again, or brought, by Baptism, into the more congenial sphere of the

Spirit's operations, and the more immediate energization of the Body of Christ through the "joints and bands" which "knit" it together and "minister nourishment." The Church is not made *first* of individuals; but proceeds from a Unit, and destroys individuality and separatism by drawing all things to itself. "The communion *precedes* the reception." The "preventing grace" is prior to all knowledge and to all faith. There cannot be even faith, without grace; and this glorious "predestination to the adoption of sons" in a new and sinless Adam, is a predestination of all our "infants of a span long" to salvation, from which they can only fall as a fruitless branch may wither from its vine. Light breaks on my path! Away with your cold and freezing dogmas!

As little could I say that I was satisfied with the Calvinistic mode of teaching doctrines that are true. The Trinity is so held as to sever the sympathies and interests of the Father and the Son; the Father exacting the utmost farthing from the Son; the Son in turn *claiming the purchase* of His blood; the Spirit acting independently and separately from the life-imparting Flesh of Christ, and a boon *earned*, after all, by dint of *suffering:* all tending to drive the popular mind to Tritheism, or to alienate it into Unitarianism. The Atonement, too, is preached entirely apart from our incorporation with Christ and His assumption of our common Flesh, as a naked, stern, commercial, *quid pro quo* transaction, that has driven all New England, and whole communities on the continent of Europe, into a denial of the mediation. The Spirit's influences, too, instead of being preached as a "quickening Spirit" passing over from perfected Humanity in the second Adam into all his children, are distinguished into

"common" and "special," the latter for the elect, the former for the commoners of the human race; imputing to the Divine mind a "respect of persons," and together with the semi-miraculous, transubstantiating descent in "regeneration," fretting the world into a denial of the precious mystery.

So with Repentance. Instead of an enlightened, earnest, life-long sorrow—weeping, not to obtain forgiveness, but rather, with Mary at His feet, because we are forgiven—sectarian teaching has produced the wide-spread impression, that Repentance is a feeling worked up to a high pitch, perhaps at some animated meeting; succeeded, in the same hour it may be, by peace or transport: whereby the world now understands that the penitent is, in a perverted sense, "the Lord's free man," enjoying too often a "liberty" to do what the world's veriest slave would feel to be disreputable. Who ever sees these sudden bursts of penitence making a man sorry for the injuries he has done or is doing to his neighbours? Who has ever known the sins of the tongue to be retracted by one of these glowing conversionists? Is not the spiritual pride it generates an absolute barrier to the possibility of *retractation* and *reparation:* although these are essential parts of repentance, as the Catholic religion teaches it? A sudden burst of sorrow; a lightning-flash of joy; and the repentance is done; and is all the more genuine for the suddenness of its coming, the shortness of its stay, and the abruptness of its departure. In the days of Bunyan and Baxter and Flavel, these two experiences, which have always gone by odd names, were denominated "law work" and "grace work." In those days, the Pilgrim was kept in terror under the overhanging mountain for three or four or five long years, before he

was admitted to the "gracework" of finding "peace and joy in believing:" but in these times of speed and steam and electricity, the motions of the Spirit are so concentrated and controlled, that a single "meeting" is quite sufficient to "get through" the experiences both of "conviction" and "conversion;" the worst man living performing the life-long offices of penitence and satisfaction to the wronged, in the ebullitions of an hour!

So likewise with Faith. Calvinism, I know, does not in theory, but I as well know that it does in practice and effect, separate and put asunder the works and the faith that God hath joined together. One might suppose that every doctrine of Christianity was faith; that every precept of the law was faith; that every fruit of the Spirit was faith; that every duty toward God or man was faith; that every virtue to fit us for the skies was faith; whereas it is, like repentance, but one of "the first principles of the doctrine of Christ," from which we are to "go on unto perfection." The Catholic religion saith, "*add* to your faith, *virtue*; and to virtue, *knowledge*; and to knowledge, *temperance*; and to temperance, *patience*; and to patience, *godliness*; and to godliness, *brotherly kindness*; and to brotherly kindness, *charity*." This is the pyramid of virtues by which, if we successfully erect it, we "make our calling and election sure," and shall be able easily and certainly to climb to heaven. The foundation is JESUS CHRIST: to faith is assigned the honourable task of finding the foundation, and laying on it the first stone cemented in the tear of repentance. Yet this is the bare beginning. "*Add* to your faith, virtue;" and so on up to "charity," the highest grace we can attain on earth, the beginning of all graces in heaven. Not only is such a superstruc-

ture a safe path to heaven, but it is a house of light and a beacon of love to a rational world. As Christianity is not a one-idea, but is, in this respect, a science in which no one idea stands alone, but each is a link in an endless chain, reaching from first truths up to boundless demonstrations: so practical religion is also a holy chain; link fastened to link, Christ to faith, faith to hope, hope to charity, charity to holiness, holiness to heaven, and heaven to Christ again, in God. They who see nothing else but repentance and faith in the Bible, cut the celestial chain that reaches from this dark world to heaven. By this chain—of which Christ crucified is the earthly anchorage, and Christ glorified the heavenly, with the long series of virtues and graces glittering between—we are to be drawn to God. No single separate link will raise us to the heavens. Together the bright and polished parts must stand: or, let but one be missing, and the whole must fall. To the faith that exalts CHRIST, we subscribe with a thousand hearts; but the faith that exalts FAITH, and makes faith, or an inward experience, its "all in all," we cast to the moles and to the bats. When we see this vaunted "faith" powerless to heal throughout whole neighbourhoods "bitter envying and strife," mutual "biting and backbiting," unwearied "tattlings" and "evil surmisings;" when we see the tongue "a fire, a world of iniquity, setting on fire the course of nature, and itself set on fire of hell," an "untamed serpent" creeping along its slimy path from house to house, a "deadly poison" pouring "blessing and cursing out of the same mouth;" when we see "the fatherless and widows in their affliction" neglected and unrelieved; we remember that it is written, "The devils believe"—and are devils still! When we see whole communities acting virtually on the

advice of Luther, *Peccate fortiter; credite fortius*—"Sin hard; but believe the harder"—

> "Backing their pious sabbaths, so to speak,
> Against the wicked remnant of the week."

When we see the thronging multitudes about us, however worldly or profane, professing a reliance on Christ, and, on the death-bed, working themselves up with the utmost ease to the established *minimum* of a sudden repentance and "casting of themselves on Christ;" when we see vast numbers of the ignorant, on the old and easy advice, *Crede quod habes, et habes*—"Believe that you have, and you have it"—putting their faith in an inward *feeling* rather than in the Lord of life: the Catholic religion lifts up her earnest voice, and cries, "Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not CHARITY, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." "FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD," it cries, a subtle and soul murdering imposture! A man "may say he hath faith and hath not works:" the Catholic religion does not hesitate to raise the awful question of her fearless Apostle, "*Can faith save him?*"

My own conviction, after long and painful attention to the facts, is, that *the manner* of preaching the great doctrine of justification by faith, isolating it from the virtues, and making it a reflexive operation, terminating in a *feeling* rather than in Life from Christ, is, among sectarians especially, *the* soul-destroying heresy of the age. The world without know that they have already this *minimum* in some degree; and they see daily before their eyes the dying, without difficulty accepting the terms of sectarianism, and "casting themselves on Christ." I was once called, at the break of day, to see a youth whom I knew to be wild and profane, and per-

haps intemperate. He had sent for me. I had seen him the evening before, in vigorous health. Already had disease half done its work. I saw his youthful form writhing in pain; but the miseries of his mind were greater. When I first came to him, between his paroxysms, he was earnestly exhorting several young men around him to "take warning from his fate." He was in an agony. It was despair! Now was the hour he should have rested from his pilgrimage; instead of which, his pilgrim's course was now to be begun. This was the hour when he should have laid the last stone with shoutings on the building; instead of which, he was to cast about for a foundation. Unfit for the awful blessedness of heaven, its transparent truth, its deep-toned worship, its generous love, its every word and work and look and thought and feeling pure and unsullied and transparent as its crystal streams; a world unclouded by a passion, unpoisoned by a whisper, unsullied by a sin; the work of a life-time was to be begun and finished in a hurried and stormy hour! Earnestly as the ebbing moments would allow, I pointed him to "the Man" that was to be "the hiding place from the tempest." Presently a reaction came, as striking as the collapse in his disease; and exhibiting all the phenomena of the revivalism I had seen in other days. He was calm; he believed; his sins were forgiven; his heart was glad. The bystanders were overjoyed; and I myself had "hope in his death." Although I had seen stimulants and opiates largely administered before my eyes, it never occurred to me that they might have performed a part in producing the phenomena; until the attending physician told me, a few days afterwards, that the patient had died of *delirium tremens!* It then occurred to me, that I had

often before remarked these sudden emotions of religious terror, penitence, and joy, to be more easily and more strikingly produced in persons addicted to intemperance, than in any other class of men. Let me not be understood as passing judgment upon this young man: it is not for me "to judge another man's servant." I have adduced the case because it has occurred within a few weeks, and is an illustration of my invariable experience of the perfect ease with which you may induce the dying to "cast the soul on Christ," and die, as the phrase is, "resigned!" A life of profanity, uncleanness, drunkenness, and debauchery, rewarded at its close with peace, joy, ecstasy! It is the great phenomenon of revivalism—*Crede quod habes, et habes!* But, in naked truth, it is a fearful thing, this mistaking the decay of expiring nature for the subjugation of the flesh; the ejaculations of pain for the language of prayer; the languor of disease for the peace of resignation; the agitations of guilt for the emotions of a true contrition; the throbbings of the undying conscience for the pulsations of a living heart; the triumphs of disease for the victories of grace; the repentance of a Judas for the tears of a Mary; the prayer of a Simon Magus for the *Nunc dimittis* of a Simeon: this is falling into the delusion so loudly condemned in others, glossing the disorders of a life with the extreme unction of the dying hour! O frightful task, to offer to God the miserable leavings of a misspent life; the gleanings of a vintage pressed into the cup of pleasure; a victim taken from the fold for heaven, when, no longer fit for the world's use, its limbs are palpitating in the jaws of death! In the Romanist, who believes there is another period in which to carry forward the work begun anywhere this side the grave, all this is reasonable: but that we are

thus to be ushered directly from the body into heaven —unprepared, uncongenial in habit, character, or temper for its unsullied purities—how can a Protestant believe? And why are millions in our land procrastinating repentance to the dying hour, except that they are taught that a short prayer-meeting or a short half-hour is more than enough for all the *essential* acts of repentance and of faith? No, no! As at the charming of the lyre of Amphion the stones are said to have risen into their places in the walls of Thebes; so a true *faith*, chiming with the music of a good conscience, will gather all the other virtues to itself in the spiritual building. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." "Add to your faith virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity." Faith is but a single grape upon the cluster. Indeed, it is not so much a fruit, as it is the active, circulating junction of the branch with the heavenly Vine, of which the evidence will be its grapes hanging in rich bunches over it; and who can doubt that a branch bringing forth such fruits, ripening and mellowing until fit for angel's food, shall be gathered into the heavenly Paradise? Faith is but a single star in a single constellation in the firmament of grace,

> "Each, all proclaiming as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine."

Why will you darken the radiant firmament, destined to glow and burn and brighten when the powers of heaven shall be shaken; and leave in human sight but the lone cold star of faith, which, like the stars above us, is to fall and die? No! We express our firm conviction once more, that the doctrine of justification by faith is understood by the people generally to mean,

what none but the Antinomian would desire to teach: in a word, that, as it is too often preached, it is *ad clerum*, or, in the theological sense, *true*; but *ad populum*, or in the popular apprehension, *false*. Here is one great secret, we fear, of our worldliness, our avarice, our starving missionaries, our stinted charities, our unprovided poor, our miserable broils, our slandering, our vindictive, unforgiving tempers. They are all covered by the *imputed* but not corrected by the *indwelling* righteousness of Christ; all smoothed over and "*justified by faith*:"—a dunghill wrapped in snow, and presented as a pure offering to God!

But tell us not that we undervalue faith. We magnify it. We restore it to its ancient honours. We replace it in its ancient crown, among the lost jewels of meekness, and brotherly kindness, and truthfulness, and sincerity, and gentleness, and charity, and mutual forgiveness, and love. If *Churchmen* undervalue faith in the Redeemer's blood, explain to me, I pray you, why we have so much at heart the Altar, the breaking of bread, and the red cup of the awful Eucharist? Why is it that we lift aloft on steeple high, and would keep continually before men's eyes, *the Cross*, the symbol of the world's redemption? It is because we know we cannot obtain that blessing until we be covered with the fleece of the slain Lamb. We fill the windows of our sanctuaries with the thorns, the scourge, the cross, the hammer, the nails, the spear; because it is through these that the light of Heaven dawns on us. Amidst the wild scepticism which you create, and with which you must for ever struggle, it may be well for *you to* dwell day and night on "the first principles of the doctrine of Christ;" but with *us*, they are the alphabet of our religion, no longer open to discussion. We have

learned and believed them long ago, and raise everywhere *the Altar and the Cross* as symbols of a hope already attained. Churchmen undervaluing the "redemption by His blood?" God forbid! I will take you to the bedside of a Churchman, who, after a brief life of sorrow, perished not long ago at sea. "Do you place," said a Presbyterian minister to him, as he lay dying, "Do you place your sole reliance on the merits and righteousness of Jesus Christ for your salvation?" The youth, fixing his eyes on those of the inquirer as if grieved at the question, said, "*Of course* I do!" The Presbyterian, to his credit be it said, has lately thought it worth while to relate the facts of the occasion in a Presbyterian journal, (the Lord reward him!) for the avowed purpose of doing justice before men to the memory of ARTHUR CAREY, whom he learned to love. Take now another—the hated and murdered *Laud*. "Good people," said the hoary-headed Archbishop, as he stood upon the scaffold, "this is an uncomfortable time to preach, yet I shall begin with a text of Scripture: '*Let us run with patience*,' &c.—I have been long in my race, and how I have looked to JESUS, the Author and Finisher of my faith, He knoweth. I am now come to the end, and here I find the cross and a death of shame; but the shame I must despise, or I shall not come to God. My feet, as you see, are on the brink of the Red Sea, an argument I hope that God is bringing me into the land of promise. I shall most willingly drink of this cup of the passover with its bitter herbs, as deep as He pleases, and enter into this sea, yea, and pass through it, in the way that He shall lead me." Then, having concluded his discourse, he knelt down on the scaffold and said, "O Eternal God and Merciful Father! look down upon me in the riches and

fulness of thy mercies, but not till Thou hast nailed my sins to the cross of Christ, not till Thou hast bathed me in the blood of Christ, not till I have hid myself in the wounds of Christ."

We do not, for all this, boast ourselves as "evangelical" above all others, or as having made some great discovery in religion. To the Catholic heart these are "the first principles" which St Paul exhorts us to learn, and then "leave, and go on unto perfection,"—the perfecting of *character* in concert with the harmonies of the heavenly world. That a man is "justified by faith," is a most true and comfortable doctrine. But to fritter away this vast circle of truth into a mere belief in Christ as a Redeemer; and this again into a trust in His atonement; and this atonement again into a satisfaction to divine justice; and this satisfaction, once more, into mere *suffering;* and this faith itself concentrated into a single act of "casting the soul" upon this suffering for hope; and Christ entirely unknown as the Second Adam, communicating from His body into ours a renewing and transforming life, "quickening our mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in us:" this is a mode of teaching which we must regard as unsafe and soul-ruinous in the highest degree.

Calvinism, in my observation of its influences, generates moreover an exaggerated and morbid conception of every thing in true Christian experience. I need not go over the ground—dreams, voices, impressions that one is forgiven; lights, sensations, passionate and self-consuming bursts of feeling; opening by accident to certain passages of Scripture; a life-time of laborious parental and pastoral teaching ungratefully cast aside as having accomplished nothing, until by some accidental casting of the eye upon a passage of the Bible, or by

some sermon of some passer-by, or some picked-up, half-torn leaf of a common tract, the mighty office of "regeneration" is performed; men willing to be damned, if it be for God's glory, before they can be saved; the prayers and charities of baptized but "unregenerated" men, an abomination to God: these and a thousand like things continually resulting from calvinistic teaching, and contrasting amazingly with the calm and solemn Faith and Hope of the ancient and true Religion.

The pulpit partakes strangely of these exaggerations. What impressions, for example, are generally received from sectarian teaching, concerning the dying hour? I do not hesitate to say, One utterly at variance with the facts. The Christian—calm, collected, happy, triumphant when he comes to die; the sinner—anxious, agitated, terrified, and in despair! It is *not true:* else the Book is not true, in which it is written of the wicked, "There are no bands in their death; they are not in trouble as other men." A very extensive observation convinces me that good men are often more anxious than the wicked, when sick unto death; and that the wicked who have never reflected on the awful nature of a true preparation for heaven, who have never tasted the bitterness of sin, whose "conscience is seared as with a hot iron," are the first and readiest to receive consolation at death, and suffer a far less, and a far less lasting concern for the result. One of the most saintly, heavenly men I ever knew—a Presbyterian missionary, falling in his youth in the service of God—said, when he came to die: "Brother, it is an awful thing to die; unspeakably awful to appear before God! The best preparation falls unutterably short!" And David could not understand the mystery of the happiness of the wicked, until he went into the Sanctuary. And St

Paul tells us of the good men "who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." But if religion is reduced to a desultory act of casting one's self on Christ, and a consequent feeling of composure or peace, we must expect that misbelief will continue to blind, and procrastination to destroy the multitude. No! We must cease this lullaby with which we have put the world to sleep! We must let men know that preparation for *heaven* is a task for which the longest life is short! And as they understand that gold does not drop on them from the clouds; that crowns do not grow for them on the trees; that there is no such thing as acquisition without toil: so we must *tell them what that awful preparation is*, that is to fit men, in *body* and *soul*, for HEAVEN.

I will speak now of but one thing more—the austerity of the Calvinistic system. Calvinism, like Popery, has its terms of accommodation for the multitude who, in less than "two moments," can be prepared for death; while, on the other hand, it has its pains and rigours for others, disposed to be austere. In this aspect of it, Calvinism wants the meekness, the gentleness, the affectionateness of the Master. Oh, I have felt its cold repulses, and its distracting terrors, and its terrible tormentings, till endurance has been well nigh exhausted. I have felt the wheel, the rack, the torture! When I was a little child, it spoke to me and said: "Perhaps you are not one of the elect! Perhaps Christ did not die for *you!* The influences you feel are perhaps the 'common,' not the '*regenerating*' influences of the Spirit! Your prayers being done in impenitence, are an 'abomination to the Lord!' You have no power! If you have power, you have not the will! You must

'feel' thus and thus, or you cannot be saved! You can do nothing to save yourself!"*

Oh, I have felt my bones cry out under the torture! While yet a boy, I met with other boys in "prayer-meetings," to reach the solution of our terrors. Those boys, so far as I can trace their histories, lived all, except one, to despise the cheat, and to doubt the reality of all religion: one has lived, not to despise, but to mourn; and to find, in the glories of the ancient faith, the magnificent image and superscription of its Author. In a small company of seven, at sea, not long ago, the subject of revivals being introduced, I found that four of that little number had been subjected in boyhood to the fearful process: and three or four were now, on the subject of religion, like our bark, entirely at sea. I meet the like phenomena frequently. Is *this* the "regeneration" that we hear of? And I have now in my memory, as I have daily in my prayers, a dear one in this mortal life—*how* dear I cannot tell—dear *as a brother*. In boyhood and youth he was tossed up and down on the waves of revivalism; he is now labouring to beat back the billows of universal scepticism! Although he has glimpses, recently, of the Catholic religion flashing gorgeously upon his understanding; yet *the habit* of scepticism, generated by his own experiences, ever and anon suggest the thought, that perhaps, after all, Christianity may have been some solitary effort of the natural mind, never made before, and not again to be repeated. Then comes the conviction, that it ought to be true; it

* A state of feeling reminding one of the pithy old distich:—

"You can, and you can't!
You will, and you won't!
You shall, and you shan't!
You'll be *lost* if you do! You'll be *lost* if you don't!"

is too good to be false! He trains his little ones in the ancient faith: not many besides himself have suspected the terrors of his troubled mind. He is himself devout—so devout, that in the darkest hour, when he can say no more, he prays: "O God, if thou art God, scatter the darkness, and let there be light within me!" Even beyond this point the harmonies of the ancient faith are the daily admiration of his soul: but Calvinism, with its iron rod, has dashed the harmonies of his own pure mind—the purest I have ever known on earth. Calvinism he encountered in early youth; and horrid Atheism brooded darkly over his mind for years, until the genial influence of a better faith began to dawn into it again; which I feel assured will, by God's mercy, shine in him more and more unto the perfect day. My personal acquaintance embraces numbers of individuals led back, by a like experience, to the ancient and happy fold; while the pall of scepticism yet hangs over communities in our own land, and over empires abroad, where Calvinism has run its course, as we have already shown. O God, beat back the waves of such a system from thine ancient Church! O Spirit of God, lift up against the flood, when it cometh in, Thy glorious Standard!

But again, like Popery, this system has its compromises. It offers an easy escape from the true and useful austerities of the Christian life. Instead of living severely, it teaches only to believe severely; instead of writing bitter things against ourselves, to believe hard things concerning God; instead of austerity of self-discipline, the austerity of doctrine; instead of harshness against failings of the tongue, the temper, and the flesh, it is too often satisfied with harshness of judgment on others. Instead of ascribing the straitness of the gate, and the way of life to its proper cause, in our lusts

and passions; it would often make it the result of the arbitrary purposes of God. Instead of teaching that "few find it," because few seek it as they should; it teaches that few find it, because God hides it, save from His elect! Thus, through the whole circle of truth, it is, with its multiform anathemas, a vast gigantic system frowning and scowling sullenly upon the sons of men. When will the cloud pass over which has kept the earth wet with tears? When will the Catholic religion belt its dark bosom with the ancient mercies of God?

We have yet another illustration, in the memoirs of Franklin, as written by himself; where we may see a gigantic mind wrestling awhile between Calvinism and infidelity, and seeking in the latter a refuge from the harshness of the former! He tells us of the severity of the dogmatic training to which he was subjected when a boy, and which prepared him to resolve, with a young companion, to wear a long beard, subsist on vegetable diet, and set up a new religion. Once, in his riper years, he listened with hope to a popular divine announcing for his text: "Whatsoever things are *true*, whatsoever things are *honest*, whatsoever things are *just*, whatsoever things are *pure*, whatsoever things are *lovely*, whatsoever thing are *of good report*, if there be any *virtue*, if there be any *praise*, think on these things." But the expectations of the philosopher were woefully blighted, when this magnificent passage was made to cover, *seriatim*, the coldest observances of the Calvinistic creed. The result is known. Franklin was disgusted. The philosopher became *an infidel;* and ascribes his infidelity to paternal training, and the popular ministerial preaching.* Over such a calamity,

* As to the sermon alluded to, he says: "These might be all good things; but as they were not the kind of good things I expected

although but the type of millions, the mountains and hills might take up their lamentations. Yet men persist in the barren dogma—a dogma worn out in the fields where once it flourished, and now sought to be introduced into the virgin soil of the Church!

Calvin himself, it is said,* preached nineteen hundred sermons, of which the texts are all recorded, and (with one doubtful exception) not one of them is taken from the Gospels. Luther went so far as to declare that "the *Gospel* is not in the Gospels!" But the ancient Church has had from the beginning, has now, and ever shall have, her "Gospel for the day."

from that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more."

. . . . This man was civil and fair spoken; he said that when he was a boy he was taken by his parents every Sunday to church; he heard every day the Calvinistic doctrine of Reprobation, ... and the moment he could get free from restraint he shook off all faith and acknowledgment of a Being whose chief attribute was wrath, instead of love.

. . . . He would give his life and all that he was worth if he could believe anything—if he could believe that this table (and he kicked it) was a god he would worship it. . . . .—*Letter from a Clergyman in New Zealand, published in 'The Mission Field.'* June 1857.

* Dr John Augustine Smith, of the medical faculty in New York, has stated the fact; and I am not aware that it has been, or can be, contradicted.

CHAPTER XI.

VARIOUS OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

It is singular how the whole outside world is fretted and worried with the family affairs of the Episcopal Church. The General Assembly of the Presbyterians may dispute, divide, go into the secular courts, fly into a hundred sects and schisms, and the Episcopalian not even know it. Baptists may hatch their brood of fifteen different communions; and the Episcopalian will still be calm and serene as a sunny day in June. All Germany may become infidel, or Scotland Arminian, or Ireland Arian, or Geneva Socinian, so far as regards the Presbyterian population; and the Episcopalian will scarcely chronicle the fact. Fifty thousand sectaries may follow Joe Smith into the wilderness, or thousands of Presbyterian Protestants in Europe, terrified at the results of their experiment, may revert to Popery; and Episcopalians not notice it. But let there be an apostate to Popery from the ancient Church of God, east or west, north or south, in England or America; and all the sects are at once thrown into dismay, and the curtains of the land do tremble. Newspapers, magazines, mobs, platforms, parliaments, echo the wild dismay. Is not this the leaven heaving the bosoms of the nations? Is not this the Bride, startling the earth by the slightest

imputation on her fair fame? Is not this the Church of God—the city that cannot be hid?

As an individual, unable to grapple with the defences of a divine Episcopacy, I was glad to be diverted with the blemishes and weaknesses of its human administration. *Any thing*—to get rid of the interminable shower of arguments falling heavy and thick, like iron hail, around me.

Thus, for example, I would fly across the waters, and renew the political alliance of my forefathers with the Papists, and join in the outcry against the alleged exactions and oppressions of the Episcopal Church. Nor did I care to be informed that the present Episcopal Church in Ireland is the true and lineal Church of St Patrick, whose successors in the Episcopal line became, in the sixteenth century, the reformers of the Church, without exceptions sufficient to keep up the Popish schism: so that that schism was reproduced entirely by the influence of Spanish and Italian gold, and the fresh importation of Italian and Spanish Bishops. Nor did I care to be informed that the average income of the Irish clergy was but £225 a year: while the result of their labours, since the beginning of the present century, has shown an increase of clergymen from 1,000 to 2,000, of whom eight hundred are laborious curates; a still larger increase of churches, from 639 to 1,375, besides 200 licensed chapels; and all this in the face of a hostile government, the abolition of ten bishoprics, and the confiscation to the State, for secular uses, of 1,480 glebes, and of an annual income of £350,000, once devoted in good faith by men, in their last will and testament, to pious uses.

Again, my sympathies were lavished on the poor, down-trodden, tithe-paying English—unconscious, as I

supposed, of their burdens and their wrongs. Nor did I care to understand, that, if these tithes were abolished to-morrow, the greedy landlord would receive exactly one-tenth more of income, as his estates would be rented for the difference, while the peasant would be robbed of his time-honoured Church, and his child of its parochial school. I did not understand, that pious proprietors of estates had, in days gone by, erected these churches for their villagers and farmers; and, instead of enriching the church with lands, had entailed on their children the parochial tithes, for religious and charitable uses among the poor. I did not care to understand, how deeply seated must be the religious principle in the breast of a nation accustomed to understand their rights and to redress their wrongs, and to require a *quid pro quo* in all their compromises; yet willing, against the combined opposition of Papists, Dissenters, and Infidels, to surrender, with Abraham, a tenth of all to the great Melchizedek. I did not care to know, that the large incomes of some of the Bishops and clergy were the result of a providential purpose, developing the wealth of a highly-favoured nation on a small island of the sea, and enhancing the value of the property which was little worth when first donated by a pious ancestry to a poor and suffering Church. Nor did I care to know that, after all, there were *twelve thousand* clergymen in England, each living on *little more than* £300 a *year;* that out of thirteen thousand working clergy more than *ten thousand* subsist on a salary which seldom rises above £100, but very often falls below it. Mr Baptist Noel, who furnishes an unexceptionable testimony to most of these facts, tells us that 5,230 hard-working curates receive but the average income of £85, while 4,882 incumbents receive themselves but £150 a year.

Nor did I know anything of the interior or domestic policy of the Church of England, under which the clergy are expected to head all subscriptions for charitable purposes and public improvements, to an extent unknown, undreamed of, on this side of the waters; besides employing their curates at their own expense. Lately, a venerable Bishop has gone to his rest, of whom it was ascertained at his demise, that more than a million of dollars from his income and private fortune had been expended on public and charitable uses. A noble Bishop, of the order and spirit of St Thomas in the distant East, has lately given, out of his private fortune, £20,000 towards the erection of a Cathedral in a heathen land. A Bishop, worthy of the name of Coleridge, and lately gone to rest, surrendered, years ago, one-half of the Episcopal endowment, to erect a new Diocese. An unendowed Bishop in the Church of Scotland has lately, from his private fortune, endowed another Diocese in the North. The erection and endowment of churches, schools and charities, by Rectors in England, is an every-day occurrence. We have nothing like it on this side of the Atlantic. These large livings are sometimes given back, with as much again, to the Church and to the poor. Their system of curacies absorbs another vast portion of these revenues; so that, in the majority of cases, the clergy are supported in a great measure by their private fortunes, or their personal exertions. The British people are not an ignorant or superstitious people, wont to submit quietly to grievances and wrongs. They are acquainted with these facts; and every hour a wealthy and noble laity, with a virtue and piety unknown in any land before, are pouring their unbounded voluntary offerings, besides their cheerful and accustomed tithes, into the lap of

such a Church; while every hour gives fresh demonstration to the saying of Lacon, that "in no country do the clergy have so much power, and in no country do they abuse it so little, as in England." With all its real wealth and alleged luxury, and with all the tempting and corrupting influences of state-patronage and state misrule, it is the only state-religion or state-church since the Reformation that has preserved the succession of an uncorrupted doctrine; and ever and anon has shown its inherent vitality by a re-awakening, and made its power felt, as well abroad as at home.

No, no! The hardship is not in England, nor yet in Ireland, where the landed property is Episcopal, and its proprietors consent gladly to this reduction from their profits. The hardship is in Scotland, where a Presbyterian kirk is supported by tithes from property of which, as the Edinburgh Review admits, three-fourths belong to Episcopalians. No, no! The people most taxed for the support of religion are not the people of England, but the people of the quiet villages of our own beloved land; where, instead of one venerable village spire, five or six churches, for as many different sects, must be erected; and as many bells—if each "denomination" be not too poor and mean to have one—ring their discordant jar upon the air; and, instead of one spiritual parent to the united family, there are five or six preachers of different "persuasions" to be supported—and all without the schools and charities which ennoble the villages of England. Even in England, the individual tax on the dissenter to support his preacher, is allowed, by Mr Noel, to be greater than on the member of the Church of England for the support of the recognized religion of the land. And as to declension in doctrinal purity, neither Rome, nor Germany, nor Switzerland,

has been able to bear the corrupting influence of an Establishment: the Church of England alone has had the vital force to beat back neology and its corruptions; and this inherent life within the Church has had its share in convincing me that it is the Church of Christ.

As a modest Presbyterian, I did not suppose the fact could be disputed, that Missionary zeal and Missionary societies were exclusively the offspring of an anti-prelatical religion. I did not know, or care to know, that while the oldest of our sectarian Societies for Missions, Tracts, and Bibles was scarcely half a century old, the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was founded in England in A. D. 1700; and that the Christian Knowledge Society, for the diffusion of tracts and books and Bibles, entered on its glorious course in 1698; and that the Church of England was vigorously planning for the world's conversion, even while the towers of her cathedrals lay prostrate before the batteries of a Puritan artillery, and her altars were yet smoking from the fires of the fanatical incendiary. What Presbyterian knows that the former of these societies is in the annual receipt of £100,000, and the latter of more than £150,000, while the Church Missionary Society receives even more, and innumerable charities are incessantly pouring in from a people, whose ideas of obligation to Almighty God are not satisfied with even a Nation's tithes. See £150,000 within a little while to increase the number of free churches in London; see three hundred new churches spring up in the lifetime of a single Bishop in the Diocese of Chester; see sixty new churches, nearer by, grow up in a single year in the desert-diocese of Toronto. And what this Church is doing at these points, she is doing everywhere. And pray what was Presbyterian Scotland doing all this while for the world's

regeneration? or Presbyterian Holland? or Puritan England under Cromwell? or Presbyterian Geneva? or Presbyterian Germany, or Denmark, or Prussia? *Nothing.* While the Episcopal Church numbers but one-fifth of Protestant Christendom; her voluntary annual charities, as figures show, are five times larger than those of the whole Protestant world besides. The public charities of London alone, amount to a greater annual sum than those of all the rest of Protestant Europe! And while the Protestant world slumbered, and even lost the faith, at home; the Church of England was reaping the ripe field, and would never have put her sickle in the belt, only that the Spanish Armada or the Gunpowder plot, or the arming of the Puritans for civil war, obliged her to draw, in its stead, the sword which she was never first to draw against Puritan or Papist. And while the colonies of England are circling the earth with light, and raising up Christian empires in Asia, or Australia, or wherever the pillar of cloud directs her hosts, what—what have Geneva, and Germany, and Prussia, and Denmark, and Holland, and Scotland, done towards the illumination of this globe? While they have lost the faith at home, I am personally told by the Moravian Missionaries at Surinam, that not an individual in that colony, of the Dutch, is a married man; and it is perfectly well known that in the important colonies of Holland in the East, the conversion of her Christians to Mohammedanism, is altogether a more frequent occurrence than that of a Mohammedan to Christianity! In one of the Dutch colonies of Southern Asia, drummers have recently been sent forth, by order of government, throughout the country, to beat the people to baptism, at so much a head. And if the ringing of bells, by Tetzel and his companions on the

streets, selling releases from purgatory at so much a month, was enough to rouse Luther to his task; so is this beating of drums in Presbyterian colonies, and beating of pulpit-cushions everywhere resorted to now, to convince men of even the propriety of baptism, enough to wake the earnest mind of universal Protestantism to a repudiation of principles that lead to such results.

I confess, however, that I was drawn toward the Church, not so much by these outward phases, which I had little noticed, as by observing the influences, on individual character, of that hidden and inner life of which these are but the outward signs. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise," I had seen the happiest combination of them all in individuals moulded under the lofty and ennobling influences of the Church of England. I became intimate with numbers of persons whose simplicity, and fervour, and single-mindedness, and innocence of speech, and purity of life, and daily benefactions, graced with all the charms of a cultivated intellect and expanded heart, introduced me, for the first time, to a religion which certainly I had not supposed to exist upon the earth. I saw a piety without cant, that I had never seen before; a zeal without noise, a charity without show, a fixedness in doctrine, a heavenly-minded quietness of character, an ease and natural free-breathing of religion, a warmth of hospitality, a rootedness of friendship, a daily entering into the details of neighbourhood sufferings and sorrows; in short, a doing and a way of doing every thing which I had never seen before, combining the features of the beautiful ideal, in a character moulded by the precepts and penetrated by the Spirit

of the Blessed Master; so that I could not but feel that this was the finger, and this the Church, of God. I had opportunities also of seeing a number of those earnest and heavenly-minded Curates in the village and country parishes of England, who are spending and being spent in daily and unwearied alms-deeds, to an extent and an amount that I had never dreamed of as existing on this earth; and, after what I had seen of my own dwindled, dwarfish, sluggish, and degenerated faith, and its terrible results in Switzerland and Germany and Europe generally, these things led me to marvel the more, that a Religion which I had despised could, even though established and fettered by the law, form hearts so true and lives so pure, neighbourhoods so happy and a nation so good and great.

Once I marvelled much at the weakness of the Brethren in the Episcopal Church in observing fasts and festivals. Why keep Christmas-day, it is said, when there is no command to keep it, and no certainty that our Lord was born upon that day? Sirs, ye do err, not knowing the affections nor intentions of the Church. The Church does not keep the *day*, but as the faithful and true Witness, she keeps the *doctrine* of the mighty Incarnation, by which the Lord of heaven is made the second Adam, or the second representing and life-imparting Man. Ye, who have not kept the *day*, have lost the *doctrine* of the Word made flesh, and the Word-flesh made a quickening Spirit. To *you*, a full-grown Sacrifice, to suffer and make over the merit of those sufferings to man, is the sublimest, as it is the only essential conception of the purposes of the Incarnation; and a body dropped for our Saviour from the clouds, or moulded from the clay, would have answered the purposes of this theological abstraction. To *us* who have

other views, who see other purposes, to be accomplished by the assumption of our Nature, it was necessary that our Lord should pass through all the stages of a human life. Wait for a command to keep the bright day of rejoicing! Oh, no! A Catholic heart would require a "Thou shalt *not*," to restrain it from this tribute. Away with the quibbling of an unbelieving age, "Ye do not know the day!" Again we tell you, that it is not the day, but the doctrine, that we keep. Besides, the settling down of universal Christendom upon this as the right day, is as much a presumptive proof that it is the proper anniversary, as all Christendom agreeing, after keen controversies for three hundred years, upon the present books of Scripture, is demonstration of the care and caution exercised in arriving at the truth. And there are reasons, based on the chain of incidents recorded by the Evangelists, in connection with the established data of the twenty-four courses of the priests, which, as men profoundly learned in chronology assure us, lead to the very date that we actually observe. But what if they did not? Are the devotions and rejoicings of a nation any the less loyal, when a sovereign, because his court may be in mourning, has postponed for a month the festivities of his birthday? Is our patriotism or enthusiasm the less earnest or sincere, because, when the "glorious Fourth" falls on a Sunday, we defer the celebration of it to the following day? Is the Lord's Day any the less acceptably kept, because it begins and ends differently in different longitudes? Or have the Puritans been less sincere or dutiful to their ancestors, because, by an error in translating from the Old Style to the New, they have rent the air with their hosannas on the 22d of December; whereas the true "forefathers' day" on which they actually touched Plymouth rock,

was the 21st?* Away with such cold, *calculating* quibbles about the exact day or hour! It is but a cavil. You know the day and hour, on a Wednesday, when the Lord of glory was betrayed into the hands of sinners: yet you do not keep it. You know the exact day and hour of his grief and passion, on an awful Friday: yet you do not keep it. You know the day and hour when He rose from the dead, and all the members of His body became partakers of His resurrection: yet you do not keep it. You know the day that He ascended into heaven, to appear in the presence of God for us: and yet you do not keep it. You know the day and hour when the Holy Ghost came down to dwell in our mortal bodies, and impart the life of Jesus to a universal Church: yet you do not keep it. Will you keep nothing that is not commanded in the Bible? Nay! You baptize infants, you give females the communion, you pass the Sabbath over to a different day, you build temples, you form voluntary Societies and keep their anniversaries, and do numerous other things nowhere commanded; while things that are commanded—the washing one another's feet, the anointing of your sick with oil by the Elders, the kiss of peace, the love-feast, and many other such things—you repudiate. Our Lord himself kept forms and feasts which Moses had not commanded, but which commended illustrious deliverances by the hand of God to the devout remembrance of a pious nation. Waiting for a commandment? No! I remember how vainly, when I was a Presbyterian preacher, I looked for a command to observe Family Prayer; and, when I could not find the commandment,

* So the "Family Christian Almanac" of the American Tract Society, bearing the testimony of "all the Evangelical" denominations, tells us.

I looked as unsuccessfully for an example of the practice. I could find commands and examples enough for daily morning and evening prayer; but it was in the Temple, which comported rather with Episcopacy than with Puritanism; yet for Family Prayer I could find neither example nor precept. The truth is, the Gospel is a "*law of liberty:*" law, as it settles the principle; liberty, as it respects the time and mode. The temple is the place for prayer. If I cannot reach it, with Peter and John; let me, with Daniel in Babylon, Cornelius in Cæsarea, or Peter on the house-top in Joppa, join the adoring throng where I can; and, if I can, at "the hour of prayer," be it the third, or the sixth, or the ninth. This modern Family Prayer, which has now dwindled into nothing, has become a sad substitute for God's ancient way. The "*law*" is *prayer;* I have a liberty as to time, and place, and circumstance. The *law* is *fasting;* the Church herself has a "liberty" only as regards the time. Moses and Elijah, without commandment, fasted forty days. The Jewish Church had its fast likewise of forty days. The cold sectarian world asks,

> "Wrapt up in majesty divine,
> Doth God regard on what we dine?"

The warm-hearted Christian, keeping a fast kept by the ancient Jews before the passover, and kept by Christ, and kept by Irenæus and his companions who were born in the days of the Apostles, takes down his harp and sings:

> "Welcome, dear feast of Lent! who loves not thee,
> He loves not temperance, nor authority,
> But is composed of passion.
> The Scriptures bid us *fast;* the Church says *now,*
> Give to thy mother what thou wouldst allow
> To every corporation.

It's true we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way,
Is better than to rest.
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
Yet we are bid *be holy even as He*,
In both let's do our best.
Who goeth in the way which Christ has gone,
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one
That travelleth by-ways;
Perhaps my God, though He be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decays."

But the flesh pleads that Christ was miraculously supported in His fast. This is not so certain. Yet, if this is to be the cavilling of those who ought to be believers, let us carry the cavil farther, and say we will not visit the sick because we cannot heal them by a touch; we will not pay our debt to the house of mourning, because we cannot call back the dead of Nain and of Bethany to life; we will not feed the hungry, because we cannot multiply our loaves and fishes to suffice the whole multitude; we will in fact do nothing, because we can do nothing as He did. Many tell us that they have tried fasting, and it has done them no good. I have talked with miserable men who told me they had tried prayer, and it had done them no good. No wonder. *Such* prayer, *such* fasting, by fits and starts, can never do one good. Prayer once a month, or once a year, can effect nothing. Think you the Lord intended this, when He declared, "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting?" Think you St Paul meant only this, when he said to wives and husbands, "Defraud ye not one the other, except it be with consent for a time, that ye may give yourselves to fasting and prayer?" As these are texts (and there are many others) which the Ancient Religion alone can understand or explain, since

they are *allusions to customs already established* before the New Testament was written, so they compel me to condemn the schisms of Presbytery for their recent repudiation of all true and proper fasting, as I would a system that should repudiate alms-giving and prayer. None but the Catholic religion, it would appear, can perpetuate those awful impressions of our duties and our dangers, those mighty conceptions of the Incarnation, the Cross, and the Resurrection, which shall *compel* the heart, conscious of the magnitude of the occasion, to fastings and commemorations. What would Jesus have thought of St Peter and St James and of him who leaned upon His breast that night; if, on the second, or the third, or the thirtieth anniversary of that tremendous moment, no prayers, no preachings, no sacraments, no communings with each other, should commemorate the mighty mystery of that day and hour? Who can imagine that St John would not say to Polycarp: "This, Brother, is the day on which the Lord of glory hanged upon the cross?" Who can imagine that Smyrna, and Antioch, and Jerusalem, and Rome, were not made glad when Peter, and Paul, and John, and Ignatius, and Polycarp let fall in their discourses the hint, that "To-day He became the first-fruits of them that slept?" Who can suppose that, to such a mind as St Paul's, or to such a heart as St John's, the illustrious day and hour had been suffered to pass over without notice? Nay, St Paul "must by all means keep this feast that cometh in Jerusalem;"* and "hasted, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost;"† and when there, with St James and the great multitude, would there be nothing said of the descending, on that day, of the adorable Comforter, in visible and glorious

* Acts xviii. 21. † Acts xx. 16.

majesty, to take the place of Christ in His Body which is His Church? Even Neander allows the force of these considerations.

But Dr Miller tells his classes that Easter is a word derived from the name of the Saxon goddess Eostra. Well; altar, temple, divinity, piety, religion, are the *altare, templum, divinitas, pietas, religio,* of the ancient Pagans. But Dr Miller and Buck's Theological Dictionary do err. Easter is from the ancient word East, or Est, or Ost, the same in Saxon, French, and German, signifying the *Rising*—the day of the Lord's rising from the dead. But Dr Miller tells us that "there was a great controversy in the second century about Easter," proving conclusively that it was not of Apostolic origin. Indeed! "So there was a great controversy," may the Baptists say, "in the third century about Infant Baptism, demonstrating that *it* was not of Apostolic origin." But let us sift this thing a little. Two hundred and sixty-six bishops met in Egypt to settle the question, not whether infants were to be baptized, but whether they were to be baptized on the eighth day; and the greatest proof of infant baptism, like that of Episcopacy, is that no Council ever established it, or even debated the question. So it was with Easter, or rather the time and duration of the preceding fast: it was a question of time: and, moreover, like baptism on the eighth day, a question between Christianity in the East, where the Jews controlled the details of discipline under the lenient permission of the Apostles, in innocent accommodation to their ancient predilections, and the freer Christianity of the West, which desired to combine the Easter with the Sunday. So it was with the question of Circumcision, and the seventh-day Sabbath, and various other matters. In this, as in many Jewish rites and prejudices,

the Apostles had always allowed a latitude and liberty. The travelling of a Bishop and convert of St John from the distant East, to produce uniformity between the Jewish Churches (so to call them) and the free Gentile Churches in the West, on the mere question of date and duration, is of all proofs the best, that the Lenten fast and the feast of Easter were observed from the times of the Apostles. But why reason longer? To the cold, ultra-Protestant, more would not suffice: to the warm and bursting heart, who lives in antiquity with the Manger, and the Cross, and the Sepulchre, less is enough.

Thus I was compelled to listen, to the last, to all the miserable quibblings which, in the aggregate, might perhaps reconcile me still to my separate sojourn, out of God's ancient Church. But now that I have been adopted into the glorious Household, tracing its genealogies to the ancient ones, and living familiarly amidst the sweet anniversaries kept in the Family from the beginning, how brightly and beautifully dawn the days as they come round. On Christmas we go with our children, and shew them the little hands and feet of the mysterious Babe; and tell them the story of the manger, of Herod and the Innocents, and the cruel flight into Egypt; and make on them impressions they can never lose. We show them His star in the East, and keep alive His manifestation to the Gentiles. We bring the fir, and the pine, and the box together to beautify the sanctuary, and make the place of His feet glorious, *now*, when the Lord whom we seek hath come to His Temple, and as our Simeons explain it, the glory of the latter Church is greater than the glory of the former. We fast—we must fast, we cannot abstain from fasting, for that were a more painful abstinence—as the awful mystery of His passion is approaching. We keep,

throughout the year, the Wednesday and the Friday Litanies, as if to robe in penitence the days of the Betrayal and the Crucifixion. We keep the forty days of Lent, to consider well the sins that procured this terrific Mystery, and to wash with our tears the feet that our sins had first bathed with blood. No sudden burst of penitence will satisfy the Catholic Religion: and once a year she calls her children to withdraw from the vanities of life, and spend a protracted period in sorrow and in prayer. We follow Him to the grave, and watch the Holy Sepulchre. We wait for His return from the place of the departed, whither His soul descended, while separated from the Body. On Easter morning, we pass the exultation round the globe, wherever there are voices to repeat "The Lord is risen!" The forty days of joy go over, and we follow our second Adam into the heavens. And on the tenth day afterward, we keep the joyful Pentecost. Then comes the feast of Trinity, the two Persons of the Godhead having visibly descended. And from that day onward the Church draws our attention to the precepts and practices, as she had done during the previous division of the year to the great facts and doctrines, of our Faith. All this is solid gold. We cannot part with it for tinsel.

As the relative positions, and distances, and mutual relations and bearings of the heavenly bodies, present but one strange chaos to the vulgar eye; so, but a few years since, on opening a Prayer-Book, these objects stamped upon its pages were to me but a congeries of unmeaning, arbitrary ordinances. Now I see in them a heavenly science. For as the earth and sun and heavenly bodies return this year to the same relative position that they occupied a year ago, and begin the same course that they then began; so the Church wan-

ders in search of nothing new, but is for ever labouring to keep herself and her children in the old beaten path, swerving never from her orbit. As we see, in our day, the same stars of heaven that Ignatius and Irenæus saw; so we hold the same truths that Ignatius and Irenæus held. The Incarnation, the Advent, the Redemption, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the manifold operation of the Pentecostal Spirit; these are her teachings, these the stars that glow and brighten in her sky; while the still lesser lights of truth and grace twinkle and glitter as gems between. They always were her teachings, her lights that gave shine unto the world. And for fear that one of them should be eclipsed, she has ordained that every truth and precept of religion shall have, in turn, its blessed anniversary. Thus, as the sun comes and goes from tropic to tropic, or as the earth revolves from solstice to solstice; so the unvarying round of truth returns again and again, continually from Advent to Advent, in an eternal circle; while the old Church, like the old Earth, in all Her revolutions, and in calm or storm, points always to Her one, everlasting, Bright and Morning Star. When they cry, "Lo, here is Christ; or, Lo, He is there;" her voice is, "Go not after them." And they who quarrel with her exact immutability, or weary of her annual round, may as well quarrel with the fixed and unalterable laws of the universe, and with the established routine that they, with majestic regularity, for ever reproduce.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH FOUND.

THE rest of the story may be soon told. A voyage I would not make again for a universe of gold was now at an end. I would not be again among those rocks, again upon those shoals which reason is allowed to fathom, again in those currents that glide rapidly but imperceptibly along, again perilled in those collisions with barks as well-constructed and well-manned as mine, again lost in the ice of chilling speculation, again circling on the verge of the German maelstrom, again steering by the lights of wandering stars, again trusting to the reckonings of my private judgment for my place and bearings, again in the vessel which had been split in a hundred storms, and had lent its fragments to be reconstructed into things more frail and perishable still—again in such a bark, on such a sea, at such a time, for all the wealth omnipotence could create. On this sea I was born; but the voyage was now over. Land spread out its wide, bright coasts before me. Land! Land! Columbus and his men knew nothing of the joy! And I had now but to leap from a sea of uncertainty, and division, and chaos, and change, upon the *terra firma* of unities and harmonies, of certainties and perpetuities.

But duties involving principles and results of any

magnitude, are nearly always, in Christian experience, embarrassed with influences seemingly intended to delay or defeat their accomplishment; although, in fact, only permitted to confirm the genuineness of a true and earnest conviction. So it was in the present instance. Considerations innumerable now sought a final hearing, to hold me back from acting under the light which God had been pleased to throw into my path. It was a conflict I cannot describe. I only know it was terrific. I can hardly imagine that it would have cost him, who boasted that he would, alone, overthrow the religion that it required twelve men to establish; or him, who laboured to impose upon the world the sophism that no amount of testimony could establish the truth of a miracle; a greater sacrifice of intellectual pride, to have made, with the Ephesians, a bonfire of his books, and to have done homage to the majesty of revelation; than it cost me to publish my adhesion to the faith which I had pitied as superannuated, by virtue of the very antiquity of which it boasted; and which I had despised for its unaccommodating temper, by virtue of the petrified, unbending form in which it gloried as the perpetual representative of "the *everlasting* gospel." Fast as my hours went by, reasons on reasons crowded to my thoughts, why it would be better to abandon, or at least delay, the final step. The fountains of the deep within me were broken up, and the billows went over my soul. But He, whose goodness is equal to His power, comforted my heart, as He covered my head, in the day of battle.

Something called "flesh and blood" said in my ear, "The mother that bare thee fell asleep, after a blameless life, in the assurance of a blessed resurrection: and thou wouldst cast dishonour on her dust, and suspicion

on her faith!" Not so, I said; I have not seen so great faith, no, not in Israel. But if Catholicity be true, the dead know it; and my departed ones behold it in the order of the heavenly hierarchies, and the unities and harmonies of the material and moral universe; and it is joining myself again to their company, to embrace the convictions that they have reached, and the hierarchy on earth ordained first in the Mosaic tabernacle "*after the pattern of the heavenly.*"

"Go," said this voice again, "go first, and bury thy father, and do not, by abandoning his faith, bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." I do not abandon his faith, I said, but the securities on which it rests I abandon; for, although my father has stood so far from the precipice as hardly to discern it, yet a thousand thousand of his brethren have ventured to the verge and fallen. No, I abandon not the faith of my fathers; but the schism that has been almost everywhere fatal to that faith, I abandon and abhor. I do not abandon that faith; but where that faith has turned to reason, and is no more faith, I give it to the winds. I do not abandon that faith; but the vacancies around it and the sands beneath it, I replace and fill with the foundations and proportions of antiquity. "You are about," said a private letter from an eminent divine well known to the Episcopal Church, "You are about to unchurch and give over to a sort of surreptitious, left-handed mercy of God, your father, your former brethren, and the largest portion of Protestant Christendom." *The very day* this letter was received, my venerable father, three hundred miles away, wrote in a letter intended for my eye, "With regard to my son's removal to another branch of Christ's Church, it has no objection from me, but on the contrary my cordial acquiescence;

as I trust and believe he is acting in the matter according to his best judgment, and the dictates of his conscience; and I sincerely pray that he may be eminently useful in the new ecclesiastical connection."

"But why," said a strong man armed who came to me, "why do you leave a body which even scribes and priests of Episcopacy acknowledge, with a slight qualification, to be a true branch of Christ's Church?" I answered, "If Esau despise his birthright, then shall I be the Jacob to inherit his blessing; and if the children loathe their bread, then shall I be the dog to eat the crumbs from their table."

Besides the great and real conflict that was passing within me, one, who loved me once, suggested that it could not surely be the gewgaws of a ritual worship that had drawn me over. Even the letter from the divine who expressed his solicitude for my father's fate, acknowledged—"If your change were a mere matter of taste, a mere preference for forms and robes, &c., &c., while I might lament over the weakness which such a change would betray, I would be far from charging it with the arrogance and heresy of the fashionable high-church, papistical Oxfordisms of the day."

Another, who was my fellow and my friend, was afraid that some in the Church would suspect me of having left my "evangelicalism" behind me, and others of having brought my puritanism with me, and that, between the fires, I should be subjected to a roasting. And to another who hoped, with a patronizing air, that I would not be a high-churchman, I said, If I be a churchman at all, I must cease to be a Puritan; I have been a high-church Presbyterian; I shall probably be a high-church Episcopalian; else why should I not continue as I am? Whatever system I embrace, I must

hold it in its highest conservatism, as the truth and institution of Christ. To instance a single fact:—as a Presbyterian, I had many a time said, that I could never have been satisfied with Congregational ordination, nor did I ever allow a minister so ordained to aid me in the ministration of the sacraments, nor did I ever receive communion from a person so ordained; and it was the Congregational admixture, and consequent corruption of a Presbyterian ordination (delivered, as I had held, by succession from the apostles) that first shook my confidence in Presbyterian orders in general, long before I doubted the validity of my own; for my own I could trace through a Presbyterial succession.

And, yet once more, it was suggested by a friend, that I could not expect to reach, in the Episcopal Church, the position I had earned in the Presbyterian. I already occupied a post sufficiently lucrative. A new pastoral situation was offered me, with emoluments not exceeded by any in the Presbyterian Church. And yet another office, of Missionary supervision over the southern portion of the church, was within my reach; and yet another, that would have given me easy duty, and opportunity of travel in every corner of Europe and the East, besides the probable acquisition of a post of repose and dignity in a literary institution. Some one of these proposals I should certainly have accepted, but for a sense of honour that would not suffer me to do so, until my mind should be settled on the questions that disturbed it. It was the same feeling that prevented my acceptance of a considerable sum of money, most kindly presented me during my above-mentioned illness, by my former companions and brethren. Things such as these I should long ago have forgotten, except that I know there are minds weak enough and censorious enough

(for the two infirmities go commonly together) to suppose that loaves and fishes can influence the faith of a truth-loving mind. As a Presbyterian, I was never in the receipt of less than two thousand* a year; as a Churchman, I have been sometimes content with four hundred,* and have never sought or desired emolument or power.

Meanwhile the truth was mighty. *Magna est veritas* had been, before, a rhetorical or philosophical flourish: but now I felt its power. Intellectual pride; hereditary prejudices; local and personal influences without number; friends, foes, earth, time, fame, family, all were compelled to do it homage. I could no more arrest the progress of conviction, than I could stay the marches of the sun in heaven. Having rid myself of all other relations and ties in the Presbyterian communion, that I might glide out of it as inoffensively as possible, I resigned, last of all, my pastoral charge. The next day I was taken violently ill, and, through a dreary winter, lay, in the estimation of my friends, at the gates of death. And, with the opportunity thus given me to review the motives and disposition with which I had prosecuted my inquiries, I desired to live, mainly that I might recant before the world the schism of which I had been guilty in rending the body of Christ.

My prayer was heard. As soon as my yet feeble health would allow, I penned a letter to the moderator of my Presbytery, beginning thus:—

"Rev. and Dear Sir,

"It is my desire, if it shall please God to count me worthy, to resume the duties of the ministry,

* Dollars.

in connection with the 'Protestant Episcopal Church.' The right of that church to embrace in her immediate communion all Christians of Anglican descent at least, has been for many years the subject of my most earnest consideration; and, in conceding her pretensions on this point as supported by Scripture and by Ancient Authors, I have not yielded to my convictions until they were mature, and could no longer with a safe conscience be set aside. I have rather laboured to rid myself of them, by allowing undue influence to former prejudices, as well as by the more lawful expedient of consulting largely the soundest and most esteemed authorities upon the other side. But, after having over and over sifted my convictions, and the motives with which I had either cherished or repressed them, in the light of another world, as I lay for many months at the door of death, I cannot now approve the timidity which held me back; and have resolved to lay the sacrifice of whatever it may cost me (and only HE who made the heart can know what it has already cost me), at the feet of HIM whose great sacrifice alone can make any of our offerings accepted. It would be a departure from the respect which I owe to the body over which you preside—in which there are fathers as much beyond me in years, as they are beyond me in the attainments of piety—to state the reasonings that have led me to these conclusions; but I may be allowed to add, that I have studiously chosen, as the most suitable moment for making the change, one that should hazard no interest of Presbyterianism, however small, confided to my hands, in the pastoral relation, or in any other official tie whatever. . . . . .

"With great respect for the body over which you have the honour to preside, and with assurance of per-

sonal esteem and affection for every member of it individually, I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir,

"Yours, in the grace of the Lord Jesus,

"Flavel. S. Mines."

On the receipt of the foregoing, the Presbytery appointed a committee of its most distinguished members to confer with me upon the subject. The matter was conducted with a courtesy and kindness as honourable to themselves as they were grateful to my own feelings. The interview soon satisfied them that my convictions were not likely to be shaken, and, I must also believe, that my intentions were pure. On their report to the Presbytery, the following minute was adopted, and transmitted to me with a kind letter from my old friend the clerk: "Whereas, it is satisfactorily ascertained that the Rev. F. S. Mines has made application for ordination to the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of ——, and has thereby implicitly, as otherwise explicitly, renounced his ordination as a Presbyterian minister, and withdrawn from the jurisdiction of this Presbytery; therefore

"Resolved, That the name of Mr Mines be stricken from the roll of this Presbytery.

"Resolved, That a copy of this minute be transmitted to Mr Mines."

In this quiet result I was more fortunate than the Rev. Messrs Leach and Richie, who were deposed, by the Presbytery of Toronto, for returning to the Church of England in 1843; as, in having with impunity had my children baptized some time before in the same church, I was more fortunate than a clergyman in the Scottish kirk, who, about the same time, was degraded from his office for the same offence.

Thus terminated, as pleasantly as the case would allow, with a due regard to Christian courtesy, an intercourse which had always been agreeable and friendly, and which could have been brought to a close by nothing under the wide heaven but that voice in the breast, which never commands except to be obeyed. My venerable father, knowing that a long illness had exhausted my resources, gave me immediately an earnest invitation to come with my children, and make my home with him, until I should take Holy Orders, and obtain the means of living in the Church which I was entering. And in this, once more, I was more fortunate than the sons of a distinguished Presbyterian divine, who were parishioners of mine, and dwelt with me in the same house, whose father refused to support them (although yet but boys) so long as they should persist in their purpose to return to the Ancient Church, and take Orders at her Altar.

I was kindly received by the Bishop and clergy in my new relations, and after the customary probation, one who had pretended to be a successor of Peter and Paul, and to be the Bishop of —— street church (phraseology unknown to antiquity), was admitted, in company with two other Presbyterian ministers, into the humble order of St Stephen.

Never, for the briefest instant that time could mark, have I desired to return, or regretted the step I have taken. "My heart is fixed: O God, my heart is fixed." I breathe the free, bright, sparkling atmosphere of the purest antiquity. I live again in the times of Irenæus, Ignatius, and St Paul. I am held by a line of a thousand links going back to the Cross. I am a member of the Body in which the Faith has lived from the beginning until now; and, with no measured satisfaction,

I can join the cry of ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, in which the voices of Three Hundred can be scarcely heard, "We have found it! we have found it!" and while we live, the joyful Eureka and the adoring Alleluia shall go up together!

But for this *via media*—this *via vera*, too—I must have followed my own private reasonings into all the vagaries of German rationalism; or have been led, by the yearnings of a better disposition, into the mazes of Popish superstition. As it has been therefore, to me, a matter of life and death, perhaps I may be forgiven if I have sometimes given utterance to the exuberance of my joy.

Who shall blame me for renouncing a religion that taught me, before I could read, that "God, from all eternity, for his own glory, hath fore-ordained *whatsoever comes to pass?*"

Who shall blame me for renouncing a religion that, before it would allow me to teach or preach, obliged me to confess that, "by the decree of God, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others *fore-ordained to everlasting death;*" and that "these men and angels, thus predestinated and fore-ordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished?"

Who shall blame me for renouncing a religion that required of me, as its minister, to believe, that "neither are any other *redeemed by Christ*, but the elect only?"

Who shall blame me for renouncing a religion which taught me that, for Adam's sin alone, his whole posterity are "by nature children of wrath, bond-slaves of Satan, and justly liable to all punishment in this world and that which is to come, everlasting separation from

the comfortable presence of God, and most grievous torments in soul and body, without intermission, *in hell fire for ever?*" Lo. Cat. Qu. 29.

Who shall blame me for renouncing a religion which taught me, that "*elect infants*, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved, and so also all other elect persons [i. e., idiots, &c.] who are incapable of being outwardly called"—leaving me to infer that infants, idiots, &c., not elect, are unregenerated and damned?

Who shall blame me for renouncing a religion, which, while it declared that "neither are any other redeemed by Christ but the elect only," still allowed me, and expected me, to "preach the Gospel [i. e., glad tidings] to every creature;"—an insincerity a Jesuit should blush for, which many Calvinistic preachers will not submit to, and which, I well remember, was to my fellow-students a *crux sinceritatis* of the most distressing nature?

Who shall blame me for renouncing a religion which, while it held that only the elect can have the "effectual calling" of God's Spirit, "enabling them to repent;" yet required me to summon all others to repentance, on pain of an aggravated damnation for not repenting?

Who shall blame me for renouncing a religion which, by these startling imputations on our Maker, obliges its ministers to disbelieve what they subscribe, or to keep back what they believe, or boldly to allow the imputations, and thus become at once the accusers and defenders of their Maker, employing their discourses constantly in painful, intellectual, hair-splitting explanations, quite to the satisfaction of the people, but—as we have often confessed in our little coteries—never to our own?

I have done also with those off-hand prayers, in which dissent is happy; and with those rhymes which, with

the "long" prayer, are all that it possesses to impart a conception of the dignity and sublimity of Christian worship. It has expelled the Psalms, as inspired and sung by David, chanted by the prophets, echoed through the temple and the synagogues, adopted by Christ and his Apostles, and sung in all churches in all lands for fifteen centuries; and instead of them has substituted its jingling verses, made often ridiculous enough by the solemn pauses and repetitions demanded by the musical taste of sectarian composers.*

Thank God, I have now A LITURGY, venerable for its years, glorious for its associations, heavenly in its strains, divine in its composition, nine-tenths whereof are from the word of God, and able to set us amidst the choirs and voices of angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven; "a truly lordly dish; a fatness that never corrupts; the more we taste, the more we hunger, with desires that are ever fed and never cloyed."

What a precious balm does it shed around the sick-room. Since these chapters were begun, my venerable father (may he rest in peace !) has gone, as I believe, to receive in Paradise the foretastes of a bright reward. Long he lay ill. But in all that time, no mortal, save a Methodist minister passing by, knelt beside his dying

* Good Bishop Seabury replied to a music-teacher, who had given a public rehearsal, and who sought the commendation of the bishop, that his sympathies were so engaged with poor Aaron, while they "ran down his beard" five or six times over, that he really could think of nothing else.

A New York paper says:—"A few Sundays ago, at one of our suburban churches, the choir sang a hymn to a tune which comes in as follows:—'My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart.' Another line received the following rendering:—'And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pious he delights.' And still another was sung:—'and take thy pil—and take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home.'"

bed. His daughters—daughters now also of the Church—were with him, rendering all human sympathy and succour; but disallowed by sectarian habit from even proposing the solace of written words to a dying parent. Thus ten thousand sicken, and the silence of the sick-room is not broken by the voice of prayer. And thus by sea and land ten thousand die, and are sent like dogs to the grave, without the embalming of a Christian hand; while thousands are daily saved from these worse than heathenish alternatives, by one little "Book of Common Prayer." From circumstances within my knowledge, I am quite sure that the more enlightened and grave of the Presbyterian ministry would delight to see a liturgy adopted at once, but that it would look like backing out from an advanced position. And though they pretend that the night hangs dark over the Church, yet hear how, even in this our darkest hour, the voices of the night fall upon the ear of a favourite son of dissent. The Rev. H. W. Beecher, of Brooklyn, writes thus from Scotland:—

"The services began. You know my mother was, until her marriage, in the communion of the Episcopal Church; this thought hardly left me, while I sat, grateful for the privilege of worshipping God through a service that had expressed so often her devotions. [Aye, this is a sweet and holy tie among us, whether separated by sea, or land, or death.] I cannot tell you how much I was affected. *I had never had such a trance of worship, and I shall never have such another view until I gain the gate.*

"I am so ignorant of the Church Service, that I cannot tell the various parts by their right names; but the portions which most affected me, were the prayers and responses which the choir sang. I had never heard any part of a supplication—a direct prayer—sung by a choir; and it seemed as though I heard, not with my ear, but with my soul. I was dissolved—*my whole being seemed to me like an incense wafted gratefully towards God.* The Divine presence rose before me in wondrous majesty, but of ineffable gentleness and goodness; and I could not stay away from more familiar approach, but seemed irresistibly, yet gently, drawn toward God. My soul, then

thou didst magnify the Lord, and rejoice in the God of thy salvation! And then came to my mind the many exultations of the Psalms of David, and never before were the expressions and figures so noble and so *necessary to express what I felt.* I had risen, it seemed to me, so high, that I was where David was when his soul conceived the things which he wrote. Throughout the service, and it was an hour and a quarter long, whenever an 'Amen' occurred, it was given by the choir, accompanied by the organ and the congregation. Oh, that swell and solemn cadence yet rings in my ear. Not once, not a single time did it occur in that service, from beginning to end, without bringing tears from my eyes. I stood like a shrub in a spring morning—every leaf covered with dew, and every breeze shook down some drops. *I trembled so much at times, that I was obliged to sit down.* Oh, when in the prayers breathed forth in strains of sweet, simple, solemn music, *the love of Christ* was recognized, how I longed then to give utterance to what that love seemed to me. There was a moment in which *the heavens seemed opened to me*, and I saw the glory of God! All the earth seemed to me a storehouse of images, made to *set forth the Redeemer, and I could scarcely keep still from crying out.* I never knew, I never dreamed before, of what heart there was in the word *Amen.* Every time it swelled forth and died away solemnly, not my lips, not my mind, but my whole being said—Saviour, so let it be.

"The sermon was preparatory to the communion, which I then first learned was to be celebrated. It was plain and good; and although the rector had done many things in a way that led me to suppose that he sympathized with over-much ceremony, yet in his sermon he seemed evangelical, and gave a right view of the Lord's Supper. For the first time in my life, I went forward to commune in an Episcopal Church."

Once more, I was constrained to leave my much-loved Church, because I believed it to be without sacraments. Long ago have both the golden ear-rings dropped from its ears. Once it held that a sacrament must consist of two parts, "the outward and the inward." But now it denies the inward and invisible part, and holds only the outward form. A sacrament is spoken of as if it were only intended to keep us from forgetting that Christ died. To us, in this poor sense, all nature is sacramental, being consecrated by the word of God. Our

morning ablution reminds us often and often of our birth from above, aye, and conveys grace by the dear remembrance; and bread and wine, upon our tables, bring to us often the recollection of a Saviour slain. Are these, therefore, sacraments? Why, all things should be sacramental, in this degree, to a devout mind; for scripture hath made them so. Sun, moon, and stars; earth, wind, and water; rains and dews; fountain and river; darkness and light; the harvest, the shepherd, even the little sparrow; our very food and drink; our sleeping and waking; the very roads we travel, the gates and doors we enter; in short, every thing in nature, and in life, and its occupations, the word of God has consecrated, to the devout mind, as remembrancers of the truth and vehicles of grace in Jesus Christ. They even make Christ present to our faith. Are they therefore sacraments? I trow not. You must raise your vision higher.

The sprinkling with water among Presbyterians is *without* the *Spirit;* but Baptism is the Baptism "of water *and* the Spirit"—not a dead sprinkling under the law, but a living, life-conveying reality; something of dignity and excellence enough to be the parting gift of an ascending Saviour to the "nations." Away with your Jewish washings! We are not under the law, but under grace. The shadows are gone. The substance is come.

My religion I threw away, because it threw away the golden tie of CONFIRMATION, that had ever bound our youthful Isaacs to the altar. Yet when the Apostles heard that Philip the Deacon had baptized a great multitude in Samaria, they sent to them Peter and John, "who laid their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost," "both men and *women.*" And when

St Paul goes to "the *foundation*," and recites the "*first principles* of the *doctrine* of Christ," he says, "the foundation of repentance—of faith toward God—of baptisms—of *laying on of hands*—of the resurrection—and of eternal judgment." This rite was retained by Luther, desired by Calvin, approved by Beza, coveted by Owen, commended by Adam Clarke, sometimes practised by the older Puritans and Baptists, and is to this day approved by prominent divines who bewail its loss—but still it is among the things that schism cannot keep. It tells its followers now, as they grow up, that they are "strangers to the covenants of promise, and aliens from the commonwealth of Israel," "children of the devil," and that their very baptism is designed to teach the fact—and turns the lambs from the Shepherd's full hand, to feed on the world's harsh husks.

By the change that I have made, I have now an ALTAR. Saint Paul says, "We have an Altar;" and that we may not mistake, he adds, "whereof they have no right *to eat* which serve the tabernacle." Oh, it is sweet to see the Altar holding the chief place of honour in our sanctuaries—emblem of sacrifice, type of "things in the heavens"—sweet, holy, joyful place of intercession and prayer!

And I can now worship God with SACRIFICE. We have the Bread and Wine of the great Melchisedek pleading on our altar for the sins of the people. As the Jew laid on his altar the lamb bleeding and pleading, "O Lamb of a future age, have mercy upon us!" as the heathen had in all lands the smoking sacrifice crying, "O Seed of the Woman, who art to bruise the serpent's head, have mercy upon us!" so do we offer everywhere the Bread and Wine, a more excellent offering, silently and sinlessly interceding, "O Lamb of God,

who takest away the sins of the world, by thine agony and crown of thorns, thy cross and passion, have mercy on us!" And thus, while Jesus presents his pleading wounds in heaven, His members on earth present them, in glorious symbols that have been from the beginning of the world. As in Baptism our Lord retained the use of water, which at the time bore a part in the sacrament of circumcision; so He laid aside only the bloody part of the sacrifice of the Altar, retaining the "meat-offering of flour and the drink-offering of wine," which had from the first accompanied the lamb slain in the Temple each morning and evening—Himself to provide hereafter the Lamb, and to be verily and indeed present at His Altar. In both these changes of the form, He hath magnified the sacraments and made them glorious—surely he hath not made them less. It is the only pure offering on earth; and so it is written, "In every place incense and a pure offering shall be offered in my name." O how it quickens faith! O how it kindles prayer! O how it strengthens hope! How we hear the voice of the Intercessor and the choirs of angels! How "earthly things are joined with heavenly, and things visible and invisible made one!"

And as Christ was given to be "once our ransom, but daily our food," the commemorative rite among my former brethren seemed to be quite unworthy to be called the SUPPER OF THE LORD. If I partake of nothing but bread and wine, it is to my soul no feast. But now as I come to that holy table, it is not to eat bread and drink wine only, but it is to "eat the Flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man,"—each in the only manner in which each can be eaten—the one with the lips of Sense, the other with the lips of faith. It is now a Supper, a Feast, a glorious Eucharist. Schism has lost

it. Its ministers do only what men, women, and children may at any time anywhere do—break bread and drink wine in affectionate remembrance of their Lord. There is perhaps no harm in it, more than in the annual bathing of the Pilgrims in Jordan, in commemoration of the Baptism of our Lord and Saviour therein. But it is delightful to have done with types, and to live amidst realities—the Baptism of the Spirit, and the Sacrifice and Supper of the Lord!

My religion was here again at a loss to explain for me the Scriptures. I shall cite from one place only. The Corinthian Christians *must* have known that the bread and wine were in remembrance of the death of Christ; and yet, for their irreverent reception of the sacrament, they were smitten with disease and visited with death. Why *so terrible* a breaking forth of the Lord's anger for the careless performance of a "commemorative rite?" Schism cannot answer. The Church answers with Paul, for "not discerning"—mark this word—"not discerning the *Lord's body*." The majesty and glory of the august sacrament, they had fallen from, into lower views. He asks, as of a fact strangely forgotten?—"The Bread which we break, is it not the communion [κοινωνία—partaking, imparting] of the Body of Christ? The cup which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? Wherefore"—notice the inference—"whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord." And besides this fearful reasoning, an impressive miracle—judgment and *death*—is sent among them, to arrest, at the beginning, and once for all, in the eyes of the whole Church, these low views of the stupendous mystery; just as the same messenger was sent to stamp the first schism with the

divine reprobation, in the frightful death of Korah and his company.

I can now understand, not only the Scriptures, but the good Cyprian when he says, "We offer our daily sacrifice because of our daily sins," and the mighty Augustines and Chrysostoms, and the glorious Basils and Gregories, when they speak on this theme; back to the martyred Ignatius, the disciple of St John, who says, almost in the very words of St Paul:—"There is but one Altar."

The most painful part, in my experience of Dissent, was the lone conspicuity it gave me as a preacher. In Scripture, I read that when men "went up to the temple," it was "to pray;" and when "the disciples came together," though St Paul was to be there, it was "to break bread," "to pray," "to eat the Lord's Supper." *I* went to the temple to preach, as others came to hear. I saw beneath its roof no sign of the Son of man—no altar, no place of prayer, no emblem of alms and offerings, no memento of redemption, no glowing litanies for a blazing shield between the people and the preacher. He was the all in all. I went into the pulpit, feeling that I could creep into the earth: I came out of it, feeling that I could there find room among the ants.

And with what kind of preaching has sectarism flooded the land! I have heard schismatics reason, that the ignorance of their ministry was the proof of their inspiration. Did you ever hear them preach, by their tribes and by their companies? Did you ever hear a Mormon sermon? Did you ever sit before one of the two thousand elegantly decorated pulpits, where you might hear the redemption of the world by God our Saviour denied? Did you ever sit before one of the

fifteen hundred preachers among us, who deny the sin and the punishment from which that Saviour came to redeem us? Have you ever heard—but the time would fail me. Glorious pulpit! Manufacturer of religions made palatable to the tastes of all! Presbytery! thou in thy genealogies art the true and lineal parent of all these, of more, and of more to come!

I have escaped from the regions of that deadly upas-tree, "the right of private judgment." O, I have seen men's heads reel, and their feet stagger, and their bones wrecked along my path, from this intoxicating doctrine; and I thank God that He has put strength into my arm to fling from me for ever this cup of sorceries and sorrows. I have seen the mischief it has done. I do well to be heart-broken and angry. I have had many dear ones in life, whom tears cannot recall from the grave, whose feet have slidden on these slippery places. I have trodden over the dark sepulchre of millions, as I have shown before, who in the intoxicated hour have lost all upon the giddy wheel of "private judgment." I will not taste the cup. I see reasons to make me fear. When Cyrus was a boy, acting one day the part of cup-bearer to his grandfather Astyages, it was observed that, before handing the cup to the king, the little fellow did not taste the wine. "You forgot to taste it!" said the king. "No," said the child, "but I was afraid there might be poison in the cup; for whenever the lords of your court drink from it, I see that they become noisy and quarrelsome, and even yourself when you drink, forget that you are a king!" How can we say, Drink freely, drink deeply, when we see the whole ultra-Protestant world either "noisy and quarrelsome," for ever disputing and wrangling, or else slumbering its death-sleep after its excesses? I have seen another story that

may illustrate this danger:—"The Caliph of Bagdad having lost his way in the chase, and entered the hut of an Arab in a fainting state, the latter deemed it an occasion when he might transcend the requisitions of the Koran, and set wine before his guest. Mahadi did not hesitate to drink, and soon began to tell his host that he was one of the chief servants of the Caliph, and would not forget his hospitality. Whereupon the attentions of his host were redoubled; and Mahadi having again drunk freely of the wine, began presently to say, 'I must tell you, my friend, confidentially, that I am the favourite of the Caliph's household, and in return for your kindness, he will load you with his favours.' The wild Arab, now kissing the seam of his guest's robe, set all the luxuries of his hut before him, and begged him not to spare the wine if he found it to his taste. By degrees, Mahadi ceased to require pressing, and taking the old Arab's hand, said to him, 'My good friend, in wine is truth, and your hospitality obliges me to confess to you, that I am the Caliph himself, and as Caliph I confirm to you the promises I have made.' The child of the desert now took up the wine and marched towards the door. 'Where are you going?' asked the Caliph; 'I am going to remove the wine,' said the son of the desert; 'for after the first draught you said you were a servant of the Caliph; at the second, you were his confidential favourite; at the third, you were the Caliph himself; *now I know not what to believe;* but I fear, if you should drink again, you will declare that you are our Great Prophet!'" Alas! the stripling Cyrus and the wandering Bedouin saw, from the same cause, the same effect. And how many millions, since the intoxicating cup of private judgment was put into their hands, with the wild Arab, may say, "*I know not what to be-*

lieve;" first, Jesus was God; then he was an eternal emanation from God; then he was a creature higher than the angels, and created before them; then he was one of the angels; then he was nothing more than man. First, the Bible was inspired; then only a portion of it was inspired; then only the words of Jesus were inspired; then there was no inspiration at all. Once Jesus was alone Messiah; now He was but one of a succession of Messiahs, who have already appeared, or are yet to come. First, there were three that bare record in heaven; then there was but One; now there is None, save the Spirit of Nature, whose highest development is Man; and the apprehension of the Arab that his guest would declare himself next the Great Prophet himself, has had its terrific counterpart in the discovery, that Man is the highest impersonation of the Divinity of Nature waking into consciousness; and that while every thing else is God in its degree, Man is the God of gods. Thus with its unbounded "right of private judgment," Presbyterianism, where its course is run, has torn up the foundations of Christianity; and the whole Protestant world, seeking one negation after another, is now reduced to the condition of the child of the desert,—"*I know not what to believe.*" There is no Mother to teach; faith is at an end; reverence is no more; unity is gone; the great business of the sanctuary is supplanted; and where the Regulator is wanting,

> "'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
> Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

As there are men in the state who imagine that it interferes with their *liberty*, to be obedient to law; as there are men in society who think it an interference with their liberty, to be compelled to maintain their offspring; as there are parents who think it an interference with

their children's *liberty*, to teach them the fear of the Lord; as there are ruined youths who have thought it an interference with their *liberty*, to be required to obey their parents; as there are men who deem themselves not free, so long as government and property are in their way: so among Christians there are men who deem it an interference with their *liberty*, to be bound by the uniform voice of the Church. A man is held not to be free, if he believes the truth; and by parity of reasoning, a man is not free, who is compelled to believe that three times three are nine; nor a mathematician free, who cannot escape the fact, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles; nor a Christian free, unless he be allowed to deny and betray his Master; nor a Catholic free, unless he can be brought to depend more on his own private judgment as to what was taught in the Church eighteen centuries ago, than on the testimony of that Church herself! This world is a probation for the passions; ought it not consistently to be a probation for the reason? There are men who teach, that if you will but read the Bible and seek God's aid by prayer, He will infallibly guide you into all truth! But the first thing we notice is, that God has punished their temerity by distracting them amidst a thousand conflicting doctrines! Can any man believe, that He who never gives a stone when His child asks bread, would suffer this, if this teaching were true? Does it not rather look like the only method left in the wisdom of God, to bring a distracted world back to the teaching of the Church; precisely as He left the heathen of old to stumble on, and feel the insufficiency of reason, and the necessity of a Revelation, before He gave it? Here the Mother of us all—the Lamb's Bride—steps forth, and, protesting against the harlot's words of flat-

tery with which the heart of her child might be too easily seduced, cries, My child, the waters are deep, and the storm is wild; the wind is high, and the night is dark; the sea is covered with the wrecks, and your bark is frail; stay, stay, my child, within the ark, and take your portion with its ransomed ones; "lean not unto thine own understanding; for it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

If order be incompatible with liberty; if reverence be irreconcilable with freedom; if obedience be derogatory to the dignity of human rights; then is Episcopacy now and for ever at war with liberty. If it be slavery to believe what is true; if it be slavery to chain the passions in arriving at conclusions; if it be slavery to do studied and formal homage to the Parent whose goodness is equal to His power; if it be slavery to obey the powers that are ordained of God; if it be slavery to listen to a Witness who was there from the beginning; then is the true Catholic a slave.

But no! In this sad world where man by sin has forfeited so much, it is well to remember there are divinely chartered liberties and rights, which the Church only hath preserved, and which Presbyterianism has now many a day trampled under foot. Episcopacy in her first synod at Jerusalem had elders—and she has them still—apostles, and brethren: Presbyterianism concentrates all in one order, and has excluded both the apostles and the laity. Episcopacy distributes the three powers of Government, Executive, Judicial, and Legislative, as the forms of constitutional liberty require: Presbyterianism consolidates them in one. Presbyterianism attempts to bind her followers by a confession of faith so extended, that it covers the whole ground in Divinity with fine-spun dogmas, and leaves no room for

innocent diversities of judgment; so that when diversities arise, the body explodes: all this, Episcopacy affirms, is unphilosophical, unscriptural, unprimitive, incompatible with the variety of men's minds and modes of thinking, and an insufferable abridgment of human liberty; and she gives you, instead, her simple and ancient Creed, and tells you that for the rest you may believe, *salva fide*, as you please; and whereas Presbyterianism may lengthen, or shorten, or alter, or amend its creeds to-morrow, the Church guarantees to you the ancient charter, and tells you that no bishop nor nation of bishops upon earth can any more make a Creed, than they can make a Bible. Strict Presbyterianism teaches you, that you are by nature fast bound in misery and iron; that a decree of Omnipotence holds you; that you can no more reverse your destiny, than you can reverse the poles: the Church touches your fetters, and they fall; and as she bids you go and work out the destiny that under a Covenant of universal Grace brightens in the distance,

> "Hark! the roused captive spurns his heavy load,
> And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed;
> Warm in his heart the glow of freedom burns,
> And as the slave departs the man returns."

Presbytery teaches you that there are millions of such captives, for whom Christ never died: the Church says, Away with the un-Godlike thought, by which ye cause our "brother to perish for whom Christ died." Presbytery insists, that the Holy Ghost, in His saving acts, is imparted only to the elect; the large-hearted Church cries out, in the language of the Apostles, "Repent, and be baptized *every one of you* for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost." Presbytery leaves little to an enlightened and generous conscience,

but by a vast system of exaction and surveillance, extending even to drinks and dress and social recreations, is an omnipresent task-master, binding burdens that Episcopalians would feel degraded to carry for a moment; but the Church, substituting for this "love of law" Her "law of love," throws an enlightened and generous conscience with free-breathing unaffected ease, upon the great Christian principles in which it has been reared. Presbyterianism seals up your lips in the house of God, and suffers you only to be a silent listener in the high act of worship: the Church unseals your lips, and restores you, not in poetic fiction and sentimental song, but in delightful fact, "the freedom to worship God." Presbytery, shutting up the wounds which Christ left open, and from which gushed forth not the blood only, but the blood and water, takes away the birthright of your child if you have sinned, and bids it begone from the waters where its birth-sin may be washed away: the Church, like a gentle mother, says, "Bring thy son hither; it is the purest sacrifice the wide earth now has to lay upon the altar; I baptize him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and I charge you to remember that henceforth he is a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." Presbyterianism next gives over even the child it has baptized, to the tender mercies of the world, until it may please God by his "irresistible grace" to bring back the prodigal; but the Church, like the rightful mother, will not thus wrong and rob the child of her womb; but with affectionate solicitude recalls it to her altar, to be confirmed in its bright inheritance, and receive on its young head and heart the baptism of Her second blessing. And in the hour of death, when the powers of darkness hover around and make their

last dread effort, and when Presbytery listens coldly to your cry, "I thirst;" and, less merciful than the heathen soldiers at the cross, refuses to touch your lips with the wine and myrrh; the gentle Mother is by your bed, wiping with Her napkin the death-sweat from your brow; and, giving you the heavenly supper, leaves you with a sweet "Good-night!" to close your eyes upon the world.

APPENDIX.

LIBERTY OF WORSHIP.

The reader may perhaps have heard of old Joyce Heth, who was exhibited in the Atlantic cities a few years ago, and brought great gain to her masters, claiming to be a hundred and sixty years old, and to have been the nurse of General Washington. I saw the old woman myself, and I saw *the documents* by which her pretensions were verified; thousands saw also and believed. In fact the poor old creature had heard the story so long, and had told it so often herself, and had heard so much about *the documents*, that she verily believed she was a hundred and sixty years old, and had been the veritable nurse of General Washington!

Now, like our heroine, Puritanism had told her own story so long, that not only had she begun to believe it herself, but until lately nearly every body else believed, on the strength of *the documents*, that Puritanism was the *bona fide* nurse and mother too of the great principles of civil and religious liberty. But the day has come, when the Pythoness herself begins to doubt the oracles, and they who use such curious arts may yet, like the writers of Ephesus, make a bonfire of their books.

As a boy at school, with Morse's Geography and New England Readers to enlighten me, I could imagine a company of "pilgrims" landing on Plymouth Rock, amidst the howlings of the winter storms, with no earthly end in view, but to find an asylum for the genius of "civil and religious liberty." When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought

as a child, I understood as a child. But what are the facts, which I know or notice now, and which I did not notice or know before ?

First of all, my attention was called to the fact, which as a school-boy I was not allowed to know, that the "Pilgrims," who landed on Plymouth Rock, in 1620, did not sail in the May-Flower from "their own native England," but from Holland, "where (to use their own words) they did quietly and sweetly enjoy their church liberties" for eleven good years, and where those who remained, enjoyed all the liberty they could desire, as long as they desired it; but where they soon got to be as restless as they had been in England, and, as a friendly writer was obliged to say, "their zeal began to languish for want of oppositions, and they grew tired of security in a place where they were without power and consequence." They came to America, no doubt, in part from religious motives; but it was to establish exclusively their own religion. And, as to the rest, Dr Coit (to whom I shall owe the principal facts embodied in this chapter) has adduced documents of their own, to show that the "whale-fisheries," and the "fisheries of the coast,"* and "the exclusive trade from Nova Scotia to the southern parts of Carolina," and "the entire property of the soil besides,"—all secured by their charter from a British and Episcopal King,—entered about as much into their plans, as the whale fisheries of the North-West coast do now into the operations of New-Bedford Deacons, or the gold of California into the speculations of the multitudes now suffering and perishing to reach that country, some to get gold, some to extend commerce, some to establish a political empire, and some to find new dominions for the Church of God. As the eyes of the world are this moment turning to the El Dorado of the Pacific, so in those days, the eyes of Europe were turned to America on

* The Puritans, it appears, very considerately advised their late friends, the hospitable Dutch, not to send their boats and ships to "the fisheries," for fear of capture by the Plymouth fisherman!

the Atlantic, as the source of future wealth and aggrandizement, and the ships of all Europe were hovering about our coasts, as eagles gathering to their prey. It was *not* persecution that drove the Pilgrims to New England. The Pilgrims came from Holland; and, even in England, were not compelled to belong to the Church. What, then, was the great grievance? It was this. About two thousand ministers, and among them some Jesuits in disguise, entered the Church of England, raised the old cry of "Popery" against her forms, with a view to "revolutionize her." Their vows of ordination sat loosely on them, for they took them intending at the time to break them; they threw aside the prayer-book, or mutilated and corrupted it, and sought to alter the whole framework of the Church. At last discipline became necessary, and the intruders were required to conform to the Church which had recorded their vows, or else to cease from officiating at her altars. This was the hardship. "They felt persecuted, because they were not allowed to persecute." And, says the Presbyterian "Quarterly" of Edinburgh, "they would not tolerate the Church, and taught, that if princes hinder those who seek for *the discipline*, they are tyrants both to the Church and ministers, and, being so, may be deposed by their subjects; thus completely," adds the "Review," "did Popery and Puritanism meet in the political deductions from their presumed infallibility." What they wanted was plainly seen from the first; as it occurred thirty years afterward, when Charles was beheaded, an archbishop martyred, ten thousand ministers ejected from their parishes, and throughout the commonwealth forbidden to teach school for their living.

Persecuted out of England? *No, sirs!* In 1629, nine years after the "pilgrims" left Holland for "the fisheries" and the "exclusive trade," and the "sole right in the soil," Higginson left England with a fleet of eighty guns, and with stores of arms, and powder, and colours, and one hundred planters, and, on the eve of sailing, called all hands on deck of the ship Talbott, and said:—"We will not say farewell, Babylon! farewell, Rome! But, we will say, farewell, dear

England! farewell the Church of God in England! We do not go to leave England, as separatists from the Church of England, though we cannot but separate from its corruptions; but we go to practise *the positive part of Church Reformation in America;*" and concluded his address, "with a fervent prayer for the King, and Church, and State, in England." The next year, there was another embarkation of "pilgrims" on board the famous Arabella, when Winthrop and a large party of others, for the avowed purpose of "preventing misconstructions," addressed from her decks a long letter "To the rest of our brethren *in* and *of* the Church of England," in which they say,—"We desire you would be pleased to take notice of the principals and body of our company, as those who esteem it our honour to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our Dear Mother, and cannot part from our native country, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart and many tears in our eyes; ever acknowledging that such hope and part as we have obtained in the common salvation, we have received in her bosom, and sucked it from her breasts. We leave it not, therefore, as loathing that milk whereby we were nourished there, but, blessing God for the parentage and education, as members of the same body, shall always rejoice in her good, and unfeignedly grieve for any sorrow that shall ever betide her, and while we have breath, sincerely desire and endeavour the continuance and abundance of her welfare and enlargement." Governor Hutchison, in his History of Massachusetts, says, "This paper has occasioned a dispute, whether the first settlers of Massachusetts were of the Church of England, or not." When Chief Justice Story quoted this farewell letter of the "pilgrims," in a public lecture, a few years since, Dr Coit tells us that he was present himself, and that a good Calvinist sitting near him, suspecting some unfairness in this statement by the Chief Justice (who was known to be a Unitarian), turned to him with some uneasiness, and wondered whether it could be so! But the truth must come out. Authorities are consulted. Dr

Coit has found some curious MSS. that the world has not yet seen. Light increases. Stern historic truth, and that from the press of New Englanders themselves, begins to take the place of platform speeches and blind Homeric dinner-table rhapsodies. After a sharp and protracted controversy, the whole world is at last agreed that Joyce Heth was *not* the nurse of General Washington.

But was it not the persecution of Archbishop Laud and his King that drove the Puritans from England? *No!* we tell you, *No!* The Puritans emigrated to Holland in 1609, and to America in 1620; and Laud was not archbishop until 1633! As to the martyred Laud, it has been strikingly remarked, that he wrote against Popery after he became a Bishop, but that Mr Cotton, of New England, wrote a book in favour of "The power of the Keys" and of "The Bloody Tenet" or the right to persecute, after he became a Puritan. The truth is, that the non-conformists never found fault with the Church of England for persecuting, but for persecuting "the discipline." And although it was the doctrine of the age, that the broachers of new opinions, unsettling society and endangering the quiet of the people, should be willing, like the first Christians, to prove their sincerity by meeting the penalties which society for its own safety had imposed; yet the Church of England used a moderation truly astonishing when compared with the measures of the Puritans.

With regard to this "freedom to worship God," which orators, and poets, and the Misses with the sweet guitar and the piano, tell us the "Pilgrims" came to establish on "the wild New England shore," let us look into "*the documents;*" for, as Socrates was not above observing, "a brass kettle will keep its sound a long time, unless one puts his hand upon it and stops it."

It is marvellous how the Puritans, in their abhorrence of Saints' days, delight to listen to the stories of the "Pilgrims," which have no counterpart save in the legends of Italian Monks recited annually to the awe-struck multitude.

One can almost imagine certain minds in New England prepared now for the apotheosis of these heroes and "Messiahs" of the age, since at a New England dinner (1848) in New York, they *endured* without a shudder the wretched *toasting*, —"Plymouth Rock! may it ever be, as it has ever been, *the Rock of ages.*" From this Rock the orator strikes his fire, and even the divine looks to it for his inspiration; and in the wild delirium into which Puritanism has run out in Massachusetts, the Transcendentalism and Pantheism toward which it is restlessly careering, who can say that Plymouth Rock may not yet be adored as a development of the Divinity that sleeps in nature until event or accident wakens It to life, and makes It the source of energy and inspiration to the world? "Glorious old Rock!" "Amid the peltings of the pitiless storm!" "Asylum of liberty!" "Freedom to worship God!" "Wilderness!" What a theme for the orator!

You have imagined, gentle reader, that, in the "asylum" which the "Pilgrims" reared, a man sat down under his own vine and fig-tree, and worshipped God according to the dictates of his conscience. Long did I think so too. And nothing but the casting the first stone at Episcopacy, and my own keeping with a hearty good-will the garments of those who did so, put me in the way of discovering that the Episcopalians were "more sinned against than sinning." For what are the facts?

In England a Puritan might rail to his heart's content against Churchmen as "Popelings," "Papists," and "Antichrists;" but in Massachusetts it cost an Episcopalian *a flogging*, to call a Puritan a Brownist, and if one spake "irreverently of the Lord's anointed ministers," he suffered *fifteen lashes* and was cast into a *dungeon*. In England the Puritans had thought it hard to pay tithes of property within the parish, although they always bought the property at so much the less; but in Massachusetts, they compelled the Episcopalians and Presbyterians to pay taxes to Puritan worship, on estates in England and Scotland. Quakers were

forced to attend their worship; and if, after doing so, they met for their own worship in private, their doors might be broken open; a thing, Lord Chatham said in the face of Parliament, the King himself could not do in England. "A Quaker could be apprehended without warrant, tried without jury, fined without mercy, incarcerated without bail, kept at silent labour, fastened in the stocks and in *cages*, exposed to scorn, hooting, and *filthy missiles*, and the disposition of his property rendered null and void. Men, women, and children could be stripped naked to the waist, stretched upon wheels, tied to a cart-tail, dragged through the public streets from town to town, and lashed as they went along, until they reached the limits of the settlement, where they could be set down and left among the wolves and bears in the howling wilderness; they could be branded with the letters R. and H., as Rogues or Heretics; their ears cut off, their tongues bored through with a hot iron; their bodies sold into perpetual slavery, or hung and left unburied for the ravenous beasts." All this from "Pilgrims," whose greatest hardship in England, at the same time, was, that their ministers were not allowed to officiate at her altars, or to hold her livings, unless they would keep their vows and observe her ritual, and that their laity were fined *one shilling* if they did not attend the Parish Church!

But these laws were a dead letter, will say the kind reader, intended only to frighten and keep "the other denominations" quiet. No, indeed! In 1658, three poor Quakers had their ears cut off. In 1659, several others were hung, and their naked bodies cast without covering into a shallow grave, and their friends forbidden to provide them shroud or coffin, or to deepen or fence their graves against the wolves. In 1661, yet others suffered, and among them an aged female, who was compelled to walk between two Quakers to the gallows, and was taunted and jeered along the road for the indecency, and perished amidst the hootings of the Puritans and the beating of their drums. And when

the "profligate tyrant" Charles interposed the royal *mandamus* to stay this work of persecution in New England, the prisons were found crowded with fresh victims. Yes, there were martyrs to the cause of religious freedom on "the wild New England shore," but they were not Puritans. Soon history will bring them forth, and the world, as Heaven has done before her, will set the crown of martyrdom upon *their* brow, and not upon that of their relentless murderers.

But they were doing the same things in England, will say the inquiring reader? No! a thousand times, *No!* "The tyrant" Charles banished no Quakers, hung none of their preachers, confiscated none of their estates. In fact, the author of the "History of Maryland" declares, that "it will surprise the reader, at this day, after a minute search through the pages of the best historians of those times, when he finds considerable difficulty in discovering *one* solitary instance where a Puritan was either burnt as a heretic, or hung as a felon, for his religion." Let it never be forgotten, that in 1612, the last execution in England for alleged religious causes took place; and that in 1661, *fifty years later*, these sad events took place in Massachusetts. It was in 1661, that Leddra, a Quaker, after being chained to a log in an open prison, through one of the coldest winters of that century, perished on the scaffold, appealing to God and to his mother country, which he reminded them knew no such laws, and crying with his last breath, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Lord Brougham, albeit disposed to palliate the evils of Dissent, declares, that "long after the mother country had relinquished *for ever* the acts of persecution, they found votaries in the constituted authorities of the Colonies; and the *northern* States, at the end of the seventeenth century, exhibited the disgraceful example of that spiritual tyranny, from which their territories had originally served as an asylum." "Many," says Benedict, in his account of the Baptists, "were the oppressions and privations which *our* brethren suffered in this boasted asylum of liberty, *until the*

American war." Not until 1834, were Church and State entirely separated by the Congregationalists of Massachusetts, or "freedom to worship God" consented to, as Roger Williams, the Baptist who was banished to Rhode Island, and the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, desired to make it in 1635, *two hundred years before.*

When we adduce such facts, and pile them one upon another until they reach the clouds, the Puritan apologist reminds us, that "it was the fault of the times and not of the men," and cries,

> "O blame not, as poor Harpool's crime,
> An evil of his evil time."

But by this claim on charity, they concede the point, and plead guilty to the charge of uttering a miserable fable, when claiming that the Puritans established in New England "men's right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience." They never raised this cry about "the evil times," until over and over we had exposed the fallacy of their pretensions.

But no; we will not let them off with this; we have pursued them to the gates; now we shall enter. We charge then, that it was the fault of the men, and not of the age in which they lived; and that, in the matter of civil and religious liberty, the Puritans here and the Presbyterians in Europe were *behind their times.* As lately as 1700, they enacted a law against the Roman Catholics, of arrest without warrant, of perpetual imprisonment, and of death. And as lately as 1774, they upbraided the Parliament of the mother country for the "Quebec Act," because it extended toleration to the Roman Catholics of a province, who constituted nearly its whole population. Nor let it be forgotten that Charles, to whom the Puritans gave the crown of martyrdom more than two hundred years ago, was anxious that his Parliament should pass an act of universal toleration, and that the Puritans defeated it because it would comprehend the-

Romanists. Nay, have we not seen, within the last fifteen years, not only the burning of convents and churches, but inflammatory appeals through the press, and even elaborate tracts and books, to prove foreign conspiracies against the liberties of the United States, with the avowed purpose of moving the government against the toleration of the Jesuits? So has Puritanism been ever behind the age in religious toleration. While New England soil was reddened with the blood, or blackened with the ashes of Quakers, witches, and Baptists, and red-hot irons might be thrust through women's tongues, and the cleft stick was employed to keep them still; in Virginia and the Carolinas, there was felt neither fire, nor fagot, nor halter, nor axe, nor red-hot iron, nor even the cleft stick upon the tongue. And here I will turn aside to remind the reader that, while Presbyterians and Baptists and Quakers were in England free to "worship God according to the dictates of their consciences," the Episcopal clergy in *Scotland* were prohibited from officiating for more than four persons beside their own family, under penalty of *six months' imprisonment* for the first offence, and *banishment* for the second. A peer or freeholder, who attended such a service twice in one year, forfeited all his political rights! The Rev. Mr Erskine, of the Episcopal Church, says, under date of 1750, "With such excessive severity were the penal laws exacted at this time, that Andrew Moir having neglected to keep his appointment at my house this morning, and following me to Lord Rollo's, we could not take his child into any house, but I was obliged to go under cover of the trees into one of the parks, and there baptize his child." About the same time, or somewhat later, a young Episcopalian from Connecticut, on going to Edinburgh to procure a medical degree, requested his host, the Sunday after his arrival, to tell him where he might find an Episcopal service or church. "I will show you," said his host; "take your hat and follow me; but we are watched with jealousy by the Presbyterians; do not come near me; keep me barely in sight." So following

his guide at a distance, through the ins and outs and windings of some unfrequented streets, the stranger at length saw his host disappear suddenly into a dilapidated building, some five or six stories high, on the side of a steep hill; and following still the sound of footsteps into the fifth or sixth story, there "worshipped God according to the dictates of his conscience." This youth became afterward a shining light at our altars, and is known in our annals as BISHOP SEABURY—the apostle of America.* England, Scotland—Siamese-twins: England allowing "freedem to worship God;" Scotland (like Plymouth Rock—glorious old Rock!) denying it to the last.

But not only were the Puritans behind the Episcopalians, but they were behind the Romanists of their age and country, in the "freedem to worship God according to the dictates of conscience." Lord Baltimore and the Roman Catholics of Maryland in 1642, opened their arms to the oppressed of all lands, and invited the Colonists of New England to settle freely among them, and become partakers of their liberty; offering them the undistrubed enjoyment of their religion, at the very moment that the laws of banishment and death existed in New England against themselves! The invitation was accepted; and what did the Northern advocates of the great principle of "freedom to worship God," as the poets and the pianos have it, do, when they were fairly warmed at these southern fires, to repay this hospitality? They served them worse than they had served the Dutch. They turned upon the hand that warmed them; and rattled, and sprang, and stung! Maryland knew no law for imprisoning and flogging Quakers until then; but with the Puritans came the law, and with the law came the fact, and the fair soil of Maryland was for the first time dishonoured by religious flogging. Episcopalians too, and even the Roman Catholics who had invited the Puritans among them, were now excluded from the protection of the laws! These are the facts, and when the world

* The father of Bishop Seabury was once a Congregational preacher, but crossed the sea to obtain a better ordination.

shall be a little older, we doubt whether the man shall be found whom even a New-England dinner shall be able to inspire with the temerity to say, that the "Pilgrims" landed on Plymouth Rock with the view of erecting an asylum where "men might worship God according to the dictates of their conscience."

Yet Edward Everett once said in an oration, (for an oration may sometimes have the merits of a poem, and an orator enjoy the poet's privilege of drawing on his imagination,) "Notwithstanding, we are indebted to them for two great principles; one of which is the separation of Church and State." Now it is known to thousands of living men, that in Massachusetts, and at Plymouth Rock itself, Church and State were not entirely separated until 1834, long after every trace of such a connection had been obliterated and forgotten in every other portion of the land. Even Judge Story, a man whom we have already found in advance of his age and his neighbours, declares that "*the fundamental error* of our ancestors, an error which began with their settlement of this colony, was a doctrine which has since been happily exploded, I mean *the necessity* of a union of Church and State; *to this they clung as to the ark of their safety.*" My own proud State, Episcopal Virginia, began her career with the right (as to all religious differences) of universal suffrage, whereas about the same time (1646) in Massachusetts, "no one could be tried, for life or limb, for name or estate, but by those of their own (Puritan) communion, and no man in their plantation could vote as a freeman, unless a member of the Congregational Church." In England, if a Puritan absented himself from the parish church, he was fined *one* shilling; while at the same moment, in New England, if an Episcopalian were absent from Puritan worship, he was fined *five* shillings, and *forty* shillings a month for non-conformity to the Congregational Establishment; and, if he were incorrigible, the law said *death!* And while in Massachusetts the fine was *five* shillings, in Plymouth, (glorious old Rock!) the penalty was *ten!*

Right truthfully hath it been said, "The little finger of Puritanism shall be thicker than the loins of Prelacy; Prelacy hath chastised you with whips, but Puritanism will chastise you with scorpions." Why, a man who kept Christmas or any holy-day of the Episcopal Church, or who denied the right of the Commonwealth to compel attendance on Puritan worship, was fastened by his heels in the stocks; and toleration was preached *against* from the pulpit, as "a sin in rulers that would bring down the judgment of God on the land." Judge Story says, "In this exclusive policy, our ancestors *obstinately persevered, against every remonstrance, at home and abroad.* Not only were numerous letters written them from their friends in England, in the first instance, "to guard against too great a deviation from the Episcopal Establishment," but Sir Harry Vane, then in England, addressed in 1645 a letter to Governor Winthrop, warning him against these intolerant measures, "lest the Congregational way teach its opponents here [in England] to extirpate and root it out from its own principles and practice." Sir Richard Saltonstall wrote them an earnest admonition, that "these rigid ways have laid you very low in the hearts of the saints in England;" to which they of New England made answer, "God forbid our love for the truth should be grown so cold, that we should tolerate such errors." Judge Story says that, in 1676, five-sixths of the people were disfranchised by the influence in New England of the ecclesiastical power, and as late as 1731, the poor Episcopalians were still petitioning for *the right of suffrage.* "One cannot avoid the conclusion drawn by Mr Tyson, that "if all the colonies had been peopled by men of similar views and policy with those of New England, it may be doubted whether the Anglican form of religious freedom, now our presiding and guarding genius, had ever descended, to crown the happiness or bless the social charities of the present United States."

Printed for R. Lendrum & Co., Edinburgh.

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